March 15, 1941

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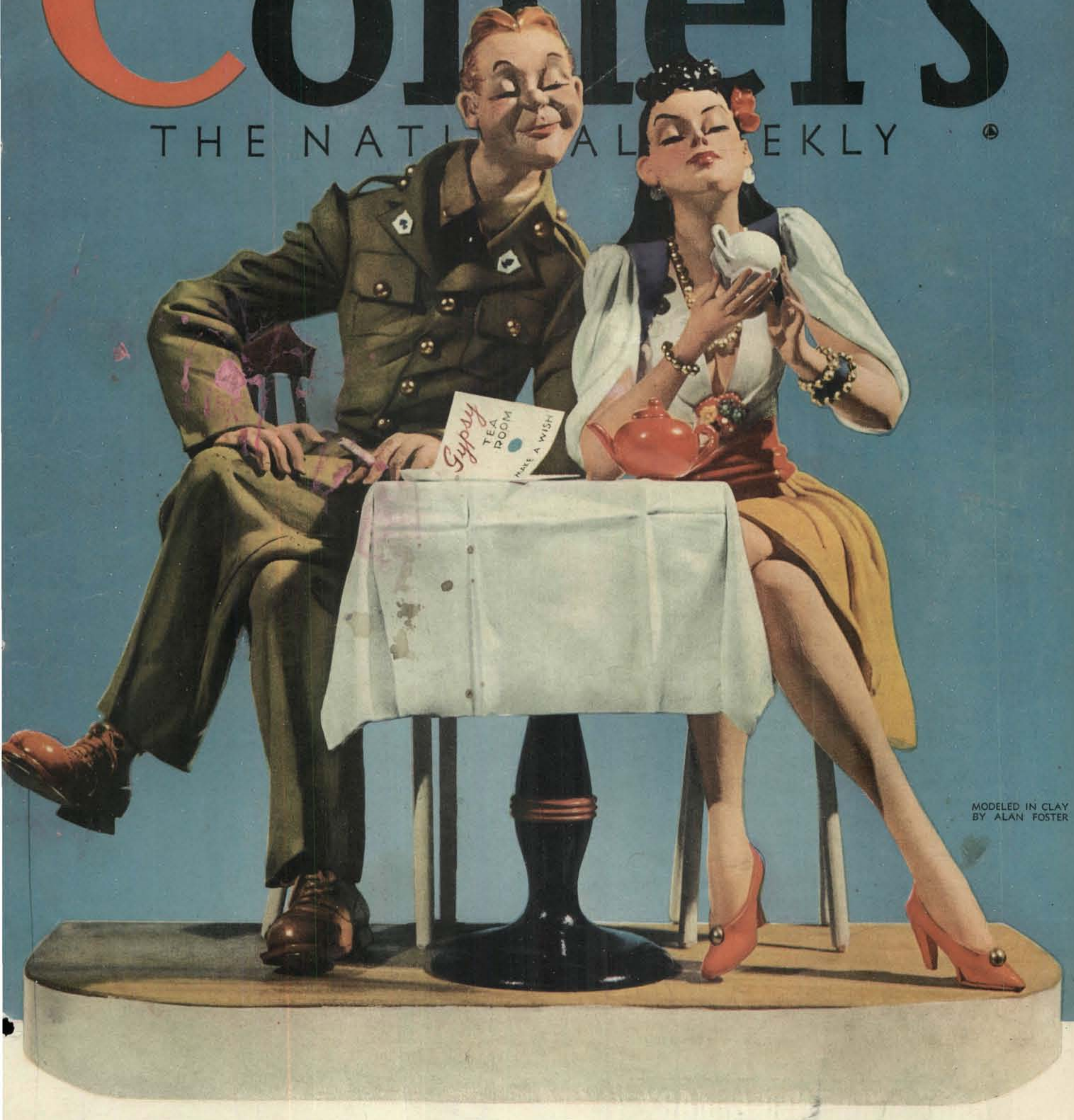

MODELED IN CLAY
BY ALAN FOSTER

My Patient, Hitler By Dr. Edu

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MRS DON BURTNETT
423 N WALNUT ST
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arch 15, 1941

This is a Triple Test Worsted Suit

TAILORED BY HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

You can buy it in practically any city in the United States. ★ The quality of it is the same in Passaic as it is in Pasadena. ★ It is made of a fine all-wool fabric that will give you plenty of wear and will hold its shape.

The suit has been extremely well tailored by careful, capable craftsmen . . . and because of such tailoring you can be assured of accuracy of fit! ★ You can get this suit in practically any size—and various specialties have been designed to fit long men, short men, heavy-set men . . . in fact, men of almost every conceivable build.

It is made by a manufacturer with 54 years of tailoring experience and tradition. The Hart Schaffner & Marx label inside the coat guarantees you honest quality for the price. ★ Its styling, its patterns, its colors are new, up-to-the-minute and authentic.

Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . and only Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . can give you a suit like this at such a price!

The outstanding men's store in your town carries this suit. We urge you to stop in today and purchase a Triple Test . . . the suit that, dollar for dollar, we believe offers the best value in the country!

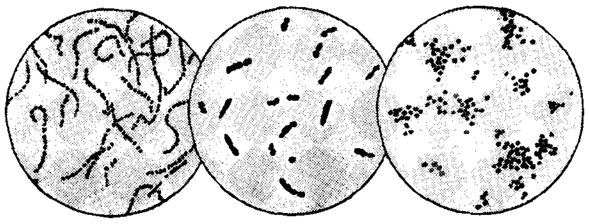
The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!



Above are photomicrographs of germs which are among the "secondary invaders" that live in the mouth and way back on the throat and are responsible, many authorities claim, for most of the bothersome aspects of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic destroys large numbers of these potential trouble makers on mouth and throat surfaces.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Year after year, evidence from painstaking research with test groups continues to pile up supporting this impressive fact:

That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. Moreover, Listerine users experienced fewer cases of sore throat.

Kills Associated Germs

The reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we believe, must be this:

That it kills millions of surface germs associated with colds, known as the threatening "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above.

These prevalent types of germs, unless combated, may invade the tissue and accelerate infection. Many an authority gives them credit for causing most of the distress of the common cold.

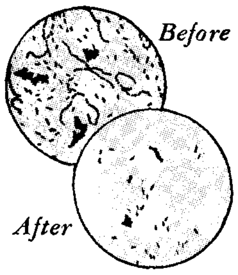
How thoroughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks them has been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine Antiseptic is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

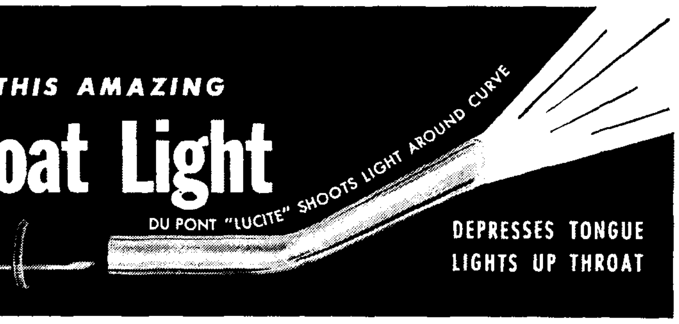
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED SURFACE GERMS AS MUCH AS 96.7% IN ACTUAL TESTS! The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions ranging to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



Mothers! GET THIS AMAZING

Listerine Throat Light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DEPRESSES TONGUE
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MARCH 15, 1941

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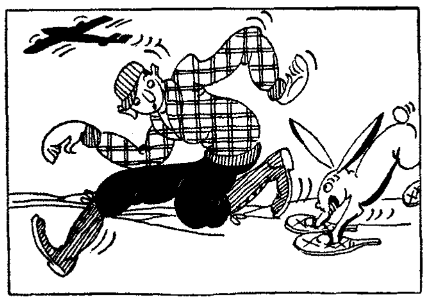
COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

WE'RE no sooner recovering from our amazement at the way our associates on this staff soar off into the clouds bound for what somebody once cunningly called the ends of the earth, than we discover others bound for places in freight trains. This time it's Jim Marshall. That Mr. Marshall should be going anywhere in anything but a plane, a submarine, a destroyer, a balloon or in one of those unarmored torpedo speed boats that the Navy has fallen in love with, is merely more evidence (as though it were needed) that we're warranted in our frequent expression: "Good gracious, what next?" Anyway, and probably just for variety, Mr. Marshall is pausing in San Francisco wither he was carried by a freight train. Too little attention has been paid our American freight trains as mediums of passenger transportation. "I've just finished riding 2,500 miles in a freight locomotive that has toilet facilities, windshield wipers, leather-upholstered swivel chairs, indirect lighting, steam heat and a place to plug in your electric razor," reports Mr. Marshall. "The terrific thing runs at seventy-five miles an hour. They also serve crumpets and tea with lemon." Mr. Marshall says, too, that he spent a few hours on the Navaho Indian Reservation and found Chief Deer Follower and Chief Talking Water suffering acutely from pains in their necks. The pains, they said, were the result of "a thousand questions asked by a thousand high-priced experts in a thousand high-priced cars telling the Indians how to live the better life. Incidentally, the Navahos call Mussolini Gourd Chin and Hitler Mustache Smeller. I'll write you from Kishamoulaki."



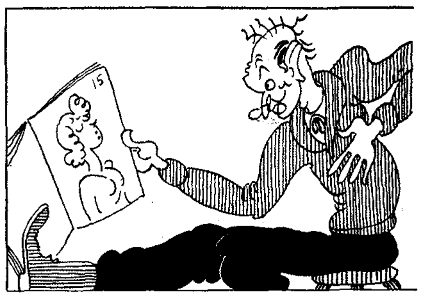
WE ARE seriously contemplating a trip to Winsted, Connecticut, to delete a few snowshoe rabbits which have been terrorizing the Litchfield Hills. This rabbitkrieg we have in mind does not come of any desire of ours to be brutal, but rather in the furtherance of our national defense. We have been invited to membership in an air-raid warden group, our duties being to stand on a hill gazing at the sky. If we see an airplane we make a note of it. When the book is filled we get another free. The group is already operating—or was operating until, one chilly night during a blizzard, making it impossible to see the sky, a large number of snowshoe rabbits attacked the wardens, several of whom had to receive medical treatment. Unhappily, the wardens are not permitted to carry firearms lest the temptation to shoot become unbearable. The flash of guns would give away the position of the air-raid wardens who would forthwith be bombed. The tales we've heard about the onslaught of those rabbits upon our group sound a trifle hysterical. One warden reports that he was severely bitten, and a lady warden says that she was knocked down and her ski pants torn. Our job, as we understand it, will be to stand on guard against the snowshoe rabbits, giving the alarm upon their approach and reassuring the wardens with hearty cries of "Steady, ladies and gentlemen, steady."

A GENTLEMAN in Anchorage, Alaska, announces that he will read this magazine no more. Every so often readers whom we've irritated notify us that they're all washed up, through with us, done. Such letters always sadden us, leaving us with a sense of futility. Nevertheless, we always wonder what a dismal journal this would be if it were so supine, so colorless, so saccharine and appeasive that it offended no one. This letter from the Anchorage gentleman is considerably out of the ordinary because he begins with: "I have been a steady reader of your magazine ever since the Roosevelt-Taft split in 1912." And he proposes to desert us after twenty-nine years because of our recent editorial advocating the repeal of the Johnson Act. He calls that editorial British propaganda—and he wants none of it. Frankly, we're not going to let that guy quit. We'll sue. No man can take the best years of our life and desert us after twenty-nine years of happiness. Moreover, we're suspicious and are prepared to fight if we find out that a certain pale Jeannie with light brown hair, and very little of that, has been tampering with him.

HOWEVER, we have a bit of encouraging news from Canada. We've read a couple of books on the subject but still fail to grasp the reason why a war that is keeping Canadian industries running at top speed should at the same time depress the Canadian dollar far below parity with ours. Mr. Bert Dell of Detroit, Michigan, bought a bottle of liquor in a Control Board store in Ontario. He laid down an American twenty-dollar bill. He got twenty dollars and ten cents (Canadian) change. Dr. Dell spoke to the man about it. The man denied that there was a mistake, explaining international exchange to Mr. Dell as follows: "Vive la guerre."

IF NECESSARY, being an advocate of direct action and not being above a bit of light bribery, we'll buy him a drink. We shall try to do it as casually as our journalist-actor associate, Quentin Reynolds, celebrated hi arrival in Paris simultaneously wit Adolf Hitler. Mr. Reynolds bough himself and Mr. Hitler drinks at th Ritz bar, his first stop in collapse Paris. Mr. Hitler was not at the ba with Mr. Reynolds, so Mr. Reynold drank the fuehrer's, too. Remindin us that Mr. Reynolds sent his boo "The Wounded Don't Cry," to Runn Blakemore, a twelve-year-old ad mirer, and got the following reply "Thank you very much for your boo I am enjoying it. It was specially nic of you to write in it for me. I like th opening of your book because I wen to Paris with Grandbum once. W went to the Ritz bar first and he di just what you did."

BESIDES, if everything turns out a Miss Thalia Monico La Paz of Browns ville, Texas, has planned it we ma have an article by Miss La Paz calle Why I Prefer Editors Above General Of course, we promise nothing. Mis La Paz says that she'll drop in soo and bring the manuscript with her. " am sure," says she, "that you'll like it I am very easy to look at, or so m friends tell me."



BUT there's not much we can do fo Mr. Arthur Sundeen of Duluth, Minnesota. Mr. Sundeen has been unabl to read all of our issue of Februar first. Usually he reads us, he says "from stem to stern." But when h reached page 15 of that issue he stuck there. Ever since he has tried to ge beyond that page. Failure has bee complete. Worse, he has been talkin in his sleep ever since. "I'm an old man in the light of these present-day kids," says Mr. Sundeen. "But tha young lady has something. Let m look again. Yep, she's got it. Everybody looking at that picture is sur she's smiling at them. Mister, tha gal's set me to thinking back—me, jus an old-timer in the iron and manganese business."

THIS column would be incomplet without telling you that Mr. Sam Bellosck of Fort Wayne, Indiana, is busi engaged in organizing a movement (yet unnamed) which, he says, will hav as its motto and aim "All aid to America short of war."

MORE Nazi propaganda? . . . W.D.

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was diverted [illegible] and did not notice a car coming towards his car.

CRASH RESULTS IN $11,188 SUIT

Eastfield, Jan. 10—Suit for $11,188 was filed today against [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] by [redacted] [redacted] for damages allegedly arising out of an accident which occurred two months ago at the corner of Main and Vine Streets.

Claim #23645
Must find
witness
to support
Policyholder's
story—

"THE STAR WITNESS WAS AGAINST ME—
but the Liberty Mutual investigator saved me from a serious loss"

"One day I was driving to my office when another car dashed from a side street. A man was seriously hurt in the crash. To make matters worse, a motorman claimed he had seen the accident. 'You had plenty of time to stop,' he said. 'It was all your fault!'

"Backed by a star witness, the other fellow brought suit for $11,188—$6,188 more than the protection afforded by my car insurance policy. Frankly I was worried. What could Liberty Mutual do to protect me from the loss of all my savings?

"Every morning for five days, a Liberty Mutual investigator rode the street car line in search of a witness who could bear out my side of the story. On the fifth day, success! With a witness to support me, the balance of the evidence was more evenly divided, and Liberty Mutual was able to settle the case out of court well within the limits of my policy. Thanks to the Liberty Mutual investigator, I didn't have to pay a penny."

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One of these experts is available wherever and whenever you may need his help. He will settle fair claims against you promptly, protect you against fraudulent claims, work tactfully to keep you out of court. You can count on him as "Your Friend on the Highway."

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Fifth Corps Area Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area...........Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.......Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to: Enlistment Division F-2, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

Wing Talk

Week ends in Florida for New Yorkers are made possible by modern air travel

TRANSPORTATION has always been an important factor in the development of real-estate values. Thus, students of land economics trace four main trends, or epochs, in our history in which the realty wealth of the nation was progressively established, affirmed, then shifted onward to new appraisals. Water, rail, highway—and now the air.

In colonial times the large fortunes in land were made through ownership of water-front areas. Upon such harbors as Portland, Boston, New York (the Vanderbilt riches began on Staten Island), and Charleston. Upon such rivers as the Connecticut, Hudson (New York's ruling patrician families, as the Roosevelts), Potomac, Delaware, Schuylkill and Ohio. (The Ohio Company, in which Franklin, Washington and all the big shots of the day invested, was a prototype of the later California and Florida booms.) Upon lakes, such as Erie. Upon canals, which tapped the interior's first industries. Our commerce was chiefly waterborne; the China and India clippers gave New Bedford, Nantucket and Salem land values that they don't have, in proportion, today.

The railroad era of realty values really got under way in the middle of the last century. It ran concurrently with industrial expansion. It decentralized water-front and urban areas, enabled city workers as well as manufacturers to move out. It birthed new fortunes—Huntington, Stanford, Harriman. It brought on the land booms of the early seventies and the early nineties.

Next, a good state and national roads system, which of course is synonymous with the automobile, ushered in the third era of real estate. "It's on an improved highway" became as potent a sales argument as "it has good rail service" had been. It was more elastic: boosted rural values by new attainability and vast extension of suburbia.

NOW, and I have this on the word of real-estate experts, we are just entering the ultramodern, or air, stage of our land reappraisals—and it may very well fetch the highest values of all, not confined to audacious speculators, but spread out for the most good over the greatest number.

Like all new epochs, it is not reaching life without aches and groans.

Suburbanites near Seattle broke the heart of State Senator Billy Conner with their opposition to his cherished dream of the world's greatest marine air base on Lake Washington. Said there would be "too much noise." Seattle, meanwhile, remains the center of the one area in the United States which has least realized its industrial and commercial potentialities and its intrinsic realty values simply because it is off main streams of travel.

LaGuardia Field, New York, when projected, brought the same cries from near-by dwellers—"noise" and "danger." The fact that, despite 250 commercial flights using this field each 24 hours, the complaints about noise dwindled as soon as operations began and now have ceased altogether proves the invalidity of such objections. And large new blocks of good-class apartments are springing up near the field, not alone for its many workers, but because such a terminal inevitably attracts additional surface-transportation facilities, such as buses and subways.

Here is a summary of the large picture that real-estate men now see:

It's smart to own land, in small or large parcels, near airports and airplane factories, for there is where our next big realty booms will be. You can observe the beginnings of this in Los Angeles, Dallas, Long Island, wherever there are new or expanding air plants.

SMALL manufacturers will strive to be close to airfields because of air-express and freight usage. Soon, airlines terminals will be as commonplace as union stations in principal cities. Businessmen will consider it as important to have their offices near airlines terminals as near railroad depots; and as important to have their suburban homes near private or commuter airports as near country clubs and golf courses.

The peak railroad commuting zones are within 50 miles; the peak airplane commuting zones will be 300 miles. Thus, suburbs will be vastly extended, and now remote hinterlands will be improved. There will be a general toning up of country developments, because airports lend themselves to cleanliness and beautification. If you drive to work today you can fly to work tomorrow. If you take the 8:15 bus or train today, you can take the 8-o'clock plane tomorrow—that is, if you've a mind to live 250 miles farther out.

Great resorts will have to provide landing places for private fliers; already such places as Greenbrier feature this convenience. Even today air travel makes Florida week ends possible for New Yorkers and Washingtonians; Old Mexico week ends for San Franciscans.

You'll be able to bring apples to the teacher from orchards four states away.

W. B. C.

AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When rivalry was rife among comedians on Broadway in 1908, a certain theater exhibited a woman called "Sober Sue" and offered $1,000 to anyone who could make her laugh. For fourteen weeks, these comedians vied with one another, but all failed, and shortly after she had departed they learned that her facial muscles had been paralyzed for many years.

All the men who had seen service on the German raider Emden during the World War were permitted, in the early 1920's, to add the name of this vessel to their own. One such man is Admiral Witthoeft-Emden, who is now connected with the German embassy in Washington, D. C.

One of the rarest afflictions is total color blindness, there being fewer than 150 recorded cases in all medical history.—*By C. E. Creighton, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

In the state of Bikaner, India, all music is grouped into morning, afternoon and night pieces and it is against the law to play a composition outside of its "hours." Thus, for instance, a person wishing to play or hear a night piece at one in the morning has to wait until the next night, which begins at four the following afternoon.—*By Bob Stobaugh, Martin, Tennessee.*

Valentine has been the most widely used name of saints, one recently compiled list containing fifty-two of them.—*By Kathleen Gay, Columbus, Mississippi.*

The United States is the only country in which all telephone and telegraph systems are owned by private organizations. In all other countries, the government owns and operates a part or all of one or both methods of communication.—*By Allan C. Garrigus, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Although no American woman has ever been employed as a pilot of a regular airliner, more than 1,500 now have flying licenses, a number of which permit their holders to fly chartered planes carrying passengers.

An incredible aerial feat took place recently in Australia when two Air Force planes became interlocked about 3,000 feet above an army air field. The pilot of the upper machine, after ordering all men in both ships to bail out, brought the planes safely to the ground.

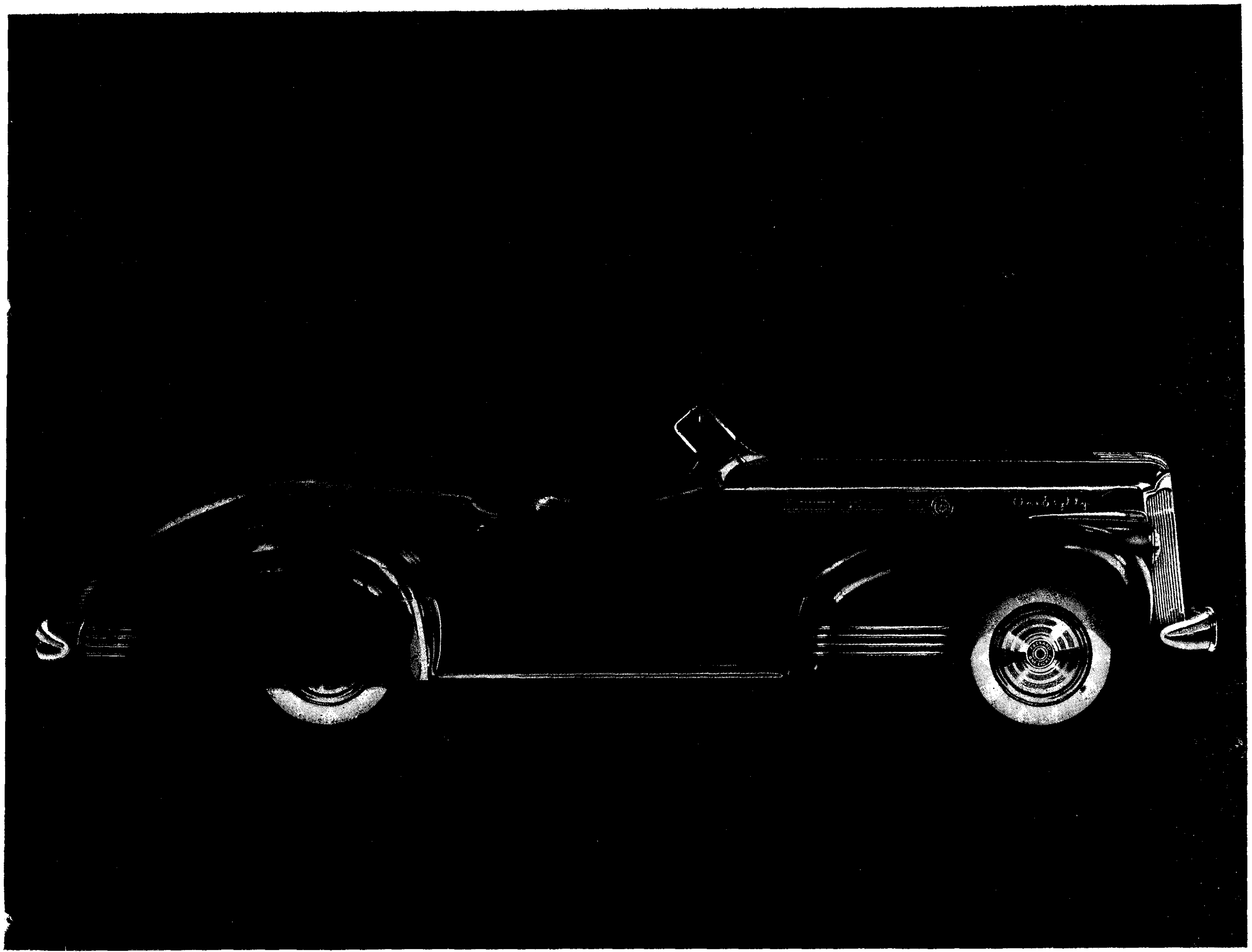
Copenhagen's first bombproof shelter, built a short time ago, is on the site where Ludvig Holberg, the celebrated Scandinavian author, wrote his Epistolae in 1727. In it, Holberg predicted that if men should ever learn to fly they would swoop down upon and attempt to destroy great numbers of innocent people who, to save themselves, would have to take refuge in holes in the ground.

One of the fastest-growing organisms in the vegetable kingdom is the "veil" of the wild South American mushroom, *Dictyophora indusiata.* After attaining its full visible growth of four inches within two hours, this mushroom develops a lacy, flowing "veil" or cloak which virtually covers it within thirty minutes.—*By Phil Muller, Arlington, Florida.*

There are not more than fifteen gorillas in captivity throughout the world and eleven of them are in the United States. The largest on record is Mbongo, which weighs more than 650 pounds and is in the zoological park in San Diego, California. The only gorilla to be found in all Asia is a stuffed one in a Tokyo zoo.

Members of the International Red Cross, in accordance with an agreement made among the nations in 1929, regularly visit the camps of interned civilians and captured soldiers in warring countries to see that the prisoners are receiving the proper quantity and quality of food, medical care and payment for labor.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



Packard Custom Convertible Victoria—$4685 as illustrated*

What could it be but a Packard?

WHENEVER YOU see an unusual stir around a curb or driveway this year, it's more than apt to be occasioned by the glamorous car above.

This car is, naturally, a Packard. When you see a car so head-and-shoulders above the field . . . so smart, so sophisticated, so patrician . . . it is hard to imagine it being anything *but* a Packard.

Owners tell us that wherever this distinguished Custom Packard parks or pauses, traffic is well-nigh disrupted by admirers.

And engineering ingenuity has made this Packard just as outstanding *mechanically* as it is in looks. Boasting one of the most powerful 8-cylinder motors in any American car, its ride is a revelation in cushioned luxury. And other delights greet you at every turn of your first trial trip.

Its Electromatic Drive, for example, is a revelation in simplified automatic driving. The clutch operates *itself* with uncanny skill, yet this is only *part* of the story. Electromatic Drive saves footwork . . . saves shifting . . . even saves gas, oil, and engine wear by letting the engine loaf. It's 1941's newest feature—and it makes driving a brand-new thrill!

Windows, in enclosed models of this superlative One-Eighty, glide open—or shut—at the touch of a button. And available in *all* closed Packards, at extra cost, is a sensational new Packard "first"—*real*, *refrigerated* Air Conditioning!

The only thing that *isn't* surprising, in this surprising car, is that its long, rakish bonnet wears the most famous, best-loved face in motoring.

• • •

This superlative Packard Custom Super 8 One-Eighty is only *one* of many super cars offered for 1941. We make no boast when we state that they represent the ultimate word in everything that a custom car should be. Packard has prepared a special brochure giving detailed information on these custom creations. It is yours for the asking.

**Delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Price also includes Electromatic Drive, installed at factory.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Senior
PACKARD
One-Sixty · One-Eighty
—THE CLASS OF '41

A new kind of refrigerator

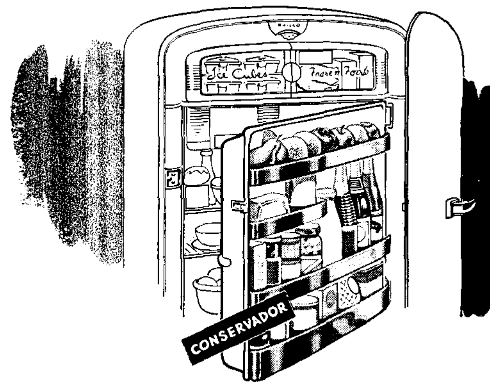
PHILCO

Advanced Design

that brings you new services, new economies and new conveniences never before combined in a single refrigerator!

PHILCO
Ice Cubes
Meat Storage
Moist Cold Storage

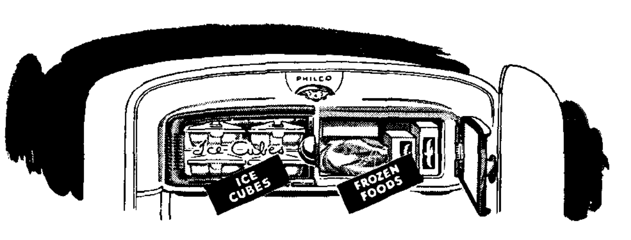
PHILCO . . . famous for its leadership in engineering and design . . . brings you for 1941 an entirely new kind of refrigerator, designed and built for *modern* kitchen needs. New ideas and new inventions give you better, more convenient ways to store your foods, to save time, energy and expense. *Exclusive* features give you new beauty, greater food protection and new, improved methods of keeping your food fresh, wholesome and delicious. Only in this Philco *Advanced Design* Refrigerator do you get every service and every kind of cold you need today. For only Philco gives you the Conservador, *plus* separate compartments for Dry Cold, Moist Cold and Frozen Foods . . . the most completely useful, most beautiful refrigerator ever built! In every model, you get more features for your money, the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration!



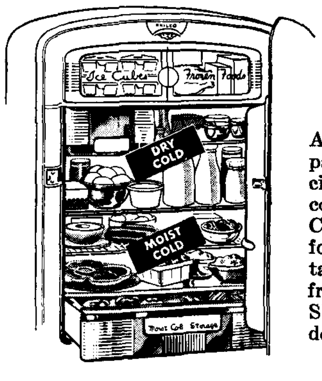
THE PATENTED CONSERVADOR . . .

26% more quickly usable space

A shelf-lined Inner Door that keeps the foods you use most often *right at your finger tips!* Doubles the front-of-the-shelf space. Eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space. A "Storm Door" that keeps cold air in, warm air out; saves on electric bills.



HUGE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT A giant size, *separate* compartment, in addition to the regular ice cube chamber, specially designed for frozen storage. Plenty of room to store frozen foods for days, to prepare frozen desserts, to keep ice cream, for extra ice cubes.

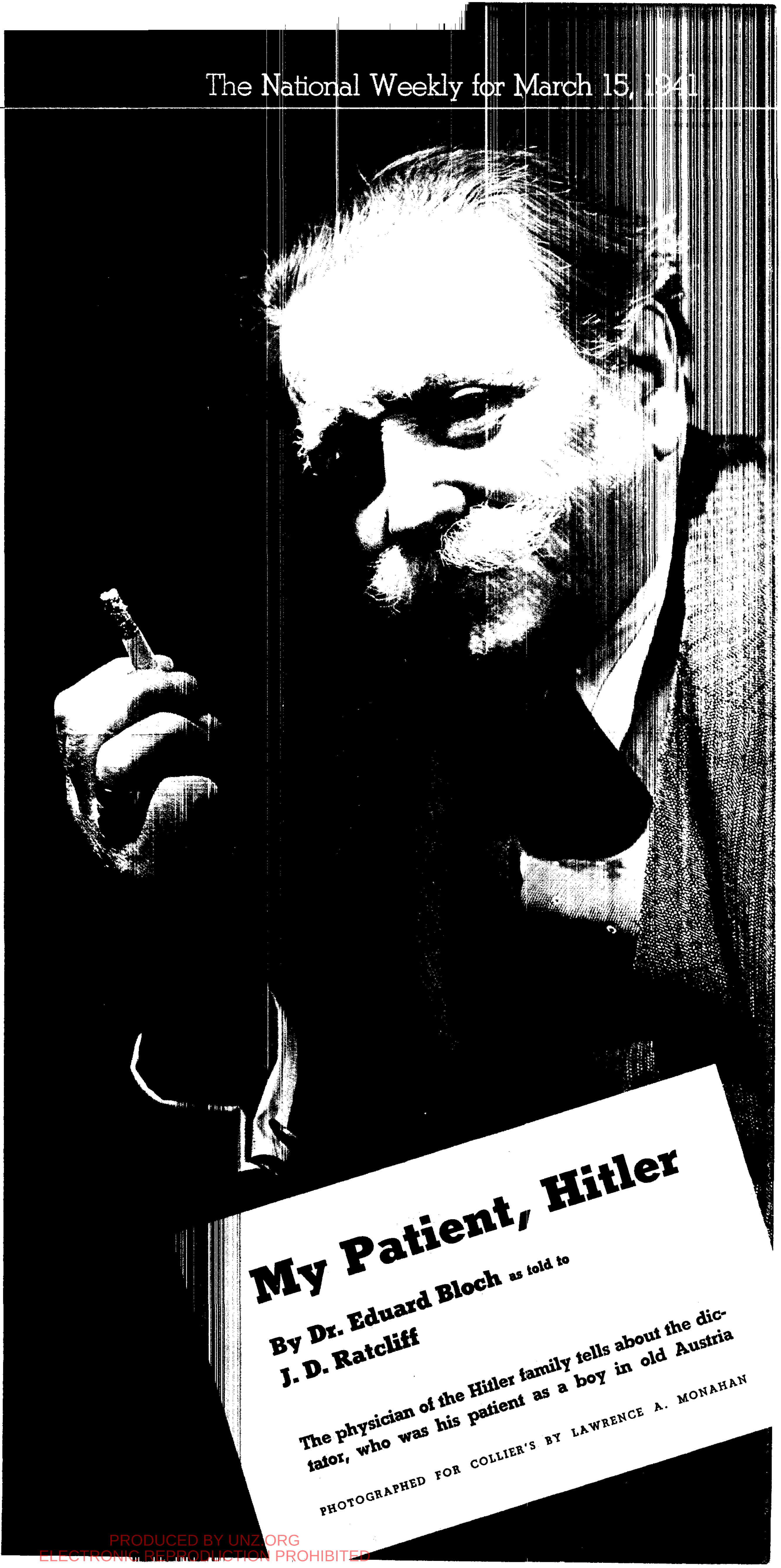


BOTH DRY COLD AND MOIST COLD

A complete Dry Cold Compartment for foods that need circulating dry air . . . *plus* a complete, separate Moist Cold Compartment where you store foods *without covers* and retain their natural juices and freshness. Cooled by the Cold Shelf, an exclusive Philco development!

See them today at your Philco dealer . . from \$114.75 to \$259.95 including five-year Protection Plan. *Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice*

Collier's
The National Weekly for March 15, 1941



My Patient, Hitler

By Dr. Eduard Bloch as told to J. D. Ratcliff

The physician of the Hitler family tells about the dictator, who was his patient as a boy in old Austria

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

WE WERE three days out of Lisbon bound west for New York. The storm on Saturday had been bad, but on Sunday the sea had subsided. A little before eleven o'clock that night our ship, the small Spanish liner Marques de Comillas, got orders to stop. British control officers aboard a trawler wanted to examine the passengers. Everyone was told to line up in the main lounge.

Four British officers, wearing life jackets, entered. Without comment they worked their way down the line, scrutinizing passports. There was a feeling of tenseness. Many of those aboard the ship were fleeing; they thought they had made good their escape from Europe once anchor was hoisted in Lisbon. Now? No one knew. Perhaps some of us would be taken off the ship.

Finally it was my turn. The officer in charge took my passport, glanced at it and looked up, smiling. "You were Hitler's physician, weren't you?" he asked. This was correct. It would also have been correct for him to add that I am a Jew.

I knew Adolf Hitler as a boy and as a young man. I treated him many times and was intimately familiar with the modest surroundings in which he grew to manhood. I attended, in her final illness, the person nearer and dearer to him than all others—his mother.

Most biographers—both sympathetic and unsympathetic—have avoided the youth of Adolf Hitler. The unsympathetic ones have done this of necessity. They could lay their hands on only the most meager facts. The official party biographies have skipped over this period because of the dictator's wishes. Why this abnormal sensitivity about his youth? I do not know. There are no scandalous chapters which Hitler might wish to hide, unless one goes back over a hundred years to the birth of his father. Some biographers say that Alois Hitler was an illegitimate child. I cannot speak for the accuracy of this statement.

What of those early years in Linz, Austria, where Hitler spent his formative years? What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a life did he lead? It is of these things that we shall speak here.

When Adolf Hitler Was Thirteen

First, I might introduce myself. I was born in Frauenburg, a tiny village in southern Bohemia which, in the course of my lifetime, has been under three flags: Austrian, Czechoslovakian and German. I am sixty-nine years old. I studied medicine in Prague, then joined the Austrian army as a military doctor. In 1899 I was ordered to Linz, capital of Upper Austria, and the third largest city in the country. When I completed my army service in 1901 I decided to remain in Linz and practice medicine.

As a city, Linz has always been as quiet and reserved as Vienna was gay and noisy. In the period of which we are about to speak—when Adolf Hitler was a boy of 13—Linz was a city of 80,000 people. My consultation rooms and home were in the same house, an ancient baroque structure on Landstrasse, the main thoroughfare of the city.

The Hitler family moved to Linz in 1903, because, I believe, of the good schools there. The family background is well known. Alois Schicklgruber Hitler was the son of a poor peasant girl. When he was old enough to work he got a job as a cobbler's apprentice, worked his way into the government service and became a customs inspector at Braunau, a tiny frontier town between Bavaria and Austria. Braunau is fifty miles from Linz. At fifty-six Alois Hitler became eligible for a pension and retired. Proud of his own success, he was anxious for his son to enter government service. Young Adolf violently opposed the idea. He would be an artist. Father and son fought over this while the mother, Klara Hitler, tried to maintain peace.

As long as he lived Alois Hitler persevered in trying to shape his son's destiny to his own desires. His son would have the education which had been denied him; an education which would secure him a good government job. So Father Alois prepared to leave the hamlet of Braunau for the city of Linz. Because of his government service, he would not be required to pay the full tuition for his *(Continued on page 35)*

Dr. Eduard Bloch, because of his former connection with the Hitler family, was granted special privileges by the Nazis. When he left Austria for New York a few months ago he was permitted to bring with him sixteen marks instead of the usual ten

OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Beef stew and chile con carne make a mess of mess kits but thirty gallons of water in a GI can heated over a coal fire does the trick for the Fort Dix men shown at upper left. Obstinate mess-kit cases yield to mud treatment. Cooks and K. P.'s (left) roll out at 2 A. M. to have fried potatoes, eggs, coffee, cereal, ready for a six-fifteen breakfast for 250 men

Incidents, Anecdotes and News from Draftee Training Centers

ARMY DOUGH: They'll never get rich but Uncle Sam's trainees are the best-paid men under arms. Privates draw $21 every payday for the first three months; $30 after that. Their foreign contemporaries don't do so well. Turkish privates drag down the equivalent of a nickel a month, Greek fighters get the price of five packs of chewing gum, Mussolini's warriors receive a buck and a half and Hitler's combat troops try to get along on six dollars a month. Aside from the U. S. the best basic rate is Britain's—$15.17 per.

Some draftees detect a silver lining on the greenback headache, a customary subject for barrack-room beefing. At Fort Lewis, Washington, Pvt. Philip C. Goebel of Seattle thinks his $21, clothes and grub are worth a $100-a-month civilian job; Pvt. Otto Kniepp from Snohomish says he's saving more out of his Army pay than he did from his former $38-a-week salary.

To make things easier for the draftee who isn't used to budgeting, the Army lets him buy on the cuff at the post canteen and deducts the amount from his pay check. When he's completely flat the new soldier can sometimes borrow a few bucks from richer pals, but usually at Shylock rates of interest. A few of the Army regulars at Fort Meade, Maryland, are doing all right for themselves with this kind of transaction. The bedlam around the pay window, where creditors snag debtors, is something.

Regular Army Pvt. Walter Hammond, of Headquarters Company medical detachment at Camp Upton, New York, wants no part—despite draftee cajoling—of these financial shenanigans. "I get my thirty-three rocks a month," he told a group of penniless privates, "and it's got to stretch because I got a very expensive hobby. Taking pitchers. So I do it simple. Eleven bucks for photography. Two for laundry. Eight for the canteen. And twelve . . . just for spending."

The draftees are still working on him.

●

CAMP EDWARDS, MASSACHUSETTS: The Army trains men but a lot of the boys are already trained for the Army. For instance:

Draftee Eugene F. Petit of Chicopee Falls studied three years for the priesthood, then dropped out of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, because he decided it wasn't his vocation after all. He worked in a printing shop until the draft got going, volunteered for his year of service and is now assisting Lieut. John L. Clancy, S. J., chaplain, on Sundays.

John Martinides, a Yonkers, New York, native, was a cook in a Westerly, Rhode Island, hotel. A little tired of cooking, he too volunteered—and the Army put him right back into a kitchen. "In some ways," says he, "it's better. None of this six-to-nine dinner-hour stuff. And I don't have to juggle veal cutlets, sea food en bordure and mushroom omelets all at the same time."

OFFICERS at the Boston induction station took a second look when Draftee Arthur E. Look walked in. The thirty-five-year-older from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, explained: "I've jumped several times from planes and I'd like to be a parachute trooper, so I wanted to make sure you'd get the idea."

"We get it," the officers said.

Draftee Look was wearing two parachute packs. One fore, one aft.

MASSACHUSETTS Selective Service men were just as puzzled as the local draft board which passed the problem along to them. What do we do, the board wanted to know, when a woman claims draft exemption on dependency grounds not only for her two sons but for her husband to boot? State officials did some elementary arithmetic and asked how come the head of the house and the boys could be in the 21-35 draft brackets. Very simple, the local board replied; the gentleman is the woman's second husband. Which brought the state officials back to the original question: Was the lady dependent upon the earnings of all three men and, if not, which of them should be drafted? Final score: Army 2, Wife 1. The sons were placed in Class 1A and will be off to Camp Edwards this month, while Dad (Class 3A) continues to be a support.

●

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA: Camp officers will never know which one it is, because Selective Service officials won't reveal his name, but a certain Minnesota draftee may arrive at the fort any day now. The point is, he outlined himself a job he won't be able to finish. More specifically, he resigned from the draft. Wrote a letter to this effect: "The whole business is silly and I was scared into registering by the enormous fine and jail sentence prescribed by the Selective Service act, so just cancel my registration. I don't want to hear anything more about it."

He probably will.

IF OUR self-assured draftee does land in camp, he'll find an assignment procedure far different from the hit-or-miss plan used in World War I. In those days a sergeant generally stepped up to a company of new men and barked: "All of you that feel qualified to drive the general's car, step forward one pace. Right face. For'd march. . . . Company halt! See those cars over there? Yeah, the one-wheelers. Yeah, I mean the wheelbarrows. Well, get busy and chauffeur 'em."

Today the Army uses a modern personnel system. The one at Fort Snelling is typical. Here's how it works:

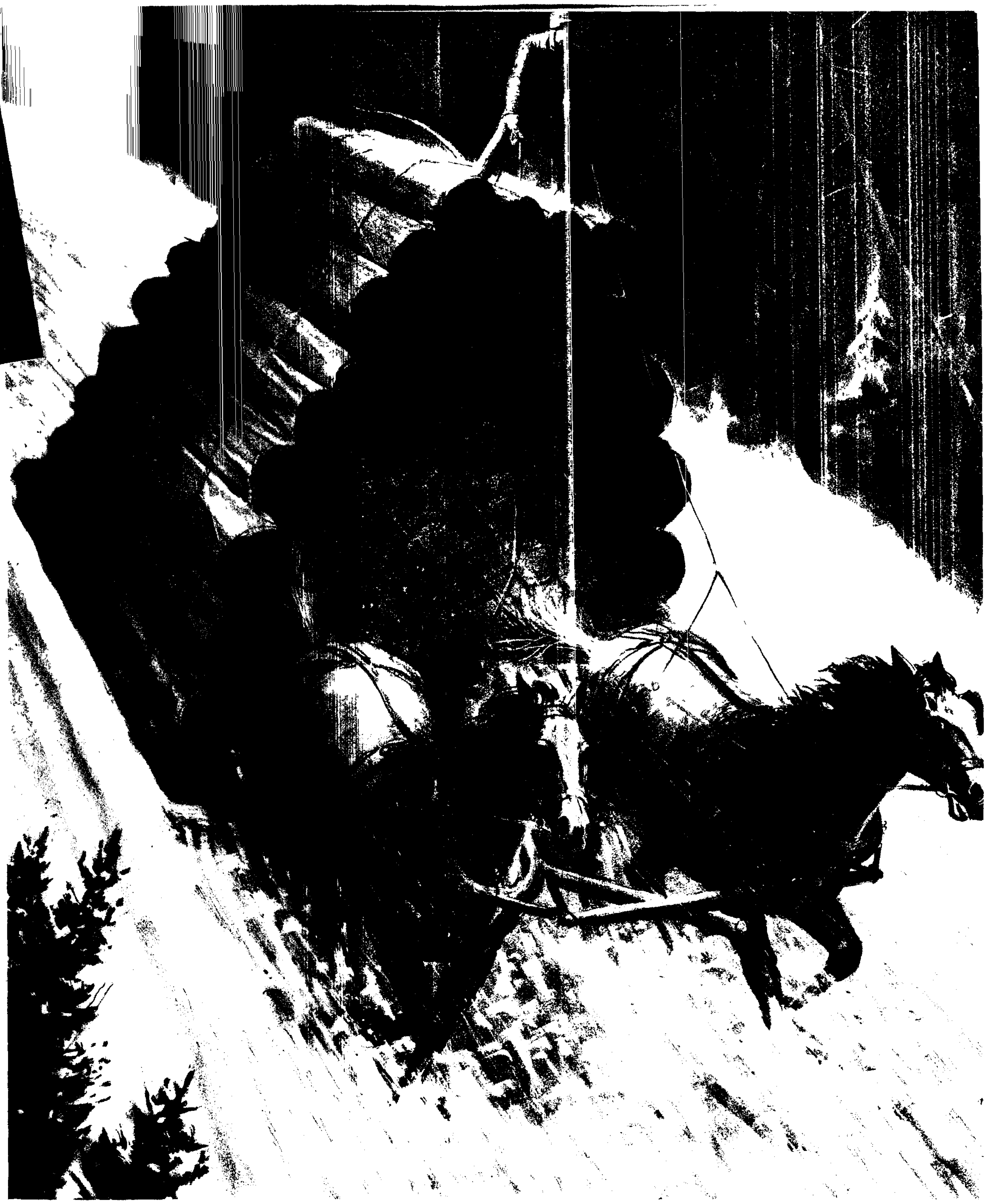
After the draftee is thoroughly

(Continued on page 71)

A Brother Offended

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATION LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN



The sled with its massive burden gathered speed, the horses breaking into a run to keep it off their heels

When a man has been used to success, failure is a bitter pill. Watch Red Fowler, the complete woodsman, take his medicine for the first time

THE Fowler boys between them were worth any six men on the West Branch drive—and maybe seven. Red was good both ways from Sunday; good with an ax, a master hand at getting work out of a team of horses, quick as a cat on running logs, and with an eye for the key log in a jam that only Jock MacIlroy himself could match. And as for Sandy, well, Sandy was no weakling himself. He was inches shorter than Red, and pounds lighter; but he matched Red's greater strength by his knack of making things look easy.

Every winter they worked in the woods for Jock MacIlroy. They were both crack teamsters. Sandy had his own horses, Big Mike and Blackie; but Red drove one of Jock's teams.

They were a pair, two men as good as six—or maybe seven—till Jock MacIlroy's daughter Molly put up her hair and let down her skirts and became a woman and no longer a child. Sandy was the first to discover what had happened. Red was a lumberman in season and out, and when the drive was down, he led the trooping roisterers of the crew to the bold pleasures of Bangor town; but when the winter's work in the woods was done Sandy left others to handle the drive and came home to get his farming done. Their father had been killed breaking out a landing on Sourdnehunk Stream when they were boys; but Red would never make a farmer, so it was Sandy who took care of their mother, and of the farm.

Jock MacIlroy was their neighbor, so when Sandy came out of the woods, Mrs. MacIlroy and the children always hurried over to hear the news of Jock and the tales Sandy had to tell of the winter's work. Red's name came often off his tongue, and Molly as a child had always listened with shining eyes and asked for more.

Till this year when Sandy realized that Molly was no longer a child; so presently he talked to her more about herself and less about Red. By the middle of July he was wondering whether she and his mother would be happy in the same house together through the long winters while he was away in the woods, and one fine warm night in August when they walked by the starlit river he asked her opinion on this point.

Molly thought she and Mrs. Fowler would get along just fine! After that, Sandy talked to Jock MacIlroy, and then to his mother, and then to Molly some more; and the only question remaining to be settled was whether they would be married before Sandy went into the woods, or wait till spring.

Red had worked in Bangor that summer, but he came home for a week or two before heading upriver for the winter. He was a fine figure of a bold young man, with an eye for a pretty girl; and Molly was a pretty girl. He came tramping up the road past Jock MacIlroy's farm, and he overtook Molly on her way to his own home; so it was from her he learned that she would marry Sandy.

When she told him, Red grinned flatteringly. "Will ye so, now?" he challenged. "You're a fine one to go marrying anyone at all with never a word to me! Now when will that marrying be?"

"Right away!" she said proudly. "Right away, before Sandy goes upriver."

"Ho!" he protested. "No man with a heart in him would ever marry you and leave you as soon as that! Put it off, Molly. Maybe you'll change your mind when the drive comes down in the spring!"

SHE told him she would never change her mind, and he laughed again and said cheerfully: "Lord love ye, many a girl has said 'no' to me once, or maybe twice, but I changed their minds for them in the end. Now I dare ye to put it off till spring."

She laughed and said Sandy would not wait; and Red told her confidently, "Let me talk to the little man. You'll see!"

By that time they were come to the farm, and Sandy and Mrs. Fowler were out to meet them, and he had no time to say more. But Molly wished to show him how wrong he was, so before them all she told Sandy that she had been thinking, and maybe it would be full as well to wait till spring, after all.

It was a week more before they started away upriver and Red did not let her forget, and he laughed at Sandy—to her—for being so easily persuaded to delay the wedding. Sandy was busy making the farm ready for the winter, but Red had time for Molly, and he made of it what he could. He got small help from her. When the day of departure came, she kissed Sandy goodby, proudly, before them all.

Red had kissed her goodby—and had his ears boxed till they rang, for his pains—the night before; but he knew, by that time, that Molly would not change. The knowledge rankled. Before they reached the winter camp, he began to dislike his brother, and to deride him before the other men. He said derisively that Sandy was a farmer, not fit for woods work at all. After a while he began to make Sandy's care of his team a target. "Man, you dandle them as if they were a pair of women," he protested. "What's

(Continued on page 86)

Cartoonist Chic Young's family life resembles that of the Dagwood Bumsteads in the comic strip Blondie. One important difference is that Young earns about $100,000 a year

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

By J. Bryan III

Blondie and her family began life ten years ago in a comic strip. Since then they've made a career for themselves and their creator in radio, movies and in the hearts of the Average American

ALL right, Winchell. Here's the final test, the showdown: Pick any infanticipating couple you want, and say whether it's going to be a boy or a girl.

Can't, eh? Well, listen to this: On the morning of Monday, April 7, 1941, the D. B.'s, one of the most prominent young couples in the country, will receive a bundle from heaven labeled, "Handle with care! Baby girl!"

That's news. What's more, it's true. It's straight from the ink bottle, and the ink bottle belongs to cartoonist Chic Young. The D. B.'s? They're the Dagwood Bumsteads, Mrs. Bumstead being the Blondie of the comic strip, radio program, movie series of the same name, as several score million people are aware.

Even readers of the Helsinki *Suomen Sosialidemokratti* know Dagwood's passion for multidecker sandwiches. Readers of the Shanghai China Press wonder at Blondie's new hats. Readers of the Guatemala City *Imprenta Hispania* sympathize when Baby Dumpling has to sit in the corner. They, and the readers of more than 500 other newspapers, representing thirty nations and seventeen languages, have known the Bumsteads long and they know them well.

They know them so well, indeed, that when Chic Young showed Blondie using a saucepan with a pattern of stripes, he received an avalanche of letters inquiring when she had bought it; her old saucepan had been plain. He received another avalanche when he put a new lamp on the bed table. Another when he inadvertently moved the refrigerator to a different side of the kitchen.

To these millions of people, the Bumstead house is as familiar as their own. The explanation is that the Bumstead house *is* their own, or their relatives', or their neighbors'. Some readers accept the illusion as fact. They are so convinced that Young is drawing actual fellow citizens of theirs that they write him letters beginning, "You know Robinson's drugstore on the corner of Fourth and Main? Well, why don't you show—"

Young has scrupulously avoided localizing the Bumsteads. No one regrets this more than Dr. George Gallup. If Gallup knew where they lived, he could simply ask their opinion and he'd get the average opinion of America. This is the secret of the Bumsteads' appeal: they are as average-American as baseball, ham and eggs and—for that matter—comic strips.

The Bumsteads never do something for a laugh that they wouldn't do normally. There are no such traditional cartoon black-outs as someone attempting suicide, or joining the Army, or jumping out of his shoes. Nothing enters their lives that doesn't enter an average life.

Dagwood can't operate a rocket ship or a disintegrator gun; his highest accomplishment is catching the last bus that will get him to the office on time. Blondie has never been held hostage by the mad Professor Querio; her chief anxiety is whether her cake will rise. Baby Dumpling is not a Little Lost Prince, but he has one adoring subject—his dog Daisy. A typical Bumstead disaster is a mosquito in their bedroom or a cake of soap that slips out of reach. Even as with you and I.

When Young was drawing a strip whose heroine was a pert minx, he had an apartment in New York, and went to night clubs, and listened to the wisecrackers. It all fitted in. But when he began drawing Blondie, it didn't fit. He felt like a man in a hothouse trying to draw a meadow of buttercups.

"The kind of people Blondie is aimed at," he explains, "I think of as a little family out in Joplin, Missouri—a husband who goes to work at eight and comes home at six, ready to eat his wife out of the house. What did they care what the Broadway boys were saying? Nothing! I was out of touch with my audience, and as soon as I realized it I blew the big town."

He blew to Great Neck, Long Island. Rather mournfully, he considers the kind of people he's in touch with now: "My neighbors think cartoonists are freaks, because we don't go to offices and don't have stenographers to sit on our laps. Still, I know something most of them don't know: I know that a milkman really exists. I've even talked to one."

He might have added, "I've even put one in the strip," because the

(Continued on page 80*)*

All is Fair

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Laws have been devised for the protection of the elk, the wild dog of Utah and even the buzzard; but man, alas, is strictly on his own. He hasn't got a chance with a woman

LISTEN," I said, "you're crazy."

Marge Lewis said, "No, I'm not, Jeff. You don't know." And I had to admit that as being the truth. I didn't know.

The only thing I knew was that I resented being yanked out of bed at 7:45 A. M. Or maybe I should say I would have resented it, if it had been anybody but Marge Lewis who had done the yanking. That is the way I felt about Marge.

It was snowing when she phoned me, one of those brisk, hearty snows, and 7:45 on a winter morning is a dreary hour.

"Jeff," Marge said over the phone, "can you come over to the house right away?"

"I'm in bed," I said. "What do you want?"

"It's George," Marge said.

"To hell with George," I said.

"Yes," Marge said, "I know how it is. I feel the same way at times, but not just now. You have to come, Jeff. It's important."

I could believe that part about its being important, because nothing unimportant would ever get Marge Lewis out of bed at that hour, so, knowing that, I went.

I took a cold shower, and ate an orange, and walked over to Marge's. Walking through the snow, I started thinking about it, and I wondered what George had done now; and I hoped it was something awful. It is easier to understand that when I explain that George Lattimer and I had been rivals for Marge Lewis' hand for six years. We were very civilized about it, of course. It was a friendly and sporting rivalry, not counting a few dirty tricks George had pulled on me, which I will not go into here. I will simply say that George had proved to be the best man, or at least it seemed that way since he and Marge had announced their engagement and were to be married in the spring. That is why I was hoping George had done something awful.

It is about four blocks to the Lewis place from where I live, and I walked it very quickly in the cold. Marge met me at the door. She was wearing a housecoat and slippers, and in spite of George, she was looking much the same as usual, which is very good indeed.

She said, "Dear Jeff, you're so considerate and dependable, and everything. I don't know what I'd do without you. Come on in."

"I didn't come here for flattery," I said. "What about George?"

"It's too tragic," Marge said.

There was a fire burning in the fireplace in the den. I put my hat and coat on a chair and turned around just in time to see Marge pouring whisky into two glasses out of a decanter.

I said, "For the love of Pete, Marge. Eight o'clock in the morning—"

Marge said, "Please, Jeff . . . It's just too awful," and went right on pouring.

Right then I knew that George had done something awful, because it is my experience that normal people do not drink at that hour in the morning unless they have a terrific hang-over, or are suffering from some unusual emotional strain. We had the drinks, though, and that is where I made my biggest mistake. I am not accustomed to whisky for breakfast, and the unusual effect on an empty stomach was one of the reasons I let myself get roped in the way I did. Under ordinary circumstances I would have put my hat on and gone home to bed, but six fingers of Scotch will sometimes undermine my perceptions.

AFTER the second drink Marge began to cry. She said, "I'm so unhappy, Jeff. I'm losing George. He's going to break our engagement."

Needless to say I was delighted, but under such circumstances a man must be sporting. I was very sporting. I said, "Old George wouldn't do that."

"Yes, he would," Marge said. "He's infatuated with that creature."

"That happens quite often," I said. "Just don't pay any attention to it. It'll pass."

"Not with George," Marge said. "He's too romantic. He's not like you, Jeff. He's an idealist. I'm going to lose him."

I said, "I hope . . ." and then I caught myself just in time. "Not old George," I said.

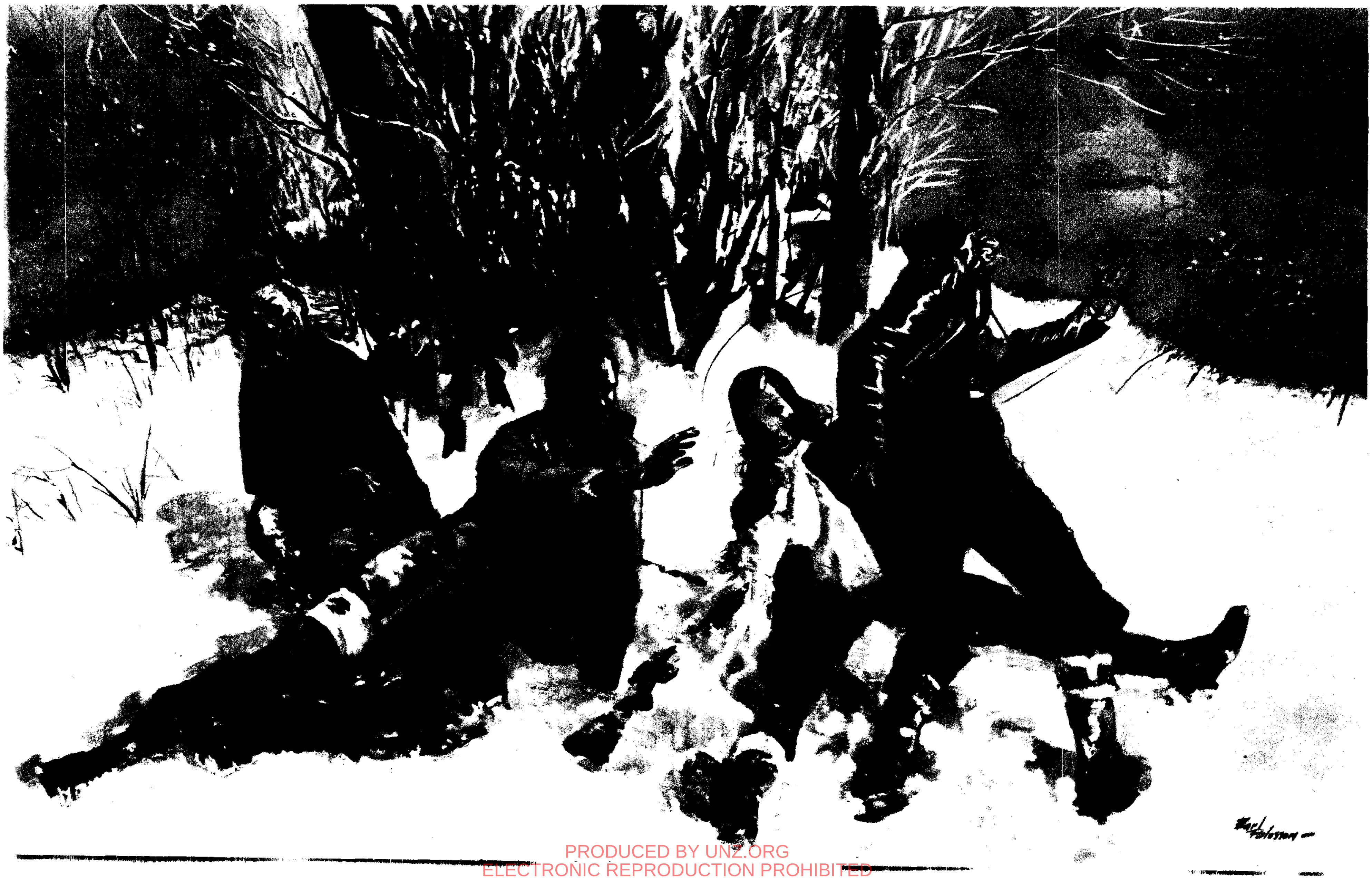
Of course I knew what it was, because it wasn't exactly a family secret. There is nothing secret in this town, except perhaps a few lodge handshakes, and the ages of two or three women that I know. And then I had what you might call a primary interest in what went on, so it was natural that I should know about George Lattimer and Cass Conover.

Not that there was anything wrong about it, but when two people are together a lot it is bound to cause gossip. At least it is bound to cause gossip in this community, and George and Cass were certainly together a lot. Any time during the summer you could see them in the pool at the club, or playing golf, or shooting billiards, or banging balls back and forth on the tennis court.

Of course I have seen the same thing happen to other couples, and it has come out all right in the end, with no damage done. As far as I could see the danger lay in contrasts, and Cass was certainly the most extreme thing from Marge that I could think of right offhand. Cass is a big, strapping wench who does things. Not that she is homely. As a matter of fact, she is good-looking in an athletic way, but husky, and independent, and capable, and sort of masculine in her attitude. The good-pal type. You know: man to man. Fight, wrestle or foot race for money, marbles or chalk. And that is not Marge's style at all.

I was fairly proud of having thought that all out until I realized that it was pretty obvious and that Marge knew it,

(Continued on page 77)


After the fourth slap Marge stopped the hysterics and settled down to plain weeping, saying, "I've killed him"

LESSONS OF WAR

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CECIL BEATON

IN 1656 a small schoolboy was awakened every morning at five-thirty by the mellow sound of the school bell. He put on his black knee breeches, donned his high black hat, shook the sleep from his eyes and then went to morning prayers. All day long he lived by the sound of the bell. It told him when to pick up his Lilly's Grammar for his Latin lesson; when to open the Greek grammar of Cleonard; when it was time to declaim Tully and Terrence, when it was time for dinner and recess.

The boy learned well. He learned not only the classics but he learned tolerance and humility and one day when he was almost grown the bell again tolled to say that he and his schoolmates were ready to put aside their books and enter into the affairs of the world. The boy's name was William Penn, and today a state in America is named after him.

The Chigwell Grammar School, not far from London, still stands as it did when William Penn was there. For three hundred years its bell had echoed through the valley of the Roding.

A hundred years ago a vigorous middle-aged man with a dark beard came to the village of Chigwell and he liked what he saw. He rented a small cottage on the school grounds and each morning the bell chimed to wake him too, not to attend early prayers and classes but to remind him that it was time to pick up his quill. And so Charles Dickens wrote Barnaby Rudge and he never minded the soft tones of the bell which rang so often during the day.

Nothing has changed at Chigwell. It is just another English public school educating lads from eight to eighteen as it has educated them since 1629. Across the road from it is the famous King's Head Inn where Dickens, in his broadcloth and his beaver hat, used to drink mulled ale; where the great robber Dick Turpin came each day for his pint of bitter and for information about the London coach.

Nothing has changed, and yet Penn and Dickens and even Turpin would be puzzled if they returned. There would be something lacking and finally they would realize what it was—the bell no longer tolls. No church bell or school bell rings in England today. They may ring one day. When they do it will mean that the invader has come. The bells will peal all over Churchill's island and members of the Home Guard will grab their rifles; farmers will take up pitchforks; housewives will be ready with homemade bombs—the bells will tell England that she is now fighting for her life.

Bugles now summon the lads to classrooms at Chigwell School. The bell hangs forlornly in its belfry and there is a padlock on its chains. Dr. Robert James, the headmaster of Chigwell, keeps the key.

A year ago, when the possibility of air raids could no longer be ignored, the students began to build trenches. They timbered them up and made them deep. The headmaster picked "spotters" among the students. But the spring passed and summer vacation came without the dread possibility having become a reality. Then came September and England had to learn how to live in a new world.

The school term was to start September twenty-third. Dr. James knew now that the trenches would not be enough. He called in professionals and had underground shelters built. They had wooden floors and electric lights and stoves and bunks enough to accommodate all of the 260 students.

Today the school handles air raids intelligently, without hysteria and with a minimum of lost effort. I sat in a classroom (the same one in which William Penn learned Latin). The Latin master was writing the familiar verbs on the blackboard and explaining what they meant and how they should be used.

Then the wail of the siren came faintly through the windows. The boy who was reciting now never even dropped a "sic" or a "semper." This siren meant that aircraft were over London, less than twenty miles away. The lesson continued. Then the loud notes of the bugles played by the spotters filled the room. The master laid down his book. Without a word the boys filed out of the door. They ran the scant fifty feet to the shelters. German aircraft were near.

In the finely built shelter they studied or they played checkers or they just played. It was a great lark to the youngsters (even to the older ones) and then, too, they had ma
aged to duck part of their Lat
hour. An hour later the All Cle
sounded and like gnomes th
emerged from their undergrou
places of safety.

Virtually no place in England h
been immune from the bombe
One bomb fell on the playing fiel
The students are rather proud
their bomb crater. They hope th
the headmaster won't have it fille

Some of the older students a
members of the village Hon
Guard. These seventeen- ar
eighteen-year-old youngsters ha
learned how to fire a rifle; how
handle a Lewis gun. When the ter
is over they will be ready for o
branch of the service or another.

One of the most beautif
buildings at Chigwell is the War M
morial Chapel built in commemor
tion of the eighty-three old bo
who were killed in the last war. T
day former Chigwell graduates a
in all branches of the service.

The village of Chigwell is ve
proud of the school. As much
possible, Chigwell and its studen
are doing their part in the w
effort. They can't fight but they ca
collect money for the village Spi
fire fund; they can collect alum
num and paper and iron; they ca
do Home Guard duty and they ca
prepare themselves for the tim
when England calls them to th
colors.

The member of Parliament wh
represents Chigwell serves as an e
ample that the village and th
school try to follow. They are ver
proud of their duly elected M.
His name is Winston Churchill.

William Penn once sat in this classroom learning Latin. Today it's just as it was in 1656. Above the blackboard is a list of Chigwell's honor students. Penn's name is not there

It's eight P. M., an hour before "lights out." German bombers are passing overhead en route to London. The shelter is well lighted and heated, the boys are catching up on their work

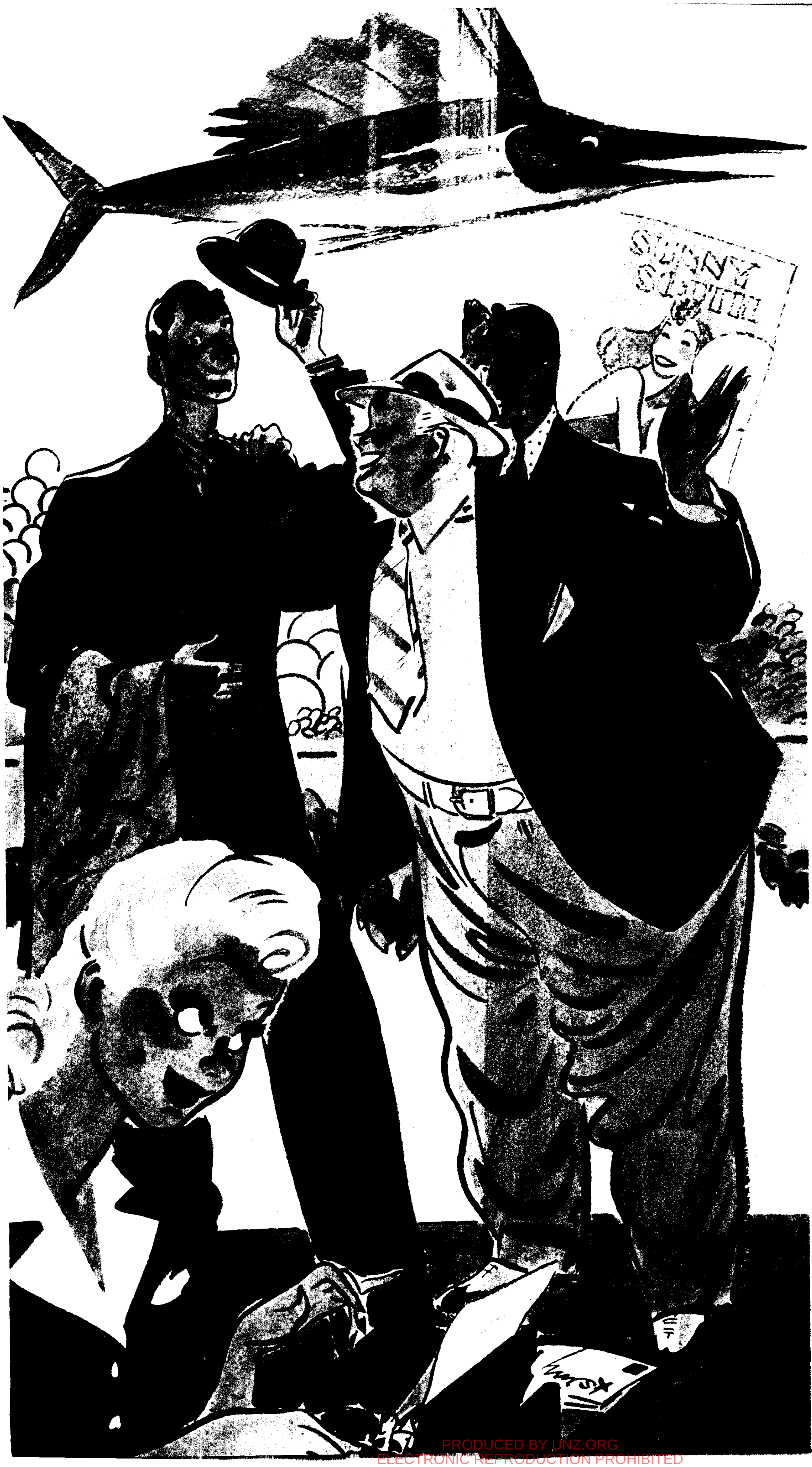
The sirens have sounded and the boys are running to their shelter. Chigwell has no factories or military objectives but hundreds of bombs have fallen in the village

Getting ready for bed. The boys undress in their dormitories but sleep in the shelter, which is a hundred yards away. All of them have warm boots and most of them have flashlights

Morning toilet in the dormitories after a safe night underground. Despite the excitement the boys are always ready for seven-o'clock breakfast: porridge, tea, eggs, sometimes bacon

Bugles summon the boys to classes. The bell ordinarily used is padlocked. No church or school bell rings anywhere in England today—when they do ring it will mean that the invasion is on

Chigwell's boys are proud of their bomb crater on the football field. When rain washes it in, they rebuild it. They want to keep it intact so they can show it to their parents on visiting day



Cerulean is the Word

By Lynn Montross

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

IT WAS Saturday night. The winter air was as soft as a woman's cheek and an ingratiating breeze blew from the Gulf. Through the open door of the Municipal Advertising Bureau could be seen a crowd of late shoppers, but Woodrow Wilson Chase was not thinking about Port Leon's retail prosperity.

Woodrow was thinking about the climate. In his capacity as director he paced back and forth, his cigar pointing straight upward as he gazed at the ceiling. It was, appropriately, a gray-painted metal ceiling whose whorls and convolutions suggested a vast brain.

"Miss Sutton," said Woodrow, "I have an idea."

Abbie Ann Sutton, secretary to the director, reached for a dictation pad. "Yes, Mr. Chase."

"I have an idea," he explained, "for a mimeographed follow-up. Hundreds of tourists will be registered here next week and we oughtn't to let them go back up north without some last message.... You know, sort of a bread-and-butter letter in reverse—we thank *them* and hope they'll call again."

He took a tighter grip on the cigar which emphasized the smooth youthfulness of his features. He paused, his face working in the throes of creation, and then he gave:

"Dear Mr. or Mrs.—the names can be filled in from our register, Miss Sutton—In the traditional spirit of old Southern hospitality Port Leon thanks you for helping to make Camellia Week a success. We hope you enjoyed our sunshine, our blossoms and our patriarchal moss-hung oaks. We hope you will remember that in entrancing Port Leon EVERY WEEK OF THE YEAR IS AIR-CONDITIONED."

Woodrow drew a long breath and put feeling into his dictation:

"Here—new paragraph—against a backdrop of romantic history the past and the future are linked by a progressive present. Here on ground once trod by mailed conquistadors are modern homes, smooth fairways and thriving new industries. Here where pine fragrance blends with the tang of the sea . . . where gleaming white sands meet blade-blue waters . . . where—the—where the—"

"Glamorous?" prompted Abbie Ann in response to his yearning look.

Woodrow shook his head. "We used it in our advance literature, Miss Sutton." He scanned both the floor and ceiling in search of the missing adjective, then slumped into a chair. "Honey," he exploded, "how much

An oddity became apparent in the tall, handsome stranger's appearance. Despite the caressing Gulf breeze, he carried a tweedy overcoat on his arm

longer have you and I got to go on this way? It's getting so I can't even work up a little copy!"

"You know, Woodie," she said plaintively, "that we promised to Miss and Mister each other in the office."

"I know," groaned Woodrow. "But all week we've been working evenings. Seems years since we had a minute to ourselves."

"We both know," she went on, "how Sitting Bull feels about married women being city employees. He'd fire me if he even suspected we were engaged. . . . But if we could just wait till we save up that little old first payment—!"

From a desk drawer she produced a colorful brochure opened to Glenwood. They had decided on that model because you could start with a living room, kitchen and bath, adding other rooms as needed. The company simply drove up in a big truck some morning, and the workmen bolted the sections together in time for early dinner.

It was like playing house with toy blocks, and Abbie Ann looked unguarded and childlike whenever she thought of Glenwood. The trouble, of course, lay decently buried in small print at the bottom of the page. For it was there that the price was mentioned. And even if you went without glass bricks in the dinette, it still meant waiting long months before being able to afford an alphabetical loan.

"Maybe," said Abbie Ann, "by next summer we could manage—almost."

Unfortunately, Woodrow had devoted more time to campus politics than literature during his college days. As a result he had never heard about men killing the thing they love, and his voice became charged with reckless bitterness:

"Next summer! I remember my old city editor in Mobile warned me never to fall for a girl in the same office—"

He paused, wondering if he had been indiscreet.

"Oh," said Abbie Ann.

There was a numb and quivering silence. The moment was wide enough for quarreling or truce, wide enough even for estrangement. But just as Woodrow decided on truce, a cloudlike shadow appeared in the open doorway.

That could mean only one thing, since Sitting Bull always cast a shadow like a cloud. He was looking his most folksy and with him appeared a tall, handsome stranger.

HIS nickname had been applied to J. Eldridge Digby because of a habit of leaning back in his swivel chair and commenting on the climate. But that was unfair. For as mayor of Port Leon and publisher of the Clarion he felt a personal responsibility on days when the sun remained hidden. In order to make amends he gave away that day's issue of the newspaper.

"This gentleman," he said, "is Mr. Carver Winthrop, of Portland, Maine. He's here on vacation to enjoy his Vitamin D."

During the introductions an oddity became apparent in the tall, handsome stranger's appearance. Despite the caressing Gulf breeze he carried a tweedy overcoat as well as a brief case.

"Not exactly on vacation," he said. "I thought perhaps I might be able to locate a new territory for my firm."

Mayor Digby expanded like a pink balloon. If there was anything he esteemed more than a tourist, it was a tourist who remembered to bring a new industry to Port Leon.

"Splendid," he beamed. "And what line did you say you were in, Mr. Winthrop?"

Mr. Winthrop had not said, but he showed no reluctance. With alacrity he passed out business cards displaying the name PERFEX in rich bas-relief.

"Heating," he announced, "is my line. The Perfex people manufacture everything from a bathroom sun lamp to an office-building furnace. Coal, gas, oil, electric heaters—a Perfex for every purpose is our watchword."

Incongruously, though he spoke with warmth, his words brought a sudden chill to the Municipal Advertising Bureau. "Of course," admitted Mayor Digby, "we do have a few brisk days down here. Much like your glorious autumn mornings, they are."

"Yes?" said the sales manager. For such a young man, he had a personality as compelling as a north wind. "In February, 1899," he smiled, "the temperature in Port Leon dropped to seven above zero. And in January, 1886, there was ice on your bayous."

The mayor looked hurt, as only a bland, fat man can look hurt. But Woodrow put in loyally, "That was a long time ago. I remember my grandfather telling what hard times they had after the War."

Again Winthrop smiled. From his brief case he drew a sheaf of graphs and statistics. "I never plan a campaign," he said, "until I have complete government records. In January, 1917, for instance, I note a trace of snow in Port Leon. Naturally," he added, glancing at Woodrow, "you wouldn't remember. That must have been during your infancy."

CARVER WINTHROP could scarcely have been more than a kindergarten pupil himself, though doubtless a forceful and mature little chap. "Or for that matter," he said, brightening, "take *today's* forecast. In the plane coming down here I read that a drop in temperature is predicted. A big drop, the papers said. A *big* one."

His three auditors had a guilty and defensive air. They, too, had read the papers.

He went on happily, "I have always been fortunate in opening up new Perfex territory. Pure coincidence, I suppose, but I usually rate a nice cold wave. The 'Winthrop luck,' they call it in our main office."

"Now see here," snapped J. Eldridge Digby. "We've got our Camellia Week to think about."

The sales manager made a note. "Fine! We can work that into our art—the carefree Southern family gathered in their undies about the new Perfex, with potted camellias in the window. I'm a great believer in advertising, Mr. Digby, especially at the outset of a campaign. Here in Port Leon we'll need several full-page spreads."

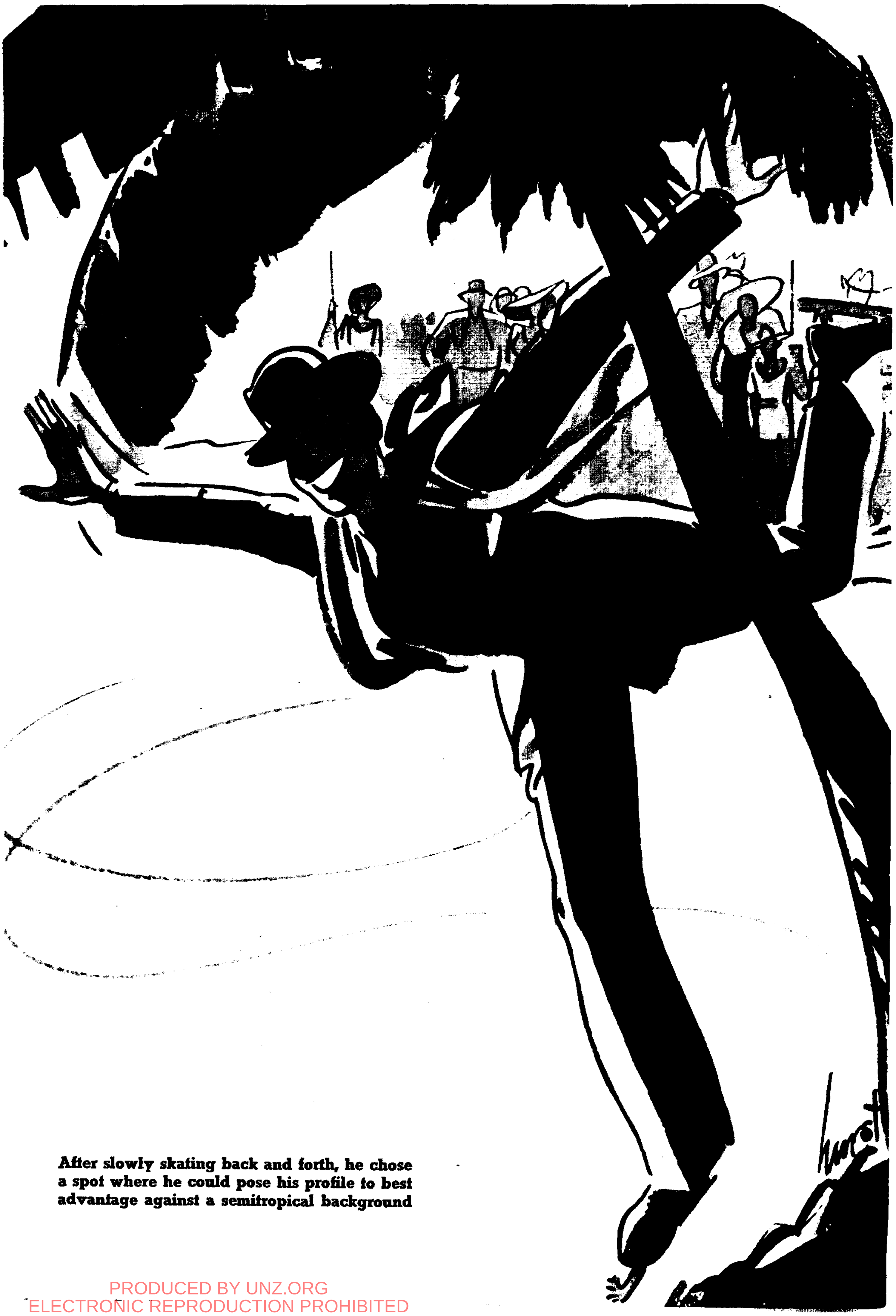
At the first mention of advertising it was plain that a struggle had begun in the publisher's soul. Armies of ideals surged back and forth, locked in mortal combat. But in a moment he smiled wanly, hailing the victory of industry over climate.

"I'm sure," he said, "that the Clarion would prove a helpful medium. After all, there ought to be a wide market for your product here. Invalids, children, elderly people—"

"Everybody," said Carver Winthrop, "needs Perfex comfort. Given the right sort of educational campaign, Florida and California should be among our best territories."

He zipped shut his brief case as if to hint, very tactfully, the value of time. Then he rose.

"Perhaps," suggested the (*Continued on page* 72)



After slowly skating back and forth, he chose a spot where he could pose his profile to best advantage against a semitropical background

[illegible] Hal

[illegible]

JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Warners' associate producer, Hal Wallis, and his close friend on the set and off, Director Mike Curtiz

Life is never dull for Hal Wallis, who produces about forty-five pictures a year for Warner Brothers, is married to Louise Fazenda and would eat steak every night if she'd let him

NOTHING is more dismal than a Hollywood motion-picture studio at midnight. The lights on the outside of the gigantic sound stages blink forlornly and the streets between the stages are filled with the ghosts of platinum blondes and manly heroes. Just when the tears are beginning to fill your eyes at this pathetic spectacle, a limousine will pull in at the front gate and out will crawl five bedraggled gentlemen. They have just returned from a sneak preview at Huntington or Santa Barbara and they are very weary.

If this were a section of the hired help, the situation would be bad enough, but these particular worthies are the big shots—the producer, the director, the musical director, the head publicity man, the assistant head publicity man. In short, these are the gentry who are beating their brains out through overwork and all they will get for their pains is a fortune. If the above scene takes place at Warner Brothers, the producer in question will be Hal Wallis, the object of this discussion.

Mr. Wallis is a bit of a philosopher about his profession.

"A producer," he says, "is a man who is loved by his immediate relatives on both sides of the family and by practically nobody else. The actors swear you've put them in the part to ruin them, the writers are convinced you're a moron, the director knows for certain that any good scenes will be eliminated by criminals working in the cutting room. In the midst of the shooting, the female star has a rift with her boy friend and goes into a decline; the male star falls off a horse and is dented; California, the sunny, produces a slight drizzle of rain which lasts eighty-four days."

The Result's a Headache

You can't fool the man about his job at all. As associate producer at Warners' he is responsible for approximately forty-five epics a year. A Broadway producer who puts on three shows a season invariably ends up on a tropical island being fanned by a native boy. All Mr. Wallis gets from his labors, aside from the fortune, is a headache of such bulbous nature that men have stepped off the rim of the Grand Canyon for less.

Of the making of pictures, there is no end . . . at Warners', anyhow. Mr. Wallis lives out at Van Nuys on a farm and gets to the studio around ten o'clock. From then on it's a riot. He sees writers, supervisors and directors. He checks costume designs, sets and everything else connected with a movie production. He reads his mail; he comforts one of his actresses who arrives in tears to say her husband has been beating her; he orders his secretary to go out to the reception room and throw the assembled agents into the alley. Between times he confers with Jack Warner and Harry Warner, tries to dictate his mail and has a row with the publicity department on the titling of a new picture.

At one-thirty he goes over to the private dining room and eats a salad and listens to the wisecracks of Jack Warner and Mark Hellinger and any assorted favored guests who may be around seeking a free meal. After that he gets a shave. This is the high spot of the day. He lies back in the chair and the barber puts a wet cloth over his eyes. The tonsorial gentleman warns:

"No lousy shop talk in here now; this guy is dying."

Then Wallis goes over and sees the rushes of the shooting done the day before. This is the point where his headache takes on a plaintive character. Mike Curtiz has gone up to Flagstaff on location for Virginia City and has sent back nothing but scenes of rocks and a trickle of water coming down a canyon.

"Oh, this is going to be great; this is going to be a Fitzgerald Travel Talk," says Wallis. " 'And now we leave lovely Arizona . . .' "

The rest of the afternoon is given over to agents, who by this time have climbed back over the fences and are beginning to pop up out of the wastebasket. There is a star's new contract to be fought about; a writing team demands a raise or else; a character actor threatens to go back to London and join the Royal Air Force unless he can wear a beard in his next picture. At four o'clock, Wallis throws everybody out of the place and yells, "Oh, Lew!"

And Lew Hippe, the studio's physical trainer, comes in and bats him around a bit in what is laughingly called a rubdown.

Time for Spying, Too

Then he works through till seven o'clock. If there is another sneak preview scheduled, he has dinner at the studio, generally with Louise Fazenda, his wife, this being one of the few times she can see him. If he goes home, he takes two or three scripts with him, which he reads before going to bed. Over the week end he seldom reads fewer than ten scripts. His reading averages around 150,000 words a week. On Saturday and Sunday nights, he runs two pictures a night in his private projection room at home and they're always pictures from other studios.

"Those other birds are running ours just as steadily," he says. "They're stealing our stuff as fast as we steal theirs."

The whole Warner outfit is something of a miracle. Take Wallis: he had a grammar-school education and one year in high school. After that he sold electrical supplies around Chicago, where he was born, and came out to California only because of his mother's health. Not knowing what else to do he talked himself into a job as manager of the old Garrick Theater in Los Angeles. Sam Warner met him there and offered him a job in the publicity department at the studio. Three months later, the head of the department quit and Wallis was in.

After inventing the phrase "the Lubitsch touch" and being scared pie-eyed every morning by Jack Warner, the boss, he went over to Sol Lesser, where he helped on The Mine with the Iron Door, the first film to be made in technicolor. In 1925 he returned to Warners, which was in the throes of one of its early bankruptcy periods. Their players included Sid Chaplin, Irene Rich, Rin Tin Tin, Leila Hyams, Don Alvarado, Charles Farrell (who played opposite Rin Tin Tin), Myrna Loy (who was getting fifty bucks a week) and Norma Shearer.

"Don't let the names fool you," says Hal. "That dog kept us all alive."

About this time Darryl Zanuck joined Warners as a writer. His scripts were practically unreadable and he would kill off people in one sequence who miraculously came to life in the next, but there was dramatic action up to the eyelids. He was a movie natural and Warners soon made him a producer. Then the outfit bought First National and put Wallis in charge. This was dandy until 1931 when they merged the two studios and put Zanuck in charge of both.

"Go on and laugh," says Wallis sourly, "but it actually happened to me. I came down one morning and found a guy taking my name off the door and putting Zanuck's on."

(Continued on page 40)

Nonsupport

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREN

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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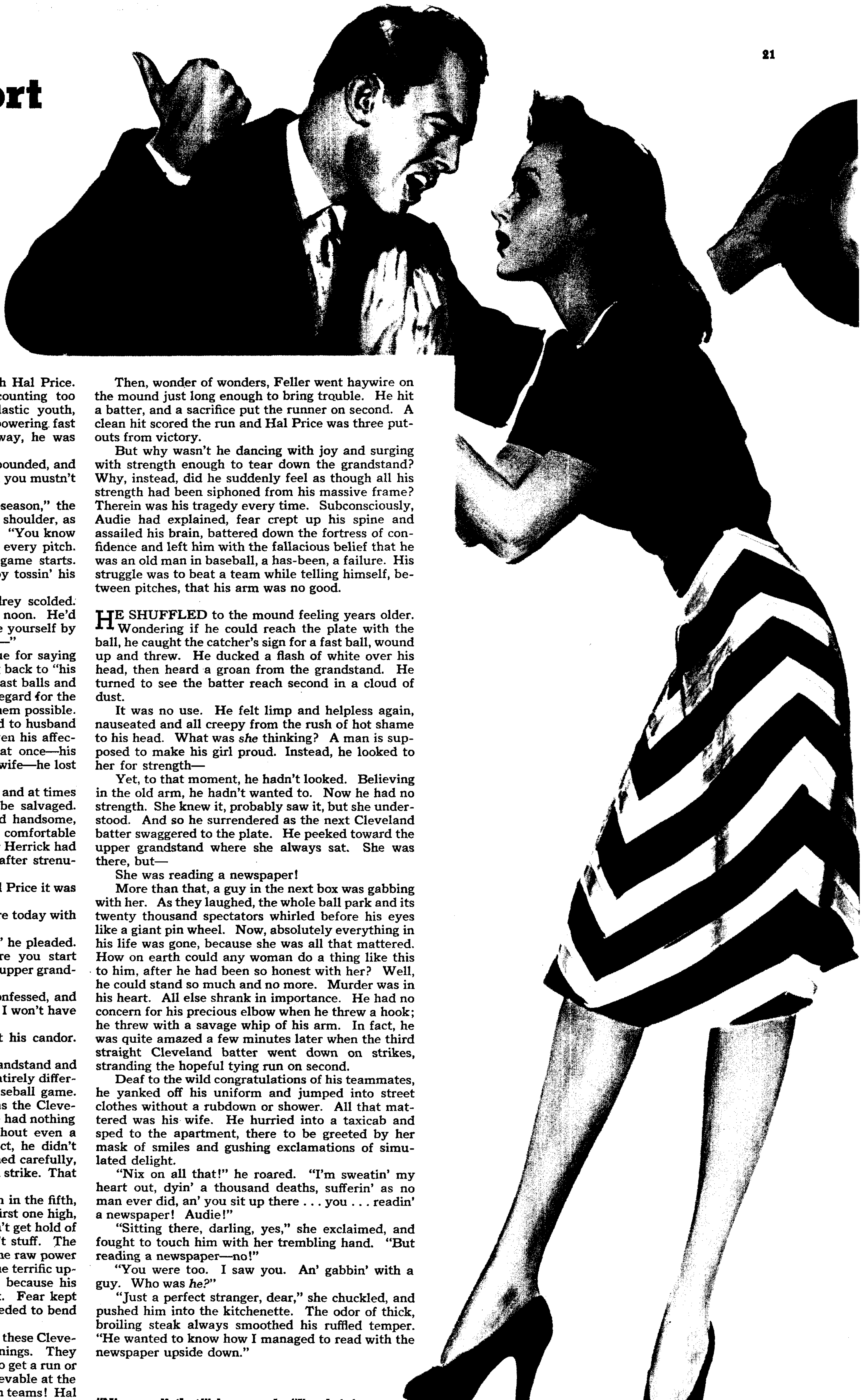


AUDREY knew what was wrong with Hal Price. He had made the mistake of counting too heavily on juvenile tangibles—elastic youth, aughter, strength to spare and an overpowering fast all. Now that they were trickling away, he was elpless and horrified.

"Bob Feller is only human," she propounded, and uttered his hot toast liberally. "Besides, you mustn't ace yourself—"

"It's Feller's first trip to town this season," the itcher mourned. He twitched his right shoulder, as hough doubtful that it was there at all. "You know hat that means, Audie. He'll powder every pitch. He'll get our hitters down before the game starts. ike old Walter Johnson winnin' just by tossin' his love into the box."

"You interrupted me, darling," Audrey scolded. he glanced at the clock. It was almost noon. He'd ave to hurry. "I said you mustn't pace yourself by eller. You must pitch your own game—"

And she could have bitten her tongue for saying t, because his mind was already flashing back to "his wn game," which consisted of pouring fast balls and ooks over the plate with a reckless disregard for the eservoir of youthful power that made them possible. pitching prodigy, he had never learned to husband is strength, his fabulous earnings or even his affecions. When all began deserting him at once—his ast ball, his earning power and his first wife—he lost is nerve.

That was where Audrey had come in, and at times he wondered whether anything could be salvaged. He was young in years, still ruddy and handsome, till able to pitch good ball and earn a comfortable ncome. It was significant that Manager Herrick had amed him the fourth starting pitcher after strenuous spring-training trials.

All this was enough for her but to Hal Price it was ailure, a nose dive toward oblivion.

Audrey continued: "Don't go in there today with defeatist complex."

"You won't be late, will you, Audie?" he pleaded.

She promised. "I'll be there before you start warming up," she said. "Just look in the upper grandstand, in the same box."

"I'll need you on every pitch," he confessed, and elieved it. "If you're not there, Audie, I won't have nything to pitch for."

"I know," she whispered, amazed at his candor.

SURROUNDED by a major-league grandstand and plenty of spectators, Hal Price felt entirely different, especially at the beginning of a baseball game. This was his personal oyster. What was the Cleveland line-up? Nine palookas. No, sir, he had nothing o fear. Moreover, he could pitch without even a glance at the upper grandstand. In fact, he didn't care if she wasn't in the park. He pitched carefully, always getting that first one in there for a strike. That put him ahead of the batter.

When they started "first-balling" him in the fifth, Hal Price crossed them by pitching the first one high, wide and rather handsome. They couldn't get hold of his stuff. He chuckled. It really wasn't stuff. The ast ball didn't hop crazily any more. The raw power and wrist snap weren't there to impart the terrific upspin. His hook wasn't as sharp either, because his elbow protested the nerve-jarring shock. Fear kept him from throwing it with the power needed to bend t sharply.

Ah, but he had enough control to hold these Cleveland hitters to a pair of hits in five innings. They became overanxious in the sixth, trying to get a run or two for Feller; and the result was unbelievable at the end of the seventh—horse collars for both teams! Hal Price felt like going on all day. Not even a base hit against him in the first part of the eighth disturbed him. It was a scratch hit with one out.

Then, wonder of wonders, Feller went haywire on the mound just long enough to bring trouble. He hit a batter, and a sacrifice put the runner on second. A clean hit scored the run and Hal Price was three putouts from victory.

But why wasn't he dancing with joy and surging with strength enough to tear down the grandstand? Why, instead, did he suddenly feel as though all his strength had been siphoned from his massive frame? Therein was his tragedy every time. Subconsciously, Audie had explained, fear crept up his spine and assailed his brain, battered down the fortress of confidence and left him with the fallacious belief that he was an old man in baseball, a has-been, a failure. His struggle was to beat a team while telling himself, between pitches, that his arm was no good.

HE SHUFFLED to the mound feeling years older. Wondering if he could reach the plate with the ball, he caught the catcher's sign for a fast ball, wound up and threw. He ducked a flash of white over his head, then heard a groan from the grandstand. He turned to see the batter reach second in a cloud of dust.

It was no use. He felt limp and helpless again, nauseated and all creepy from the rush of hot shame to his head. What was *she* thinking? A man is supposed to make his girl proud. Instead, he looked to her for strength—

Yet, to that moment, he hadn't looked. Believing in the old arm, he hadn't wanted to. Now he had no strength. She knew it, probably saw it, but she understood. And so he surrendered as the next Cleveland batter swaggered to the plate. He peeked toward the upper grandstand where she always sat. She was there, but—

She was reading a newspaper!

More than that, a guy in the next box was gabbing with her. As they laughed, the whole ball park and its twenty thousand spectators whirled before his eyes like a giant pin wheel. Now, absolutely everything in his life was gone, because she was all that mattered. How on earth could any woman do a thing like this to him, after he had been so honest with her? Well, he could stand so much and no more. Murder was in his heart. All else shrank in importance. He had no concern for his precious elbow when he threw a hook; he threw with a savage whip of his arm. In fact, he was quite amazed a few minutes later when the third straight Cleveland batter went down on strikes, stranding the hopeful tying run on second.

Deaf to the wild congratulations of his teammates, he yanked off his uniform and jumped into street clothes without a rubdown or shower. All that mattered was his wife. He hurried into a taxicab and sped to the apartment, there to be greeted by her mask of smiles and gushing exclamations of simulated delight.

"Nix on all that!" he roared. "I'm sweatin' my heart out, dyin' a thousand deaths, sufferin' as no man ever did, an' you sit up there . . . you . . . readin' a newspaper! Audie!"

"Sitting there, darling, yes," she exclaimed, and fought to touch him with her trembling hand. "But reading a newspaper—no!"

"You were too. I saw you. An' gabbin' with a guy. Who was *he?*"

"Just a perfect stranger, dear," she chuckled, and pushed him into the kitchenette. The odor of thick, broiling steak always smoothed his ruffled temper. "He wanted to know how I managed to read with the newspaper upside down."

"Nix on all that!" he roared. "I'm dyin' a thousand deaths, and you sit up there —you—readin' a newspaper! Audie!"

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

TOO strong a booster for aircraft, Captain Hartney, U.S.N., is exiled—given the command of a small Western naval station. There, presently, three young inventive geniuses arrive—Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, and Messrs. Prentice ("Dutch") and Rorabeck ("Pat"), M.I.T. graduates—and go to work on a new secret engine.

The engine causes a fire. Whereupon, Savvy Roberts risks his life by extinguishing the flames. Among those who witness Savvy's act of heroism is Phyllis Hartney, the captain's daughter. The young lady is much impressed.

A few minutes later, Phyllis, summoned by her father, goes to his office. There Captain Hartney introduces her to an officer who has just arrived from Washington: Lieutenant Commander Kirstell. Kirstell tells her that "Intelligence" has intercepted a short-wave coded message, and decoded it. He says that the message has to do with Lieutenant Roberts' transfer to Captain Hartney's station—and a new device that Roberts is testing. He quotes the concluding sentence of the message: "*We have officer there who will cover.*"

Then, while Phyllis stands there appalled, Kirstell asks her to do what she can to help him find that officer—that traitor. And, unable to think of anyone she knows who might betray his country, Phyllis promises to cooperate. She does not suspect anyone. The only man who might be guilty of such a crime is Bert Sedden, Commander Sedden's son. But Bert (a cynical, rebellious young pacifist who scoffs at everything his father holds dear) is not an officer. Nor is he now at the station—he is due to arrive, from the East, in a few hours. . . .

That evening the captain gives a small dinner party. Among the guests are: Lieutenant Commander Kirstell, Savvy Roberts and Pat Rorabeck. Also, the captain's aide, Lieutenant Roger Collins, who has fallen for Phyllis. In the course of the dinner (a masterpiece by Dolores, the Spanish-American woman who presides over the captain's kitchen) the talk veers around to an interesting subject: treason.

Suffering dreadfully (because he does not want to believe that any of his fine young officers is a traitor) Captain Hartney listens to the various comments. And, after a time, there comes a welcome interruption—a sentry, across the parade grounds, calls "Halt!" and, a moment later, fires three times.

Lieutenant Collins springs up. "Excuse me, sir!" he says. But Savvy Roberts is ahead of him—wasting no time, Savvy has leaped up and bolted through the door.

III

MY FATHER and Lieut. Commander Kirstell followed Savvy, Roger and Pat to the basin, leaving me with the wreckage of a dinner party. I would have trotted right after them (she runs to fires *and* shootings) but Dolores got hysterical from excitement and started dropping things. I had to stay on the job or abandon my mother's gold-banded dinner china to heavy casualties.

"He will be shot, the Lieutenant Robert!" Dolores wailed. "Shot, before you have given him one smile—and in his grave!"

"Don't be so silly."

"*You are not in love with him!*"

"Oh, shut up!"

"I, myself, am in love with him."

"Don't drop that tureen!"

"You are entirely without a heart, Señorita. I am in love with that man, but immediately! There is something of a gravity wrong with you."

"Carry that platter with both hands."

"He lies dead at this moment. You will love him in his coffin. You will cry bitter tears—"

"Pipe down!"

"I must say it—"

"No!"

"You are cruel, Señorita."

"You are a crazy Spig. Stop talking, or I will kick thee on thy lovely shins!"

"An impudence, a coarseness, an irreverence!" said Dolores, very excited.

My heart should have leaped joyously when I beheld Savvy Roberts, returned safe and sound to our front hall. *He* had remembered how worried I would be. *He* had come straight back to tell me what had happened.

"All ammunition expended—no casualties," he said. "Sentry saw a skulker prowling near the fence. He challenged and fired. Enemy retreated rapidly."

"Oh . . . thank you—"

"Too bad we've spoiled your party."

"N-not at all—"

"An excellent dinner. Thank you very much."

"Couldn't you—have some coffee?"

"Afraid I'll have to hurry back. Lieutenant Collins is staging a full-dress investigation."

"It was good of you—to relieve my mind—"

Savvy frowned.

"You look frightened. Why?"

"Maybe I know too much."

"I don't quite—"

"About your job!"

"My job? Pat and Dutch must have been ribbing you—"

"I got this from someone else."

"Oh—" He nodded and turned toward the door. "Thanks again—and there's nothing at all to be jittery about. Really."

I put a hand on his arm. (Romantic note: It is a bad sign when you want to paw them.)

"Don't kid me, mister," I said. "Anything can happen to a man in the business you're in. And I want you to take warning from what has just happened."

Instead of being flattered by my anxiety, this one crossed me up with another off-line reaction. The pallid cheek, the starry eye and the tremulous lip meant nothing to Lieutenant Roberts. He gave a grunt of annoyance.

"I feel so safe it bores me, Sis," he said.

"But you aren't!"

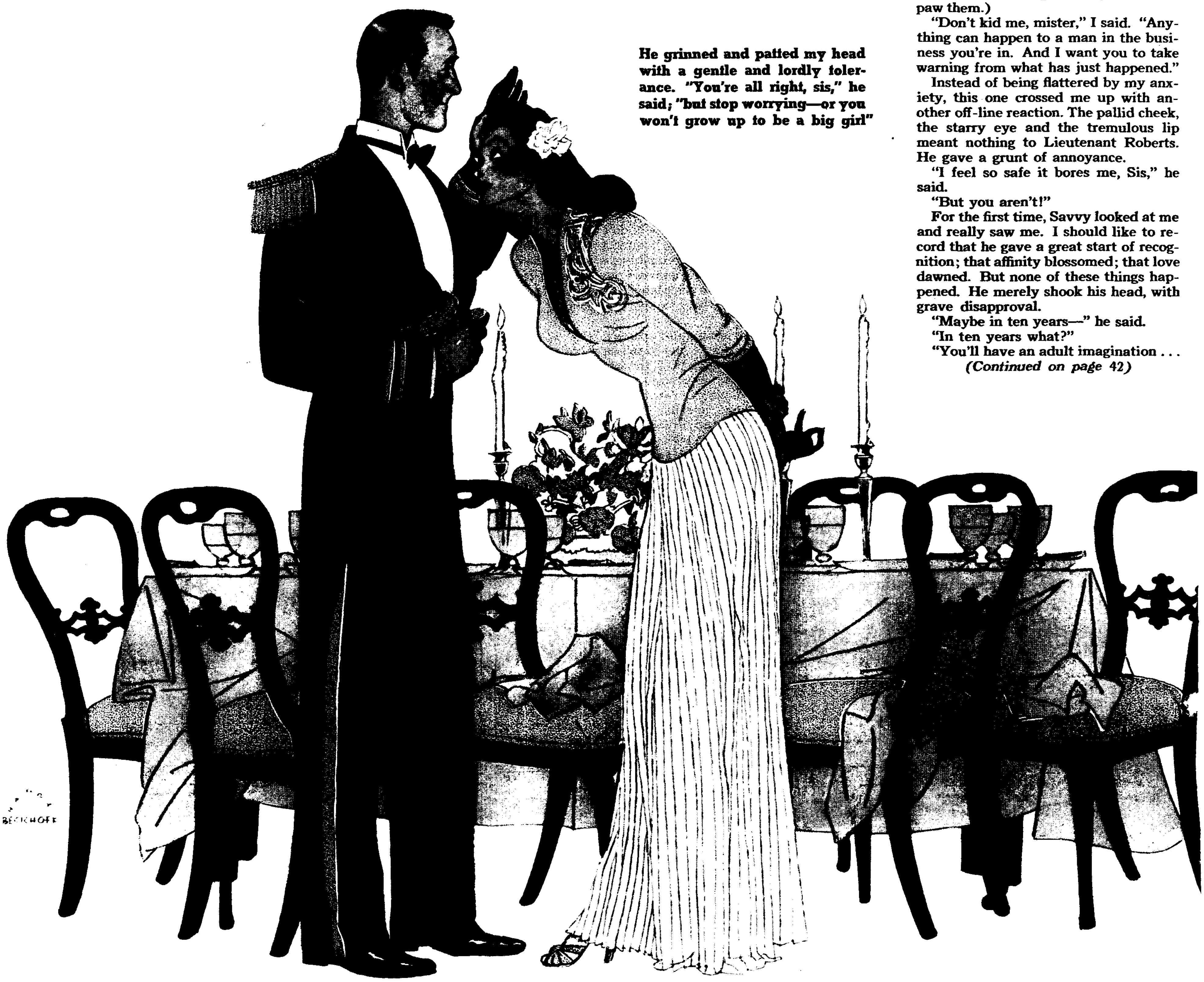
For the first time, Savvy looked at me and really saw me. I should like to record that he gave a great start of recognition; that affinity blossomed; that love dawned. But none of these things happened. He merely shook his head, with grave disapproval.

"Maybe in ten years—" he said.

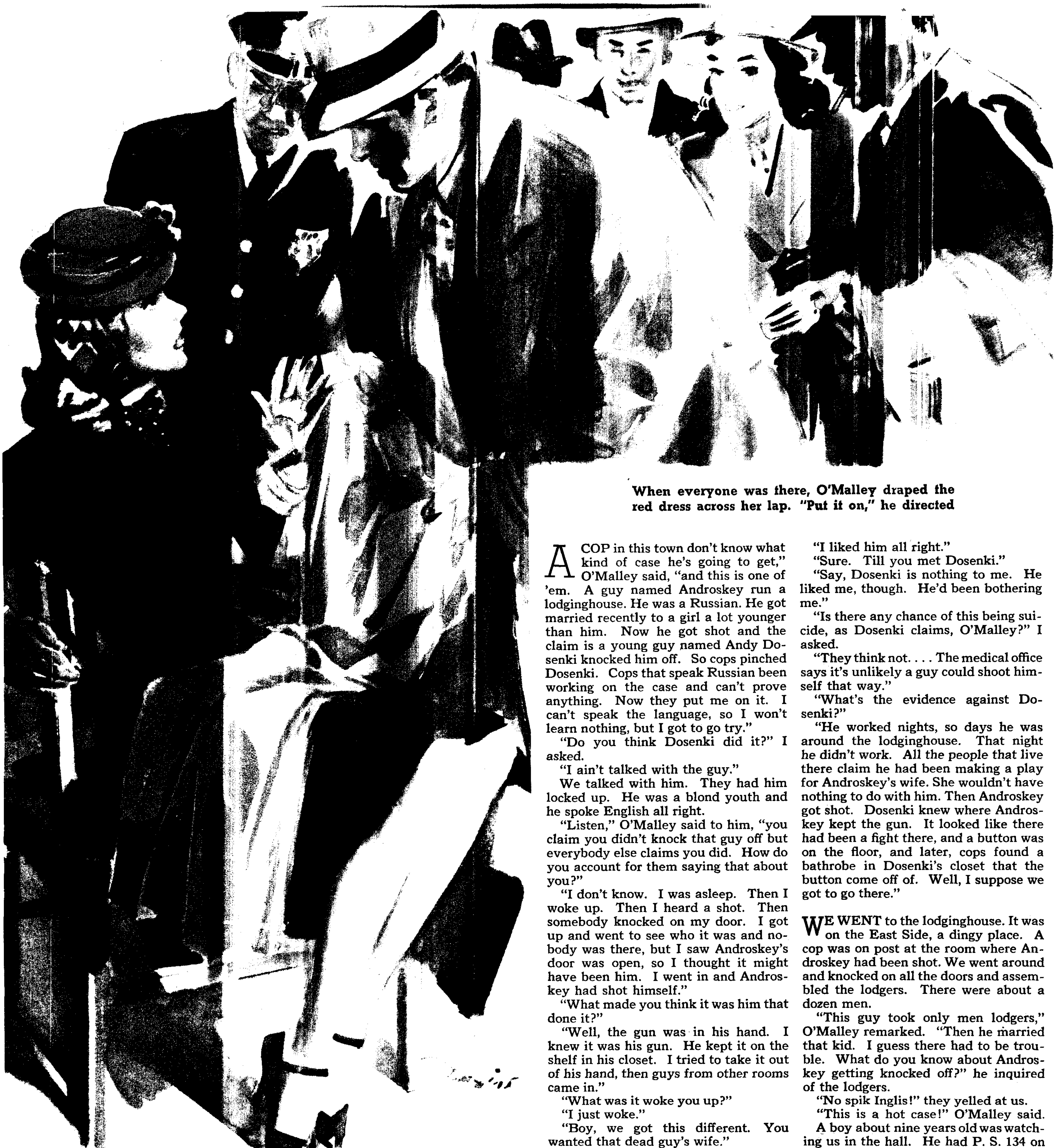
"In ten years what?"

"You'll have an adult imagination . . .

(Continued on page 42)



He grinned and patted my head with a gentle and lordly tolerance. "You're all right, sis," he said; "but stop worrying—or you won't grow up to be a big girl"



When everyone was there, O'Malley draped the red dress across her lap. "Put it on," he directed

Red Silk

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"No spik Inglis," the witnesses said. They hadn't counted on a Russian named O'Flaherty and a detective named O'Malley

A COP in this town don't know what kind of case he's going to get," O'Malley said, "and this is one of 'em. A guy named Androskey run a lodginghouse. He was a Russian. He got married recently to a girl a lot younger than him. Now he got shot and the claim is a young guy named Andy Dosenki knocked him off. So cops pinched Dosenki. Cops that speak Russian been working on the case and can't prove anything. Now they put me on it. I can't speak the language, so I won't learn nothing, but I got to go try."

"Do you think Dosenki did it?" I asked.

"I ain't talked with the guy."

We talked with him. They had him locked up. He was a blond youth and he spoke English all right.

"Listen," O'Malley said to him, "you claim you didn't knock that guy off but everybody else claims you did. How do you account for them saying that about you?"

"I don't know. I was asleep. Then I woke up. Then I heard a shot. Then somebody knocked on my door. I got up and went to see who it was and nobody was there, but I saw Androskey's door was open, so I thought it might have been him. I went in and Androskey had shot himself."

"What made you think it was him that done it?"

"Well, the gun was in his hand. I knew it was his gun. He kept it on the shelf in his closet. I tried to take it out of his hand, then guys from other rooms came in."

"What was it woke you up?"

"I just woke."

"Boy, we got this different. You wanted that dead guy's wife."

"No, sir; I didn't want that woman. I got a girl of my own."

Dosenki's girl was at the police station. She was very young and quite pretty. The blond widow was there too. She was twenty-three years old.

"Where was you when your husband got killed?" O'Malley asked the widow.

"I was at a picture show."

"Who with?"

"I was alone. Then I came home. My husband had been shot and the cops were there."

"Yeah? What was your idea marrying a guy more than thirty years older than you?"

"Well, he was good to me. I didn't have any job and he let me stay at his place. Then he wanted to marry me."

"You didn't love the guy, though."

"I liked him all right."

"Sure. Till you met Dosenki."

"Say, Dosenki is nothing to me. He liked me, though. He'd been bothering me."

"Is there any chance of this being suicide, as Dosenki claims, O'Malley?" I asked.

"They think not. . . . The medical office says it's unlikely a guy could shoot himself that way."

"What's the evidence against Dosenki?"

"He worked nights, so days he was around the lodginghouse. That night he didn't work. All the people that live there claim he had been making a play for Androskey's wife. She wouldn't have nothing to do with him. Then Androskey got shot. Dosenki knew where Androskey kept the gun. It looked like there had been a fight there, and a button was on the floor, and later, cops found a bathrobe in Dosenki's closet that the button come off of. Well, I suppose we got to go there."

WE WENT to the lodginghouse. It was on the East Side, a dingy place. A cop was on post at the room where Androskey had been shot. We went around and knocked on all the doors and assembled the lodgers. There were about a dozen men.

"This guy took only men lodgers," O'Malley remarked. "Then he married that kid. I guess there had to be trouble. What do you know about Androskey getting knocked off?" he inquired of the lodgers.

"No spik Inglis!" they yelled at us.

"This is a hot case!" O'Malley said.

A boy about nine years old was watching us in the hall. He had P. S. 134 on his sweater and O'Malley grabbed him.

"No spik—" the kid started.

"Yeah? What language do they speak in Public School 134? You go and get me some guy that can talk to these people for me."

The kid grinned at us. "Okay, flatfoot," he said finally.

"You think somebody knocked on Dosenki's door?" O'Malley asked me while we were waiting.

"I think he was making up a story and just put that in," I decided.

Then the boy came back with a good-looking, dark-haired youth about twenty-five years old, who said his name was Olavski.

"You live here?" O'Malley asked him.

"No. Near here."

(Continued on page 54)

First Fashions of America

By Marian Stephenson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Marian Stephenson's pictures of the qay Tyroleans started our Tyrolean fashions, and she brought back the sun-tan idea from the French Riviera. Now, with her camera focused on America, she gives us ideas for some real home-grown fashions

YOU'LL see clothes this spring and summer reminiscent of your early colonial ancestors. Gay cavalier capes, scarlet coats, Pilgrim jerkins, carefully starched ruffs.

This idea for a first American fashion was born at a dinner party and later became a reality, through the aid of designers and manufacturers who worked from pictures I made as an inspirational source.

We decided that some real American fashions could be created from the rich heritage left us by three classes of our early settlers, the Pilgrim-Puritan, Cavalier and Patroon. It seemed to us that the historical background, manners and fashions of these three would yield a vast amount of source material for fabrics, clothes, jewelry and accessories.

Loading my station wagon with cameras, films and lights, I started on a trip covering Virginia, New England and New York. I spent three weeks in New England, photographing everywhere I went. Old church spires, weather vanes, door knockers, picket fences, old gardens and houses. Even the ivy on a brick wall was the inspiration for a silk print. Buttons were designed from door knockers, pins from weather vanes.

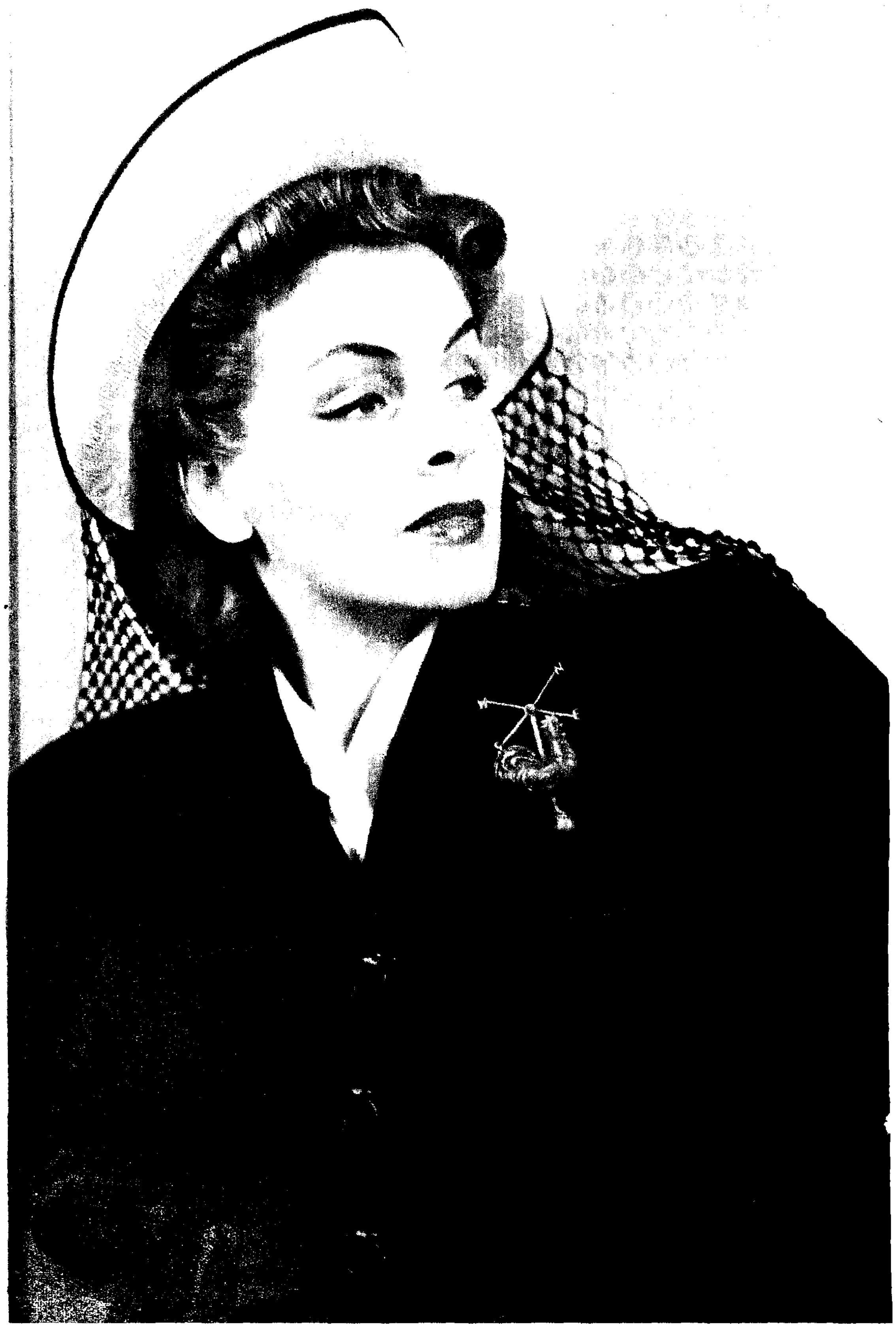
Plymouth and Duxbury, old Pilgrim towns, and Salem, Cape Cod and Nantucket were marvelous sources of antiques, paintings and engravings. I found the jerkin, the apron and the hat of the Pilgrims all adaptable fashions.

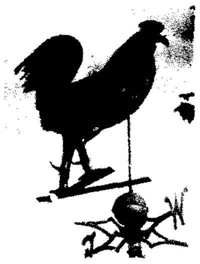
This was followed by several weeks snapping pictures in restored Williamsburg, the cavalier capital, and other historical landmarks like Alexandria, Mount Vernon, Charlottesville, Jamestown and Fredericksburg. Here the gay Virginians carried on their gracious way of life, and old portraits, especially of men's clothes, showed us their sophisticated use of black with contrasting pale colors, their sumptuous capes and wide-brimmed hats.

Scarlet was an important color (even with the Quakers) and the scarlet cloak was popular in all the colonies for more than a century. Old wills trace the careers of scarlet cloaks through several generations.

The wealthy Dutch merchants (called "patroons") who helped develop the New Amsterdam colony as a commercial and shipping center, wore great, baggy breeches. These "knickerbockers" and their boleros are valuable design sources as are Dutch seamen's clothes of this period. The sailors wore short jackets over a collarless shirt with a colored handkerchief tied around the neck. The beautiful neckwear of the Dutch women, often having sixty yards of pleating in a carefully starched ruff, provided another fine source of inspiration.

We feel that we've only begun to work on the designing possibilities that can be derived from our early colonies. But these first American fashions that have been created can be obtained now all over the country. Many others, including play clothes and children's clothes in cotton and rayon prints, will be coming along for summer wear.

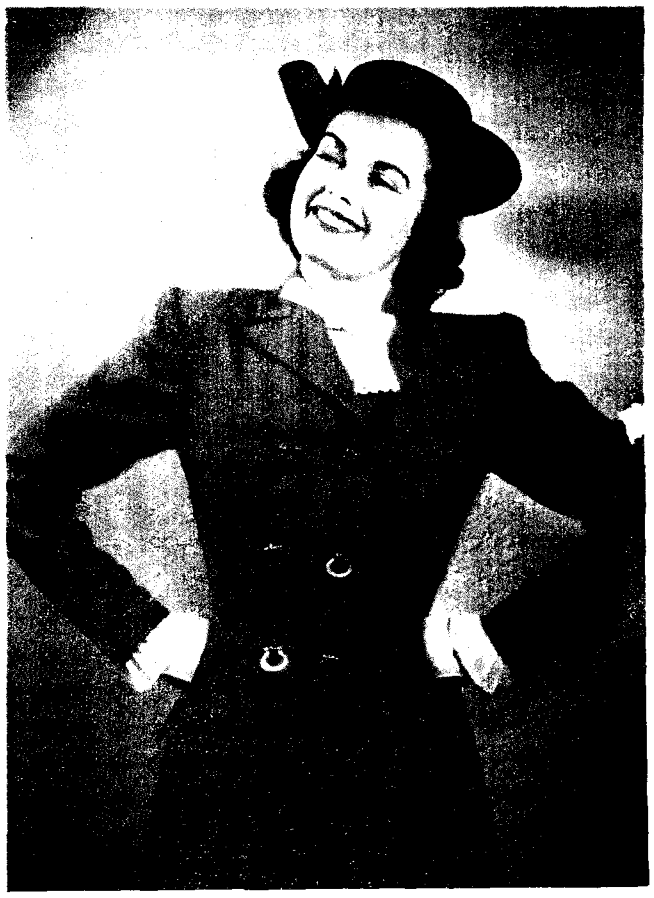


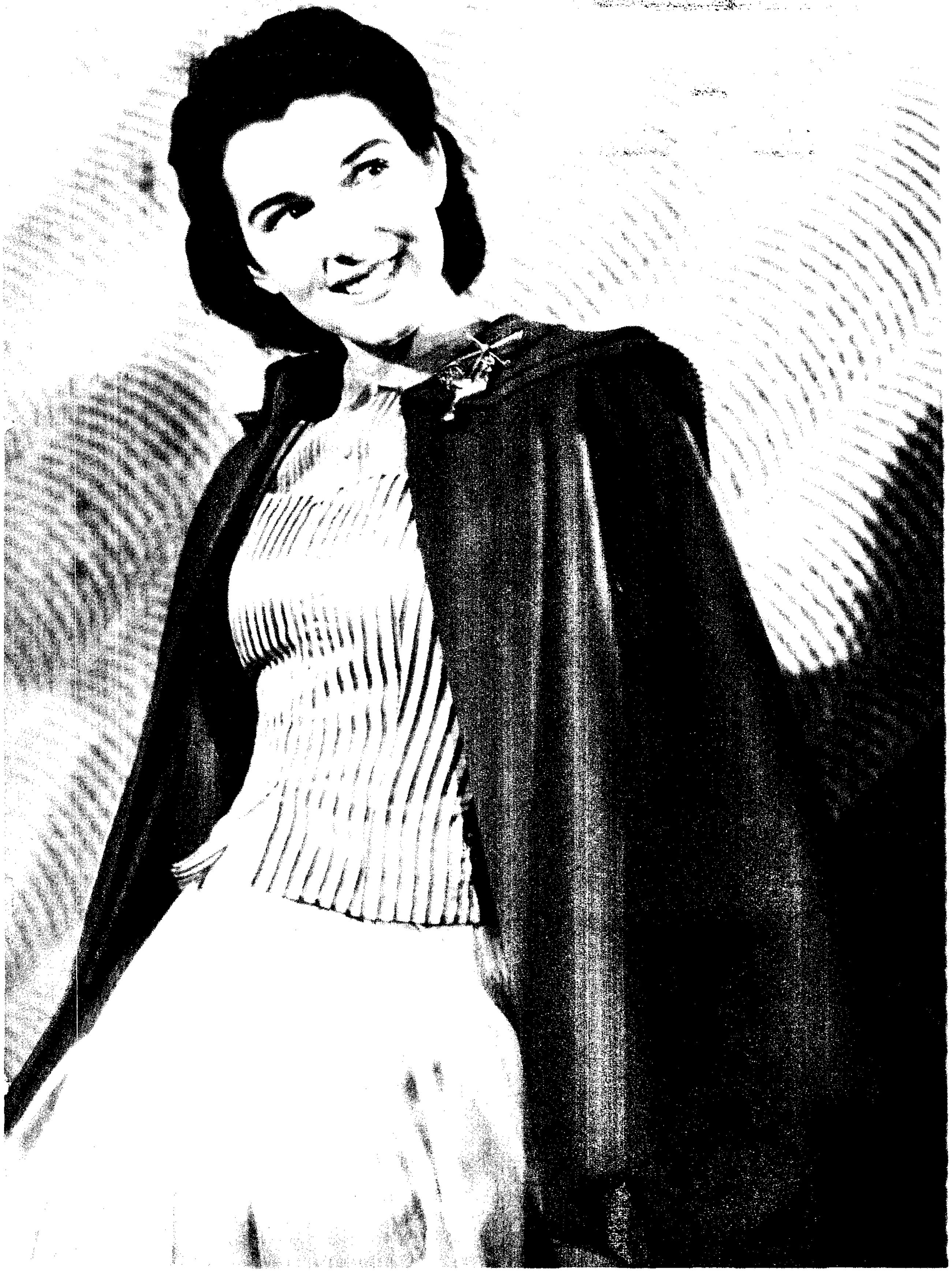


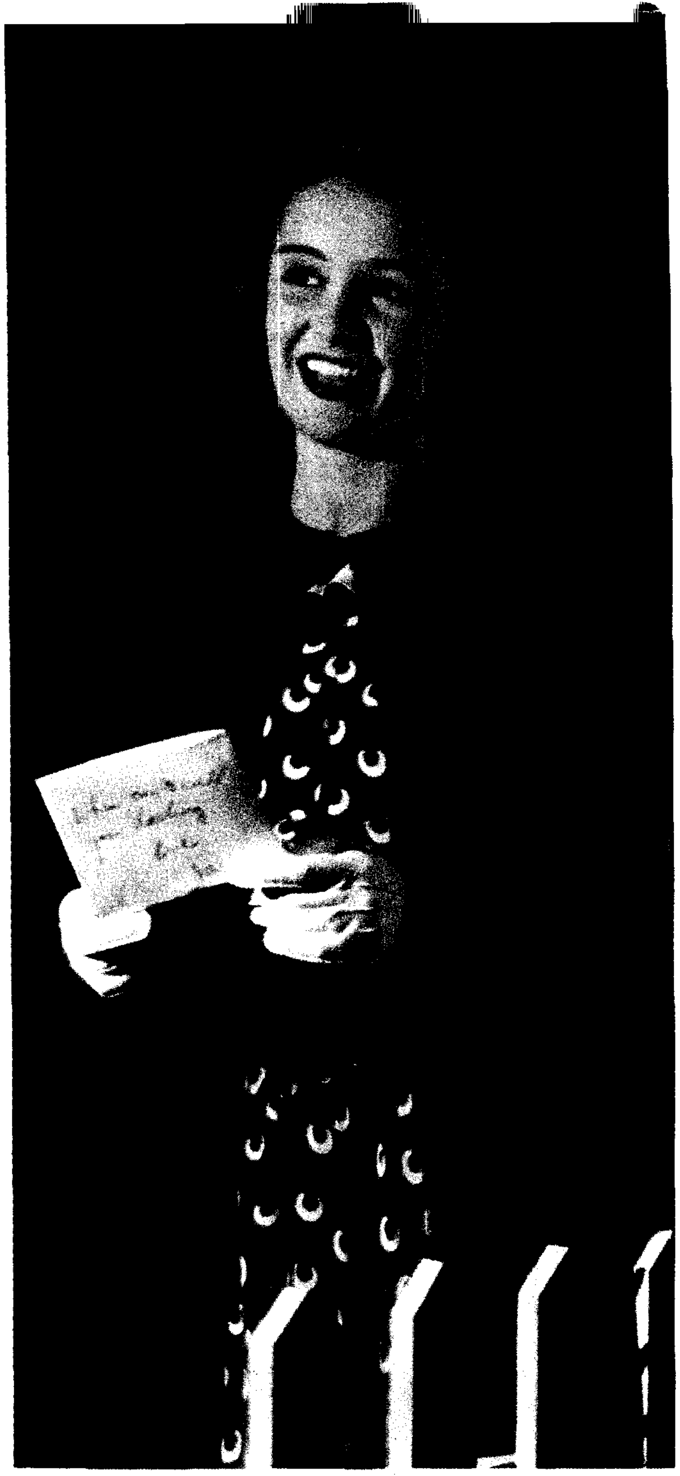
The gay Virginia cavalier's costume was the source for the 3-piece cape ensemble above. The tricorne rage of the 17th century inspired the new tricorne hat. Jewelry was designed from an old New England weather vane

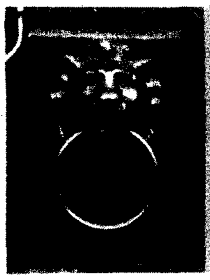
Pin (left) modeled from horse's head over a blacksmith's shop in Williamsburg, Va. Sage-green wool bolero ensemble inspired by costumes of old New York—Dutch seaman's short jacket of this period is used in this case

Men's clothes of the 18th century inspired this covert cloth coachman's coat, (right) blouse with white cotton jabot and a hand frill, and side-roll hat. Buttons were designed from an old New England door knocker

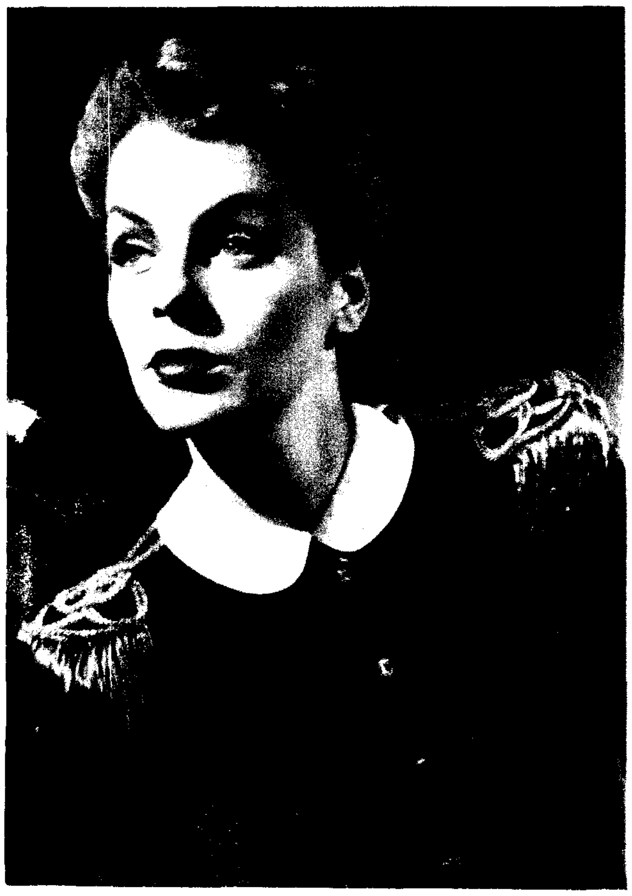


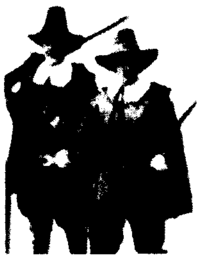




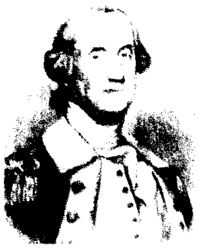


A New England lion door knocker inspired this rayon print. The straight-hanging coat with squared collar is "The Scarlet Judge," from the red coats of New England judges. The hat is a variation of the old tricorne



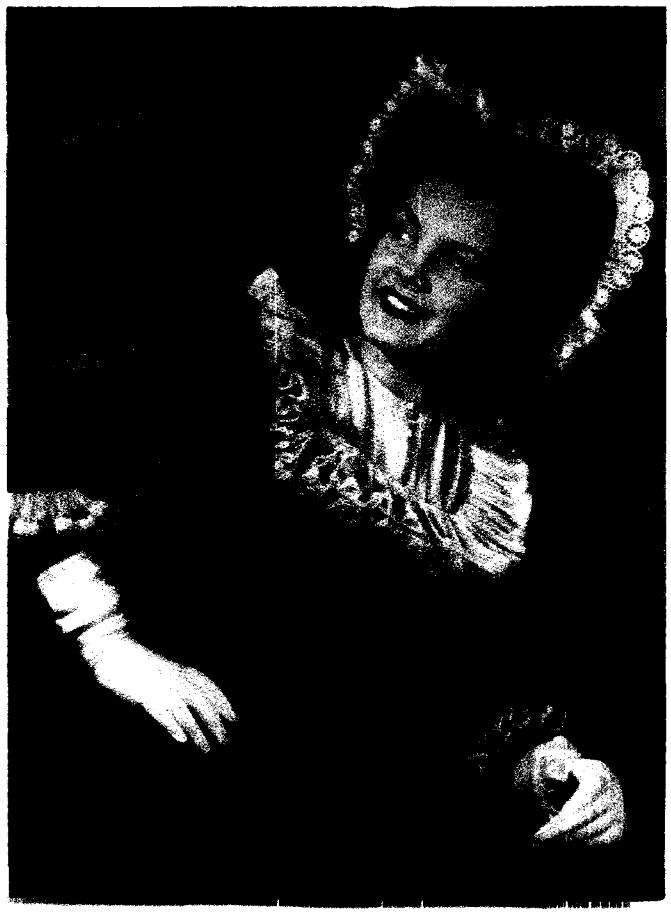


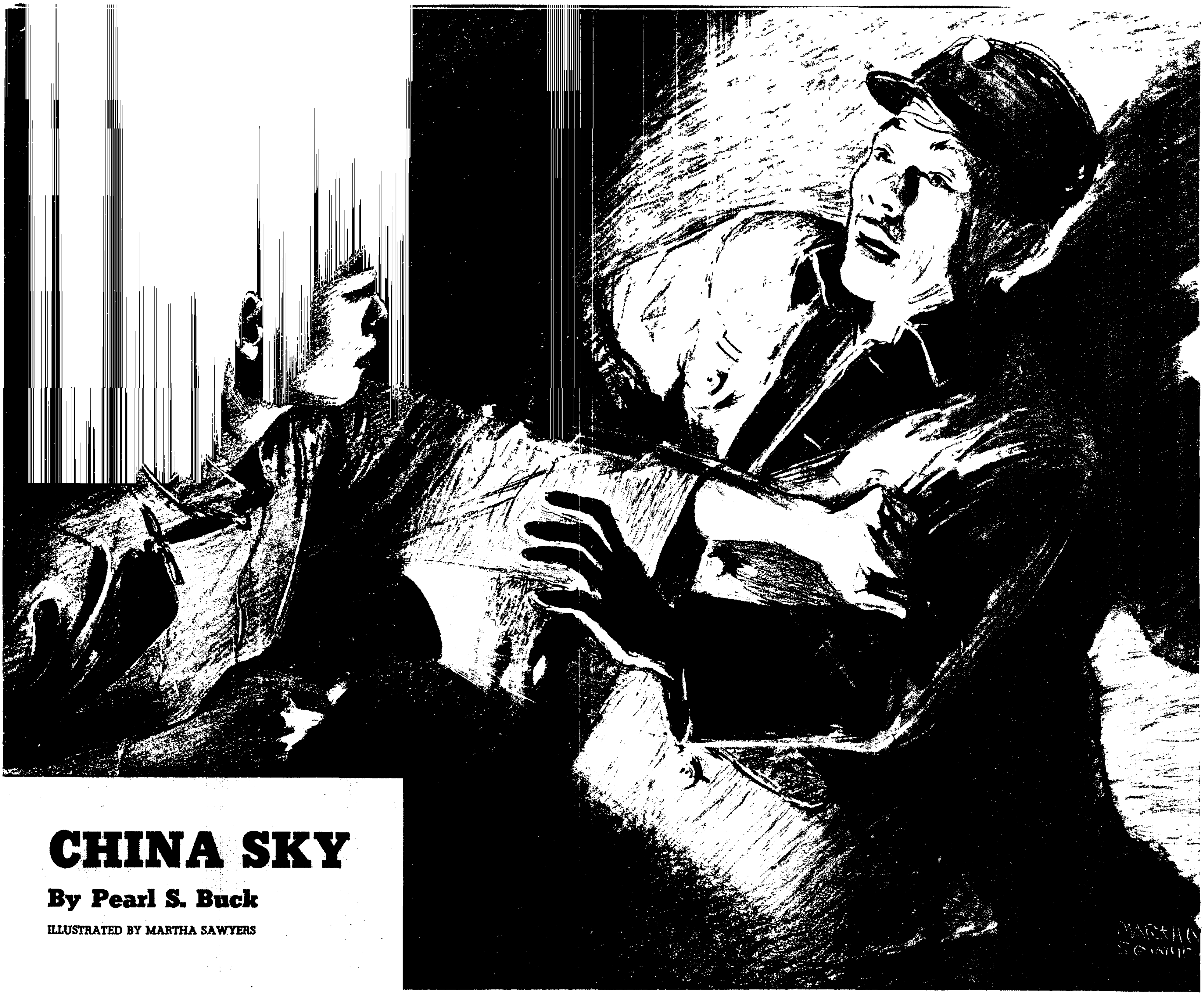
Jerkins of the Pilgrim men inspired the striped one above, worn over a marquisette shirtwaist evening dress. Scarlet cape is from the capes worn by Puritan men and women. With it, the versatile weather-vane pin



Left, an engraving showing the looped gold braid on George Washington's epaulets provided the designing cue for the jacket of this crepe dinner dress with a white shirtlike top. Eagle trim buttons appear on the jacket

An old dummy standing at the door of a Nantucket antique shop provided the inspiration for the frilled bonnet at the right. The crisp lingerie yoke is from the frilled neckline of dresses worn by wives of Dutch patroons





CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, sails for America, he leaves a young woman—Dr. Sara Durand—to carry on in his place. The war is raging and, every day, Japanese airplanes are bombing the hospital. But happy in the knowledge that the man she loves, *unknown to him*—Gray Thomison—will soon be by her side again, young Doctor Durand carries on courageously.

Her first great test comes when a noted Chinese *guerrilla*—Chen-ta, *who is known throughout* China as "the Eagle"—brings her a badly wounded Japanese prisoner and implores her to save the man's life. Wondering why he wants the Japanese to live, Sara—assisted by Dr. Chung, head of the men's ward, operates; and the Japanese—an officer of high rank, who says his name is Yasuda—does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. Doctor Thomison cables that he is returning with "Louise"—his bride! . . . The young couple arrive. And from the first, Louise (who, not understanding the Chinese, loathes them) is miserable. Also, she is terrified by the bombings.

Noting her fear, Doctor Chung (in the pay of Yasuda) assures her that there will be no more bombings *of the hospital,* if she will put her husband's Chinese seal on certain letters that he will bring her. Suspecting nothing—not dreaming that the letters will convey information of the greatest value to the Japanese *military* authorities—Louise agrees to do as Chung wishes.

The first of the letters goes through. And, a short time later, the bombers stop molesting the hospital—but not the city. . . . No longer afraid, but bored by life at the hospital, Dr. Thomison's wife begins writing to Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman who is stationed at a near-by port. Presently, in answer to her entreaties, he comes over with some friends for a small dinner party.

While dressing for the party, Doctor Thomison is interrupted by Siao Fah, his cook. Siao Fah, who adores "Thomison doctor," shows him a note (which he has intercepted) from Louise to Delafield. It is to "Dearest Harry"; and, reading it, Thomison realizes that it is a love letter. . . .

In the past "the Eagle" has always been victorious. Now, he is defeated whenever he attacks. The answer (unknown to him) is that Chung Third, Doctor Chung's brother, is reporting his moves to the enemy. . . . Sara drops into Yasuda's room, unexpectedly. The Japanese is sitting up in bed. Beside him is Chung. Between them is a map. As Sara enters, the two men stare at her, transfixed.

VII

SARA, looking at the two men, did not let her eyes waver. "You are better, Mr. Yasuda," she said distinctly.

"Much better, I thank you," Mr. Yasuda replied. He folded the map carefully as he spoke.

Chung rose. "What you have said is most interesting," he remarked to Yasuda. Then he turned to Sara, his teeth very white through his smile: "Mr. Yasuda has been showing me a terrain map of the central provinces which the enemy used in their march west. Very clever!"

Sara did not answer the smile. "When did this remarkable change occur in the patient?" she asked.

Chung picked up a chart from the small table by the bed. "Mr. Yasuda has had no fever today. In fact, his temperature has been dropping for thirty-six hours. He enjoyed his noon meal."

"Very much," Yasuda murmured. The map was now in a small square and from under his mattress he pulled out a flat leather case and put the map inside it. Then he lay back against his pillows and gazed at Sara between his lids. His pale face was blank. But so was Chung's. These two faces now confronted Sara with a look so alike that for the first time an enormous possibility dawned in her mind. There was an evil connection between them. She had come upon some hidden, electric cord of communication. She suddenly felt frightened and helpless. Yasuda—perhaps he was not ill at all! He did not even look ill now. She was alone with these two men.

"I am sorry if I interrupted you," she stammered, and, turning so quickly that she stopped herself lest it seem flight, she left the room and went back along the corridors and up the stairs to her room. She must tell Gray as soon as it was morning. Twice she was sure she heard a footfall behind her, but she would not turn her head to see if Chung was following her. If it was he, then she must keep steadily on.

When she reached her room she hesitated for one moment, and in that moment she turned her head and saw not Chung, but the nurse, Ya-ching, watching her. Ya-ching had followed her, not Chung!

"What are you doing here, Ya-ching?" she called angrily.

"I came merely to see if Ling doctor's light was on," Ya-ching said. "If it was, I was going to ask her a question about a certain thing. But her transom is dark, and I will wait until tomorrow."

"Let me go!" he squeaked and, darting and turning, he tried to break free. But the hand twisted itself into a knot in his sleeve. "Be quiet!" a voice said

The girl disappeared as she spoke. Sara waited a moment more, hesitating whether or not to call Siu-mei. She decided she would not. She had nothing to tell her except an intuition of evil. Siu-mei was in love with Chung.

"I must tell Gray first," she thought. "Gray will know what to do."

IN HER bed Siu-mei, whom the distant bomb had not wakened, now felt herself drawn out of sleep by a touch upon her outflung arm. She sighed, dreamed for an instant of her lover and then woke, startled by the dream. He could not be here in her room! But they had quarreled about that only the other day, because he did not want to meet her in Sara's rooms any more.

"You are so old-fashioned," he had said, shrugging his handsome shoulders.

"Then I will be old-fashioned," she had replied proudly.

She opened her eyes and saw not

(Continued on page 58)

I've lost my heart to a Spinach

1. Last night at Margaret's, I met the spinach of my life! Really, so wonderfully *garden-fresh* I had to rub my eyes to believe it wasn't picked that morning! What a zesty, summery flavor it had . . . like no other spinach I remembered—ever! Margaret told me her secret . . .

2. Birds Eye Spinach! *Specially* flavorful, and picked at its richest, tenderest best. It's *Quick-Frozen* near the farms, so all its wholesome goodness is captured *4 hours after picking!* Beforehand, though, *all* hateful sand is washed out in gallons of clear, spring water! Amazing?

BIRDS EYE
SPINACH

3. Listen . . . every cool-green leaf of Birds Eye Spinach is *so* clean and *so* perfect, there's no washing and picking over to do! Margaret says (and I *believe* her!) she saves 25 minutes' fretful fussing. She simply slips the spinach from package to pot! It's that easy! Besides . . .

4. There's never any *waste* to pay for . . . no tasteless, lifeless leaves. Why, one box of Birds Eye Spinach equals a half-peck of unwashed, untrimmed, and full-of-work spinach! It all adds up to a saving . . . since you eat every luscious ounce! Margaret's certainly smart . . .

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BIRDS EYE
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5. She says she's read where some pretty critical scientists have proved Birds Eye Spinach has all the same important vitamins found in spinach freshly picked! So, now my family gets the *good* out of spinach the convenient Birds Eye way! (Can you blame me for boosting Birds Eye Foods? Try 'em, yourself, and you'll cheer, too!)

Special!
THIS WEEK ONLY!
MARCH 10TH THROUGH 15TH
BIRDS EYE SPINACH
Delicious! Economical!
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TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT:—Look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package before you buy. It *guarantees* all 60 Birds Eye Foods as first quality only—THEY MUST SATISFY, OR MONEY BACK! For further information, write . . . Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THIS IS SIGNIFICANT! Birds Eye Spinach has been accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.

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Why Do More People Prefer a G-E Than Any Other Refrigerator?

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NOW A BIG 7 CU. FT. CAPACITY G·E REFRIGERATOR AT THE FORMER PRICE OF A G·E 6!

ALREADY G-E sales indicate that more families will buy General Electric Refrigerators in 1941 than in any other year in our history. Drop in at a nearby dealer's and you'll see why this big G-E buying wave has already started. Today you can buy a new General Electric—the preferred refrigerator—at a price many dollars less than ever before. *And these new 1941 G-E models are even better refrigerators, too!* You'll especially like G-E's new "Big 7". This big beauty gives you more storage space, all new advancements in food preservation, latest convenience features—*and sells at last year's price of a G-E 6!* Ask your neighbors how long and how well G-E Refrigerators serve. Then see the 1941 G-E models. Compare them with all other refrigerators. You'll find that model for model, size for size, and dollar for dollar—a General Electric is your best buy!

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- ★ **NEW!** Beautifully styled all-steel cabinets are most attractive ever built—both inside and out.
- ★ **NEW!** Perfected Conditioned Air for sweetening of refrigerator air and keeping foods fresher, longer!
- ★ **NEW!** Built-in "Butter Box" keeps table butter in spreading condition.
- ★ **NEW!** Big dry-storage drawer that's easy to keep clean!
- ★ **NEW!** Top shelf that will hold as many as 11 full-quart milk bottles!
- ★ **NEW!** Sliding shelves of solid stainless steel—adjustable spacing!
- ★ **NEW!** Quick-freezing, easy-releasing ice cube trays!
- ★ **NEW!** Greater cold-producing capacity with less current than ever used by sealed-in-steel G-E Thrift Unit!
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YOU SAVE THESE WAYS... with a Big 1941 G-E Refrigerator!

YOU SAVE AT THE STORE!

● G-E's generous, flexible storage space and perfected Conditioned Air for better food preservation permit you to purchase perishable foods in bigger quantities on special bargain days.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
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With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

"THIS LIGHTER LEAF IS MILDER, MISS...

". . . it costs more, too—but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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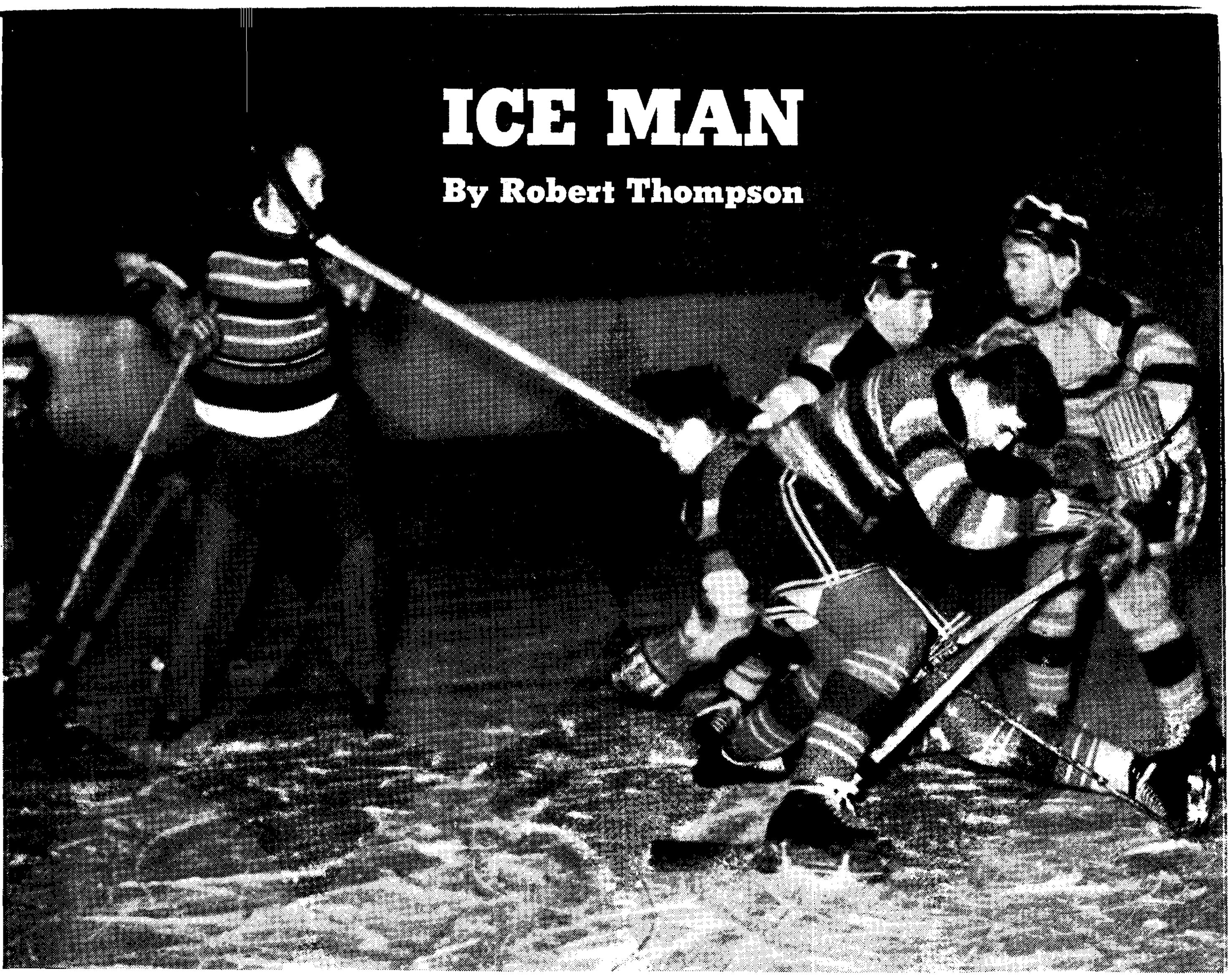
ICE MAN

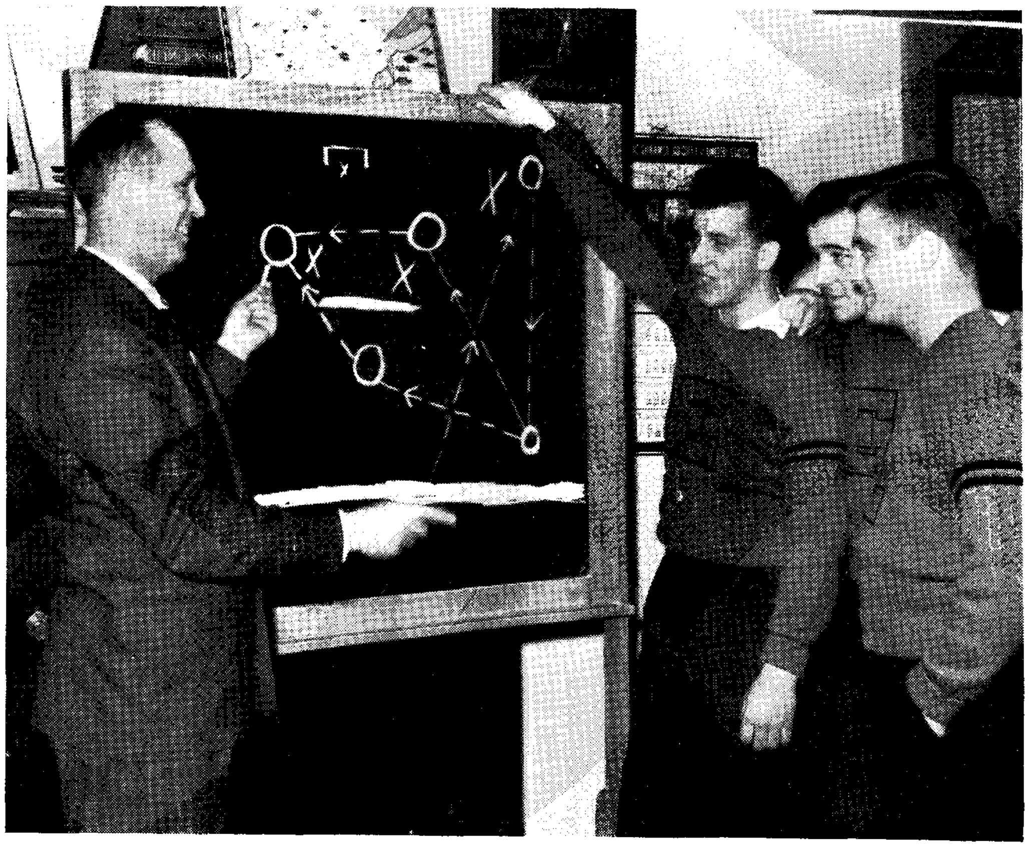
By Robert Thompson

Cliff Thompson has turned out more champion hockey teams than any other coach. His system is simple but thorough. He takes kid players and polishes their game through high school and college until they emerge as pro stars



"Get 'em young and teach 'em your way," is Coach Thompson's system. In the top picture he is superintending an unprofessional melee of Eveleth High School kids

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL ERMISCH



There's plenty of blackboard hockey as Eveleth youngsters grow up to top professional standards. Plays to cover almost every conceivable situation in hockey are diagramed and explained by Coach Cliff Thompson

IN a big, cold, empty building he sat away up on a gallery seat. His topcoat collar reached unsuccessfully for his ears, and his breath steamed when he exhaled. Only his eyes moved.

Down below, a baker's dozen of men in sweaters swept crazily about an artificial ice sheet with sticks in their hands and guards on their shins. Sweat was on their foreheads and do-or-die in their faces. All their movements, though, seemed like those of bugs when a rock is tipped over. They were an American Association hockey team in preseason practice.

The players, by twos, threes, fours or even fives, tore down the ice. They tried and tried and tried to shoot pucks into the six-foot net. A bored goalie, just down from the big leagues, flicked away their shots without effort. He hardly managed to keep warm.

The coach whistled his skaters into two teams, started a scrimmage. Things got worse. The air was full of hockey sticks, yells for passes and heels of tumbling skaters. The big-time goalie looked more contemptuous.

The man in the bleachers finally got up and walked to the entrance. His eyes narrowed, his mouth turned down disgustedly.

"Nya-a-a-a-a-r-rh," he growled. "Jumble hockey."

He spat out the word, like a bad taste. Well he might. Since 1926, Cliff Thompson has been coaching hockey. All that time, in and out of Eveleth, Minnesota, he has been blasting jumble hockey. Cliff is the coach that made Eveleth the incubator and cradle, if not the birthplace, of hockey in the United States. For fourteen winters he has run a champ factory.

Champions by the Dozen

Look at the record: From the 1926-27 season through 1939-1940, his Eveleth Junior College teams won 178 games, lost only 31. The Eveleth High School teams did even better. They won 168 games and lost only 15. That's an average of one high-school and two junior-college games lost per season for fourteen seasons. There were three different seasons when neither of his teams lost a game.

Economically, Thompson's system has thrust hockey professional jobs or college opportunities at a lot of boys who otherwise would have wound up beside their heavy-muscled fathers in the iron mines. Not every boy that went up did it just for a job, but many of them did.

You know Mike Karakas and Frankie Brimsek. Sammy Lopresti and Johnny Mariucci and Paul Schafer went to the rolls of the Chicago Blackhawks. Frank Rauniker moved from Eveleth to the Boston Bruins. Pete Pleban, Harold Johnson, Oscar Almquist, Babe McInnis and Andy Toth were engaged downstate by the St. Paul Saints at various times. Dozens of others could be named.

What is the system, anyway? How does it work? Why? Thompson walked into a dressing room, turned down his coat collar. Then he gave out with three words: "No jumble hockey."

First should come his system for training goalies.

"There are three special abilities a good goalie must develop," he said. "One is courage, one is correlating his eyes and hands so he's as fast at fielding as the best shortstop in the country. The third is figuring angles—angles on the shots that come rifling for the net."

If you watch Karakas or Brimsek at work in their nets, the system will be plain to you. Either one will risk almost certain mayhem diving into bright, sharp skate blades to make a stop. You'll see their right hands or left hands dart like a snake's strike to palm a flying puck. You'll see them whip their big stick blades into the line of the rubber almost before it's been shot. They get angles faster than a flier with a bomb sight.

That's the way Cliff Thompson trains goalies. Long before there's any ice in the fall, his backstop boys are hard at it. For hours, in a dry lot, they're out as targets for a firing line of shooters.

"What about line and defense players?" is the next question.

"In the first place," he answered, "my boys go down the ice *together*. Then they come back *together*. I won't let one of them stay down while the others go back. If one stays down, there's a hole in our defense when the other team comes our way. Individual starring is fine. Any boy can be an individual star if he has it in him and still play in teamwork. If my boys don't play teamwork, they don't play at all."

This sounded a little too simple, but there is more.

"Too many coaches teach jumble hockey," he went on. "They put one stick-handler and two fast skaters in the front line, or two stick-handlers and one speed merchant. That kind of a line means the boys can't possibly get down to the goal together.

"When the play or the condition of the other team demands stick-handlers, I put three stick-handlers in the forward line. Or if it's speed, I put in three fast skaters."

Thompson grew very serious in his explanation at this point. "First of all," he said, "every hockey player has to learn to skate and do it all the time. If he doesn't skate enough, he'll never go

MOONLIGHT MEANS NOTHING TO MARY!

For Mary has bad breath... a condition she condemns in others, never suspects in herself. It's a tragic mistake, and a common one. Even you may be guilty of it. Remember, dentists say...

"Tests show that 9 out of 10 people have bad breath. That's why dentists recommend Colgate Dental Cream. For Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

Don't you enjoy Colgate's tangy flavor? Aren't your teeth brighter, more attractive? And that penetrating foam—how clean and refreshed it makes your mouth feel! Colgate's is the pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE — QUICK AND FOAMY — DELICIOUS TASTE — POLISHES SAFELY — CHILDREN LOVE IT — COMBATS BAD BREATH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

to the big leagues. Canada has a big advantage over us there. They get a couple of months' more skating every year than we do. Maybe now that we're getting so many artificial ice plants the United States will turn out more big-league hockey players."

There's another antijumble process in Cliff's coaching system. He never played basketball, but he took a lot of leaves from the basketball coaches' books and put them in his private hockey manual. There are plays doped out and diagramed to cover almost every situation that arises in a game. When play stops for a face-off, the Eveleth lads glide to positions they know as well as they know their seats at the family dinner table. When play starts, they skate, pass and shoot by the blackboard.

Cliff Thompson is forty-five and doesn't look it. You couldn't tell from his appearance that he's been bringing up hockey teams from babyhood for fourteen years. That's another part of his system. A nine-year-old stopped him on the street and said he was told Cliff wanted to see him.

"I couldn't remember anything about him," Thompson said, "so I asked his name and what it was about.

"'I'm Freddy Gangrich,' he told me, 'and Mickey Hohalla said you're looking for a forward line.' 'Sure I am,' I said. 'I'm always looking for a line.'

"'Well, I've got one,' he told me. 'It's me and Mickey and Johnny Pula. When can you give us a look?'

"What's more, he had one. First chance I had, I looked 'em over. The first year I was at Eveleth, I coached sixteen little kids' teams in addition to the school teams. I could bring 'em up in the right style, so they wouldn't need so much coaching in high school. Later, I cut down to six kids' teams, but I'm handling as many as I can this year. It pays."

A Record to Be Proud Of

Born in the hamlet of Lyle, Minnesota, Thompson settled with his parents in Minneapolis when he was nine. The new home was only a block from Nicollet ball park of the Minneapolis Millers. Before he was fifteen, he was bat boy for the Millers, and there developed a mutual worship between him and the team. He studied baseball more than he ever studied his lessons at school.

About this time, Cliff got some unique training on ice skates. Norval Baptie and Norris Wood, pre-World War speed champions, had a rink flooded in Nicollet park so they could practice in seclusion. Cliff spent every spare hour with them, grinding round and round the track on workouts, long speed grinds and sprints.

At Central High School young Thompson made the baseball and hockey teams. Both turned in championships for the four years he was there. His name was on the eight champ teams and he was city high scorer in high-school hockey for four years.

Over his mother's protest he went to training camp with the Winnipeg Maroons baseball team when he was eighteen. He didn't like it, dropped out, came home and finished high school. To keep his hand in, he organized baseball and hockey teams that copped city amateur titles for the two years after he graduated from high school.

In 1917, he turned down a tryout with the Chicago White Sox to enlist. They put him in an Illinois National Guard outfit and sent him to France.

On the Meuse, at Amiens, and in the Argonne, Cliff fought in low, dirty yellow gas clouds that seared his lungs. The doctors expected his death. Men's lungs aren't meant to stand what his did.

But Thompson began to get better and in 1919 they discharged him from the Army. Discharge meant only a move from an Army hospital to a veterans' hospital. It was 1921 before he could walk around very much.

That year, the Minnesota legislature opened the state university to disabled veterans, and Cliff accepted the chance. He went out for hockey and was on the university team through three championship years.

Thompson walked back from the dressing room to the doorway, watched the Association team at practice again.

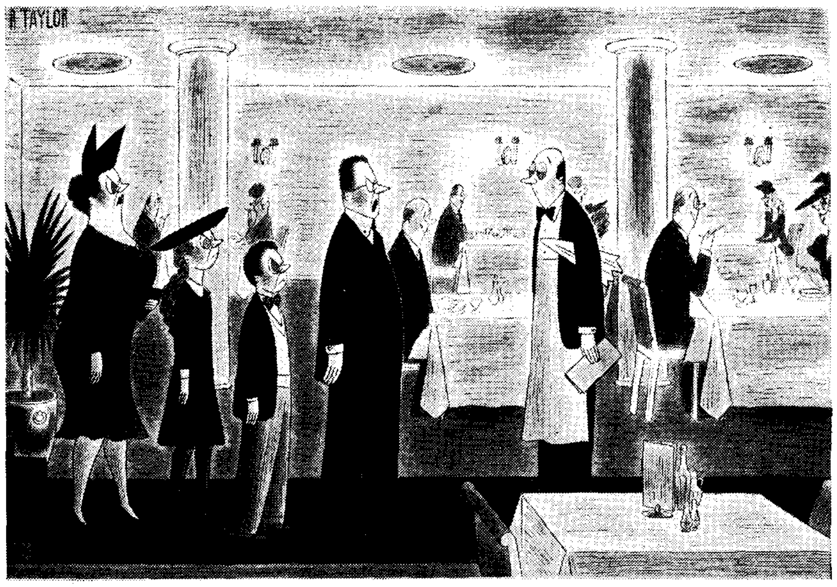
"I'd like to bring my boys down and play 'em right now," he said. "My boys wouldn't play jumble hockey. That team there has three of five brothers who were on a national AAU championship team a few years ago. When the team came back to Minnesota from its championship games, we challenged 'em. They thought we would be easy. We cleaned up without really trying."

It was plain he relished the recollection. He has another memory, though, that is even more satisfactory to him. It concerns his mother. Through his boyhood, she thought his athletics were a waste of time.

After a tough season with his Eveleth Junior College team, he was telling her of the championship his boys had garnered.

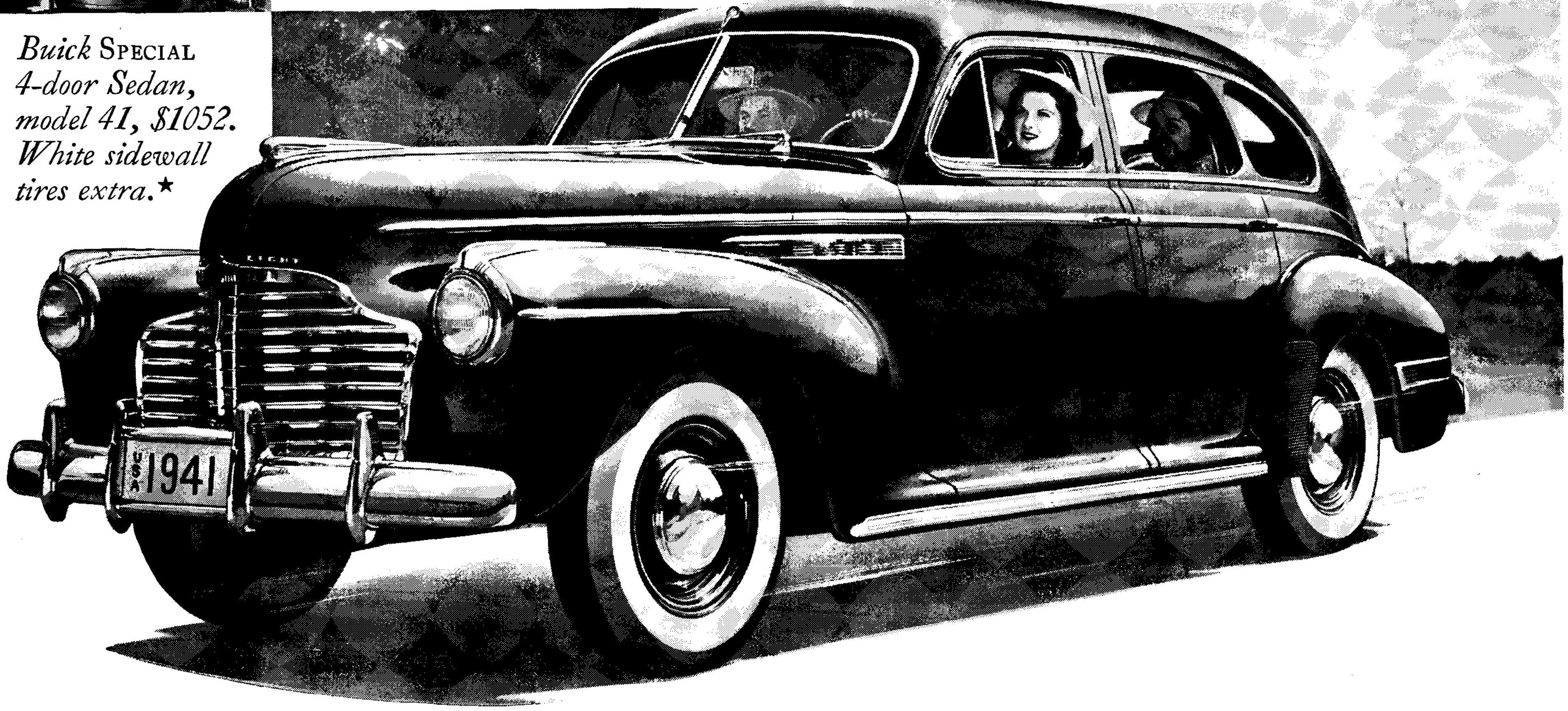
"Those teams," he told her, "played like a lot of jumble bums. That's why we won."

"I'm glad," she said gently, "that you finally got something out of your shinny."



"Place us in the rear. We'll likely make a scene" RICHARD TAYLOR

Two good mixers are better than one



Buick SPECIAL
4-door Sedan,
model 41, $1052.
White sidewall
tires extra.★

THERE you sit, watching the long road ahead as it dips and rises.

Under your feet there's a quiet whispering, to let you know that all eight able Buick cylinders are happily on the job.

Your hand is light on the wheel, your eyes are taking in the pleasant landscape. You're giving not a single thought to what's happening under that long bonnet nosing out in front.

It's right you shouldn't; driving an automobile should be a satisfaction, not a job.

But—here's what's going on:

Instead of the single, compromise-size carburetor you find on most cars, this Buick FIREBALL eight with Compound Carburetion* has *two* good mixers on the job.

Each one is smaller than average, more efficient and thriftier.

A single one of them—the front one—handles all your normal carburetion needs in frugal fashion—keeps you rolling smoothly, easily, quietly, on the very minimum rationing of gasoline.

But the other carburetor is alert and ready for any sudden need. Just tramp down on that accelerator pedal—it goes into instant action.

What for? To give you more fuel and more power for any emergency purpose!

To swing you up a tough hill without slacking pace—to swoop you around slow trucks with sudden power—to let you take advantage of long, open stretches where timesaving is possible.

It's almost like having *two* engines—one to handle normal requirements thriftily, another to team up with the first for extra oomph and wallop when you want it.

That kind of teamwork pays.

It's more *lively,* more *thrilling,* more *satisfying.*

And owners by the thousand will tell you *it's more economical too*—as much as 10% to 15% more economical.

If you haven't experienced what it feels like to have that under the bonnet of your automobile, better go have that Buick demonstration now.

ADDS A SEVENTH TO YOUR MILEAGE

You can plan longer trips on the same gas budget in this year's Buick! Owner reports reveal 10% to 15% more miles per gallon from the Buick FIREBALL Eight with Compound Carburetion than the same size Buick engine gave them last year.

BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT

$915

for the Business Coupe

★*delivered at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories — extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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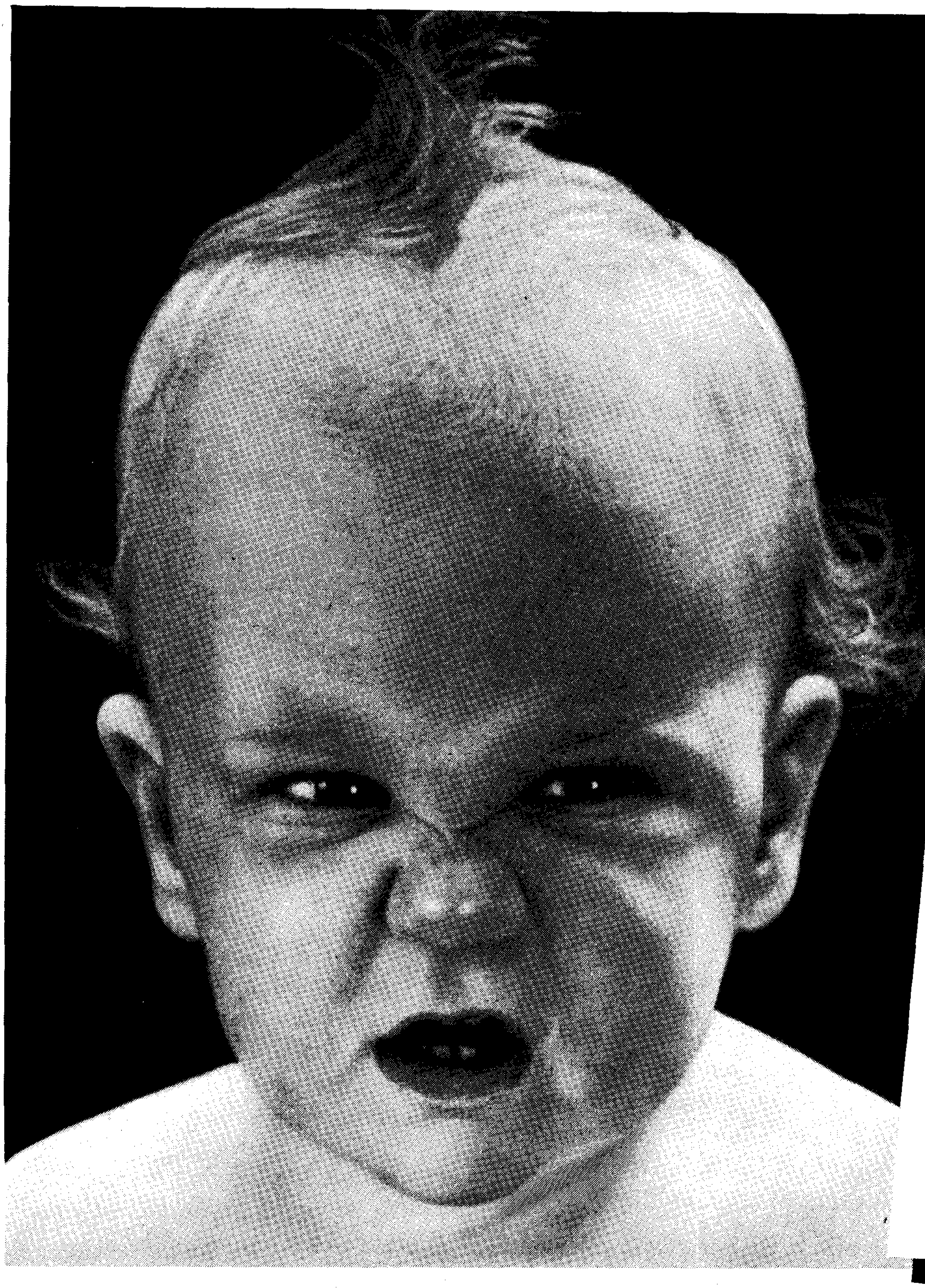
*Standard equipment on all Buick SUPER, CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED models, available at slight extra cost on all Buick SPECIAL models.

"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



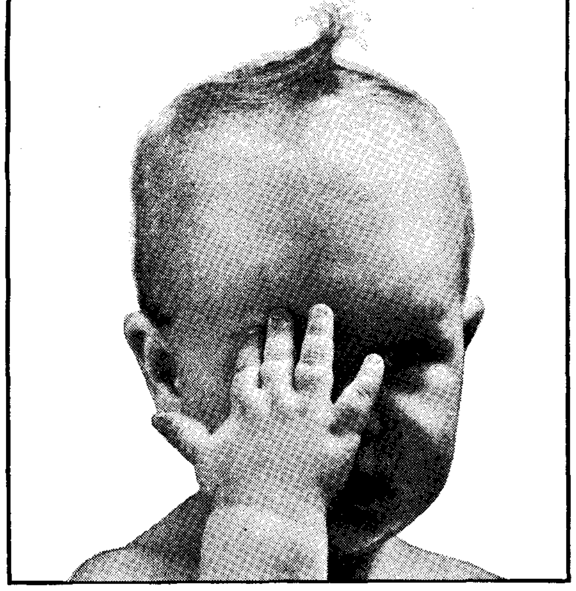
Johnny's pretty peeved!

He's tired of being half an orphan!

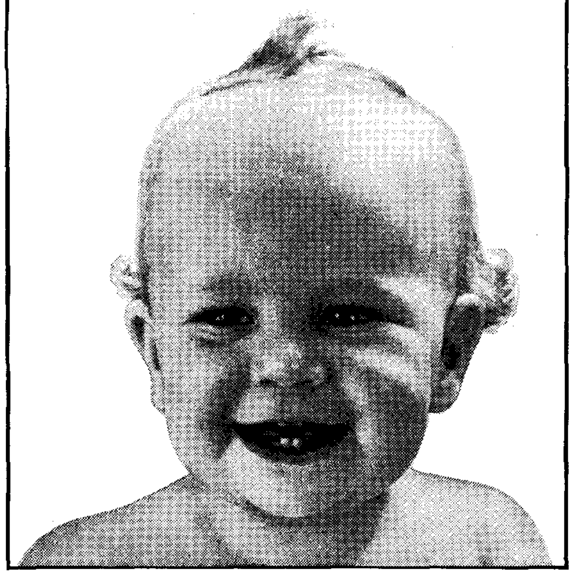
Daddy went away on business three days ago. No word since. No evening romp for Johnny. Mother's sort of lonely, too, and a wee bit worried.

Why doesn't somebody do something about it?

WAIT A MINUTE! When Mother misses her folks—what does she do? They live a long way from Mother. . . . Certainly Daddy misses Mother and Johnny. There *must* be a way.



THAT'S IT—the telephone! It's ringing now. Mother's hurrying to answer it. It's Daddy! He's 500 miles away, but you can hear him say, "Hi, Johnny," just as plain!



EVERYTHING'S FINE! Mother's all cheered up. Daddy is having a good trip. He'll be home before Johnny's bedtime tomorrow. And (shh!) he's bringing a funny fuzzy dog!

LONG DISTANCE RATES TO MOST POINTS ARE REDUCED AFTER 7 P. M. AND ALL DAY SUNDAY

My Patient, Hitler

Continued from page 11

son at the *Realschule*. With all this in mind he bought a small farm in Leonding, a Linz suburb.

The family was rather large. In later life Adolf has so overshadowed the others that they are, for the better part, forgotten. There was half-brother Alois, whom I never met. He left home at an early age, got a job as a waiter in London and later opened his own restaurant in Berlin. He was never friendly with his younger brother.

Then there was Paula, the oldest of the girls. She later married Herr Rubal, an official in the tax bureau in Linz. Later still, after her husband's death and her brother's rise to power, she went to Berchtesgaden to become housekeeper at Hitler's villa. Sister Klara for a while managed a restaurant for Jewish students at the University of Vienna; and sister Angela, youngest of the girls, married a Professor Hamitsch at Dresden, where she still lives.

A Job for Frau Hitler

The family had barely settled in their new home outside of Linz when Alois, the father, died suddenly from an apoplectic stroke.

At the time Frau Hitler was in her early forties. She was a simple, modest, kindly woman. She was tall, had brownish hair which she kept neatly plaited, and a long, oval face with beautifully expressive gray-blue eyes. She was desperately worried about the responsibilities thrust upon her by her husband's death. Alois, twenty-three years her senior, had always managed the family. Now the job was hers.

It was readily apparent that son Adolf was too young and altogether too frail to become a farmer. So her best move seemed to be to sell the place and rent a small apartment. This she did, soon after her husband's death. With the proceeds of this sale and the small pension which came to her because of her husband's government position, she managed to hold her family together.

In a small town in Austria poverty doesn't force upon one the indignities that it does in a large city. There are no slums and no serious overcrowding. I do not know the exact income of the Hitler family, but being familiar with the scale of government pensions I should estimate it at $25 a month. This small sum allowed them to live quietly and decently—unnoticed little people in an out-of-the-way town.

Their apartment consisted of three small rooms in the two-story house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, which is across the Danube from the main portion of Linz. Its windows gave an excellent view of the mountains.

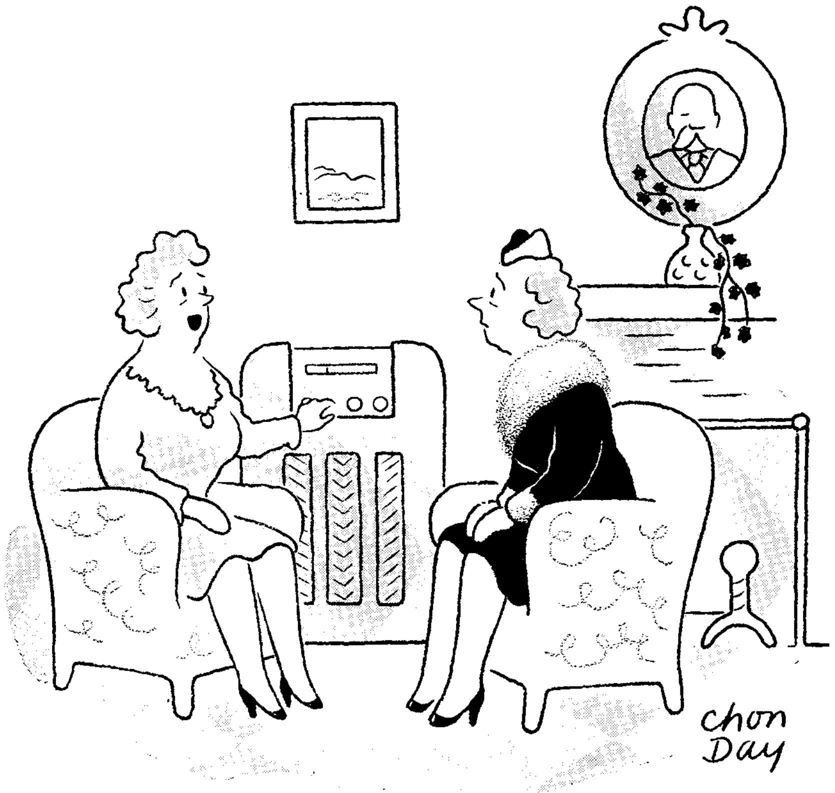
My predominant impression of the simple furnished apartment was its cleanliness. It glistened; not a speck of dust on the chairs or tables, not a stray fleck of mud on the scrubbed floor, not a smudge on the panes in the windows. Frau Hitler was a superb housekeeper.

The Hitlers had only a few friends. One stood out above the others; the widow of the postmaster who lived in the same house.

The limited budget allowed not even the smallest extravagance. We had the usual provincial opera in Linz: not good, and not bad. Those who would hear the best went to Vienna. Seats in the gallery of our theater, the *Schauspielhaus,* sold for the equivalent of 10 to 15 cents in American money. Yet occupying one of these seats to hear an indifferent troupe sing Lohengrin was such a memorable occasion that Hitler records it in Mein Kampf!

For the most part the boy's recreations were limited to those things which were free: walks in the mountains, a swim in the Danube, a free band concert. He read extensively and was particularly fascinated by stories about American Indians. He devoured the books of James Fenimore Cooper, and the German writer Karl May—who never visited America and never saw an Indian.

The family diet was, of necessity,



"I like that commentator—he's so unbiased in favor of Britain"

CHON DAY

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

INGHAM
RODUCER

Playwright: He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?

Wife: No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! *Now* maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins!* You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Wife: Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Playwright: Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!

Playwright: (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

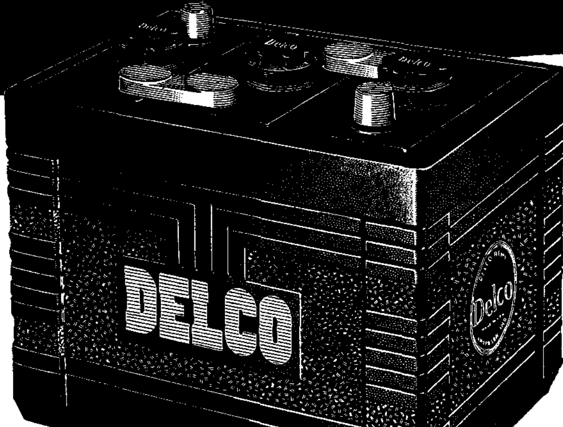
Wife: You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Replace with a DELCO Battery



Let owners' experience GUIDE you

In Delco-Remy's files are hundreds of unsolicited letters* from men and women who have been so well satisfied with the Delco battery in their cars that they have taken the time and trouble to write about their experience. Here are some of the comments: ". . . Four years of service and has never been out of the car . . ." ". . . Has not failed me once in 40,000 miles . . ." ". . . The best battery I have ever owned!" That is the kind of satisfaction you want in your battery.

*Copies of letters quoted from are available to anyone.

Let leading engineers DECIDE you

As original equipment in more than 43 per cent of all new cars sold, Delco batteries have been approved by America's leading automotive engineers—for sure starting, for dependability, and for long battery life. Let the expert opinion of these battery-wise men decide your choice: Replace with a Delco battery.

Delco batteries for every make and model automobile are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

simple and rugged. Food was cheap and plentiful in Linz; and the Hitler family ate much the same diet as other people in their circumstances. Meat would be served perhaps twice a week. Most of the meals they sat down to consisted of cabbage or potato soup, bread, dumplings and a pitcher of pear and apple cider.

For clothing, they wore the rough woolen cloth we call *Loden*. Adolf, of course, dressed in the uniform of all small boys: leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, a small green hat with a feather in its band.

A Remarkable Mother Love

What kind of boy was Adolf Hitler? Many biographers have put him down as harsh-voiced, defiant, untidy; as a young ruffian who personified all that is unattractive. This simply is not true. As a youth he was quiet, well-mannered and neatly dressed.

He records that at the age of fifteen he regarded himself as a political revolutionary. Possibly. But let us look at Adolf Hitler as he impressed people about him, not as he impressed himself.

He was tall, sallow, old for his age. He was neither robust nor sickly. Perhaps "frail looking" would best describe him. His eyes—inherited from his mother—were large, melancholy and thoughtful. To a very large extent this boy lived within himself. What dreams he dreamed I do not know.

Outwardly, his love for his mother was his most striking feature. While he was not a "mother's boy" in the usual sense, I have never witnessed a closer attachment. Some insist that this love verged on the pathological. As a former intimate of the family, I do not believe this is true.

Klara Hitler adored her son, the youngest of the family. She allowed him his own way wherever possible. His father had insisted that he become an official. He rebelled and won his mother to his side. He soon tired of school, so his mother allowed him to drop his studies.

All friends of the family know how Frau Hitler encouraged his boyish efforts to become an artist; at what cost to herself one may guess. Despite their poverty, she permitted him to reject a job which was offered in the post office, so that he could continue his painting. She admired his water colors and his sketches of the countryside. Whether this was honest admiration or whether it was merely an effort to encourage his talent I do not know.

She did her best to raise her boy well. She saw that he was neat, clean and as well fed as her purse would permit. Whenever he came to my consultation room this strange boy would sit among the other patients, awaiting his turn.

There was never anything seriously wrong. Possibly his tonsils would be inflamed. He would stand obedient and unflinching while I depressed his tongue and swabbed the trouble spots. Or, possibly, he would be suffering with a cold. I would treat him and send him on his way. Like any well-bred boy of fourteen or fifteen he would bow and thank me courteously.

I, of course, know of the stomach trouble that beset him later in life, largely as a result of bad diet while working as a common laborer in Vienna. I cannot understand the many references to his lung trouble as a youth. I was the only doctor treating him during the period in which he is supposed to have suffered from this. My records show nothing of the sort. To be sure, he didn't have the rosy cheeks and the robust good health of most of the other youngsters; but at the same time he was not sickly.

At the *Realschule* young Adolf's work was anything but brilliant. As authority for this, I have the word of his former teacher, Dr. Karl Huemer, an old acquaintance of mine. I was Frau Huemer's physician. In Mein Kampf, Hitler records that he was an indifferent student in most subjects, but that he loved history. This agrees with the recollections of Professor Huemer.

Desiring additional training in painting, Hitler decided he would go to Vienna to study at the Academy. This was a momentous decision for a member of a poor family. His mother worried about how he would get along. I understand that she even suggested pinching the family budget a little tighter to enable her to send him a tiny allowance. Credit to the boy, he refused. He even went further: he signed his minute inheritance over to his sisters. He was eighteen at the time.

I am not sure of the exact details of what happened on that trip to Vienna. Some contend that he was not admitted to the Academy because of his unsatisfactory art work. Others accept Hitler's statement that his rejection was due to his failure to graduate from the *Realschule*—the equivalent of an American high school. In any case he was home again within a few weeks. It was later in this year—1908—that it became my duty to give Hitler what was perhaps the saddest news of his life.

One day Frau Hitler came to visit me during my morning office hours. She complained of a pain in her chest. She spoke in a quiet, hushed voice; almost a whisper. The pain, she said, had been great; enough to keep her awake nights on end. She had been busy with her household so had neglected to seek medical aid. Besides, she thought the pain would pass away. When a physician hears such a story he almost automatically thinks of cancer. An examination showed that Frau Hitler had an extensive tumor of the breast. I did not tell her of my diagnosis.

The Family Decides

I summoned the children to my office next day and stated the case frankly. Their mother, I told them, was a gravely ill woman. A malignant tumor is serious enough today; but it was even more serious thirty years ago. Surgical techniques were not so advanced and knowledge of cancer not so extensive.

Without surgery, I explained, there was absolutely no hope of recovery. Even with surgery there was but the slightest chance that she would live. In family council they must decide what was to be done.

Adolf Hitler's reaction to this news was touching. His long, sallow face was contorted. Tears flowed from his eyes. Did his mother, he asked, have no chance? Only then did I realize the magnitude of the attachment that existed between mother and son. I explained that she did have a chance; but a small one. Even this shred of hope gave him some comfort.

The children carried my message to their mother. She accepted the verdict as I was sure she would—with fortitude. Deeply religious, she assumed that her fate was God's will. It would never have occurred to her to complain. She would submit to the operation as soon as I could make preparations.

I explained the case to Dr. Karl Urban, the chief of the surgical staff at the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Linz. Urban was one of the best-known surgeons in Upper Austria. He was—and is—a generous man, a credit to his profession. He willingly agreed to undertake the operation on any basis I suggested. After examination he concurred in my belief that Frau Hitler had very little chance of surviving but that surgery offered the only hope.

It is interesting to note what hap-

"It has to be GOOD to get me so excited!"

★

When are You going to try Chrysler's Fluid Driving?

"OF course I had heard about *Fluid Drive* . . . who hasn't? But I didn't know it was so wonderful until we got our new Chrysler!

"This Chrysler has so much power, you just put it in 'high' and start off for anywhere . . . *it pulls out of snow banks and mud holes . . . climbs* hills . . . dashes away from a standing start . . . travels all day without your touching clutch or gearshift!

"Of course *Fluid Drive* is the magic that enables you to do all these things . . . but it's the enormous power of that Spitfire engine that gives you the extra thrill.

"Fred says that the Vacamatic transmission has something to do with it, too . . . it changes the power ratios, or something, like the variable-pitch propellers on a plane.

"Anyway, it's perfectly amazing that so much power can be so smooth and silent . . . and so economical!

"Why shift gears . . . when *Fluid Driving* is so much simpler, smoother, and easier? The minute you drive a Chrysler, you'll agree with me that there is no substitute for *Fluid Drive* . . . there just isn't anything in the world like it!

"I don't see how anybody can afford to buy any new car without seeing and driving a Chrysler!"

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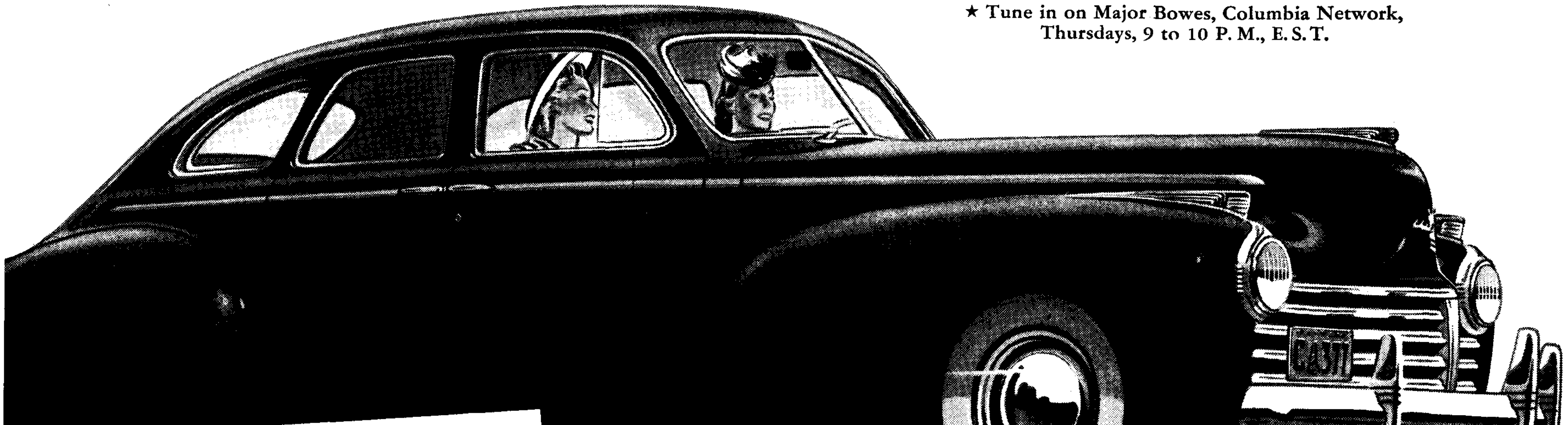
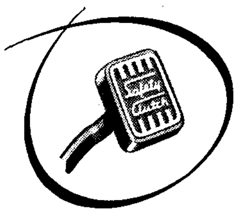


FOR SAFETY!

Why Chrysler includes a Safety Clutch with Fluid Drive!



The Safety Clutch is like a lifeboat on a ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking . . . for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!

BE MODERN . . . WITH FLUID DRIVE— BUY CHRYSLER!

"I'LL BE SAFER ON *Pullman* THAN YOU TWO AT HOME!"

IT DOES NOT PAY to take unnecessary travel risks, when Rail-Pullman offers you the safest fast transportation in the world! . . . It does not pay to trust your safety to the whims of the Weather Man.

Day-and-night, winter-and-summer, Rail-Pullman speeds Mr., Mrs. and Young America on their way—comfortably, safely!

Snow, fog, ice and storm don't worry you if you hold a Pullman ticket! All they change is the scenery out your Pullman window.

So go the safest way! The way that provides you with more comfort, more security and conveniences than any other form of travel. The way that provides you with so much more for your travel dollar.

So, go Pullman next time and get there feeling fit. *And get home safely!*

YOU GET THERE looking your best. Pullman gives you everything you need to make a comfortable toilet! Hot water galore, plenty of mirrors, plenty of towels, ample light. And, the women's dressing rooms have chairs and a dressing shelf.

PULLMAN PORTER

7 *Great Pullman Travel Advantages:*

SAFETY *many-times-greater than any other form of transportation. On Rail-Pullman you're protected every minute by the country's greatest safety system.*

DEPENDABILITY *and convenience unmatched! Fast, frequent schedules. . . . Hundreds of Pullman trains serve America every day regardless of the weather.*

SLEEP, *undressed, in a real bed—just as you do at home. Feel refreshed next day!*

"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS. *Completely-equipped dressing rooms. Individual toilet facilities in private rooms. Principal trains carry club cars.*

SERVICE—*courteous, efficient, hospitable.*

PRIVACY—*freedom from unwelcome intrusions. Your accommodation is your own—you don't have to share it with anybody!*

ROOMINESS—*room to "stretch out." Room to take it easy and move about. Ample space for personal luggage, without extra charge.*

Travel on new Credit Plan. Ask your ticket agent about it. Pullman service also available over certain routes in Canada and Mexico.

TRAVEL "1ST CLASS"... That means Go *Pullman*

pened to this generous man nearly three decades later—after Anschluss with Germany. Because of his political connections he was forced to abandon his position at the hospital. His son, who pioneered in brain surgery, was likewise forced from several offices.

Frau Hitler arrived at the hospital one evening in the early summer of 1908. I do not have the exact date, for my records of the case were placed in the archives of the Nazi party in Munich. In any case, Frau Hitler spent the night in the hospital and was operated on the following morning. At the request of this gentle, harried soul I remained beside the operating table while Dr. Urban and his assistant performed the surgery.

Two hours later I drove in my carriage across the Danube to the little house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, in the section of the city known as Urfahr. There the children awaited me.

The girls received the word I brought with calm and reserve. The face of the boy was streaked with tears, and his eyes were tired and red. He listened until I had finished speaking. He had but one question. In a choked voice he asked: "Does my mother suffer?"

Hitler's Worst Moment

As weeks and months passed after the operation Frau Hitler's strength began visibly to fail. At most she could be out of bed for an hour or two a day. During this period Adolf spent most of his time around the house, to which his mother had returned.

He slept in the tiny bedroom adjoining that of his mother so that he could be summoned at any time during the night. During the day he hovered about the large bed in which she lay.

In illness such as that suffered by Frau Hitler, there is usually a great amount of pain. She bore her burden well; unflinching and uncomplaining. But it seemed to torture her son. An anguished grimace would come over him when he saw pain contract her face. There was little that could be done. An injection of morphine from time to time would give temporary relief; but nothing lasting. Yet Adolf seemed enormously grateful even for these short periods of release.

I shall never forget Klara Hitler during those days. She was forty-eight at the time; tall, slender and rather handsome, yet wasted by disease. She was soft-spoken, patient; more concerned about what would happen to her family than she was about her approaching death. She made no secret of these worries; or about the fact that most of her thoughts were for her son. "Adolf is still so young," she said repeatedly.

On the day of December 20, 1908, I made two calls. The end was approaching and I wanted this good woman to be as comfortable as I could make her. I didn't know whether she would live another week, or another month; or whether death would come in a matter of hours.

So, the word that Angela Hitler brought me the following morning came as no surprise. Her mother had died quietly in the night. The children had decided not to disturb me, knowing that their mother was beyond all medical aid. But, she asked, could I come now? Someone in an official position would have to sign the death certificate. I put on my coat and drove with her to the grief-stricken cottage.

The postmaster's widow, their closest friend, was with the children, having more or less taken charge of things. Adolf, his face showing the weariness of a sleepless night, sat beside his mother. In order to preserve a last impression, he had sketched her as she lay on her deathbed.

I sat with the family for a while, trying to ease their grief. I explained that in this case death had been a savior. They understood.

In the practice of my profession it is natural that I should have witnessed many scenes such as this one, yet none of them left me with quite the same impression. In all my career I have never seen anyone so prostrate with grief as Adolf Hitler.

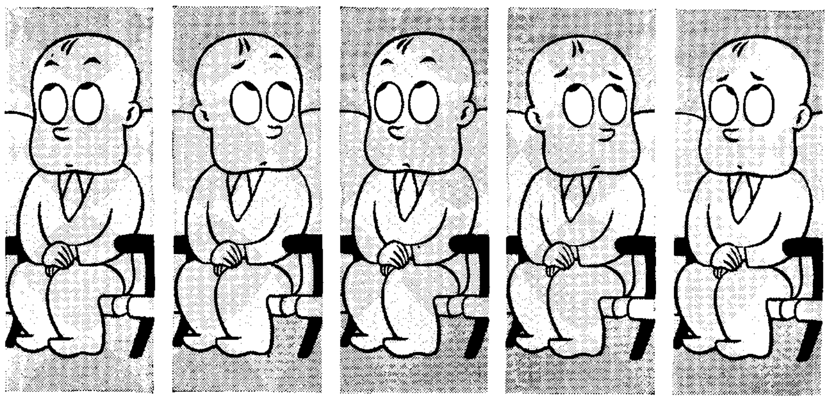
I did not attend Klara Hitler's funeral, which was held on Christmas Eve. The body was taken from Urfahr to Leonding, only a few miles distant. Klara Hitler was buried beside her husband in the Catholic cemetery, behind the small, yellow stucco church. After the others—the girls, and the postmaster's widow—had left, Adolf remained behind; unable to tear himself away from the freshly filled grave.

And so this gaunt, pale young man stood alone in the cold. Alone with his thoughts on Christmas Eve while the rest of the world was gay and happy.

A few days after the funeral the family came to my office. They wished to thank me for the help I had given them. There was Paula, fair and stocky; Angela, slender, pretty but rather anemic; Klara and Adolf. The girls spoke what was in their hearts while Adolf remained silent. I recall this particular scene as vividly as I might recall something that took place last week.

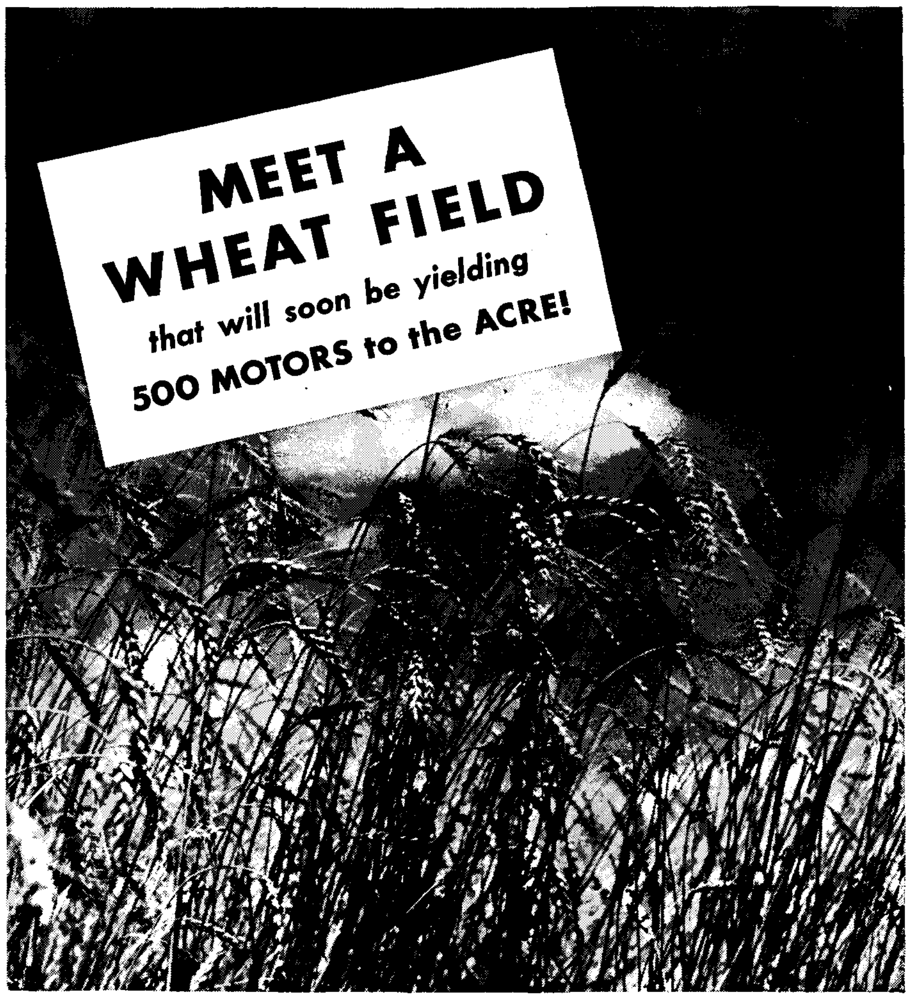
Adolf wore a dark suit and a loosely knotted cravat. Then, as now, a shock of hair tumbled over his forehead. His eyes were on the floor while his sisters were talking. Then came his turn. He stepped forward and took my hand. Looking into my eyes, he said: "I shall be grateful to you forever." That was all. Then he bowed. I wonder if today he recalls this scene. I am quite sure that he does, for in a sparing sense Adolf Hitler has kept to his promise of gratitude. Favors were granted me which I feel sure were accorded no other Jew in all Germany or Austria.

The second of Dr. Bloch's articles will appear next week.



Movies: Front Row

CROCKETT JOHNSON



As swiftly as that, they're springing up... those new factories needed to build airplane motors, tanks, planes, guns and other defense items. They're the latest word in scientific factory construction. They're marvels of efficiency, safety and low-cost operation. Perhaps this is why, in many such plants, products will be....

... made FASTER and BETTER with the help of

G-E Fluorescent Lighting!

For this amazing new lighting has already proved itself. Properly installed★ G-E Fluorescent Lighting delivers new high levels of light ... *fifty foot-candles and more* ... that help people see better, work better, feel better. It's cooler. It's low in brightness. It's the next thing to having a layer of daylight hung from the ceiling ... to speed production ... decrease spoilage. You can use it 24 hours a day ... and the cost is surprisingly reasonable. No wonder everyone is talking about G-E Fluorescent Lighting!

It has swept into stores and offices, too! Because fluorescent lighting with G-E MAZDA "F" (fluorescent) lamps offers a *practical* way to have lots more light, along with modern styling, to attract customers, speed sales, step up efficiency, reduce eyestrain. It is *doing things in corner bakery and big office building alike.*

How can it help you?

Why not see what fluorescent lighting can do to help *your* business? ★Ask your local electric service company or G-E MAZDA lamp distributor to tell you about lighting fitted to your needs, with G-E MAZDA "F" lamps ... the kind *made to stay brighter longer.* They now cost less than ever!

NEW LARGER DISCOUNTS on purchases of G-E MAZDA lamps (all types)
$5.00 and up to $15.00 list . . 20%.
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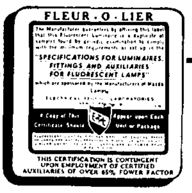
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"SPECIFICATIONS FOR LUMINAIRES, FITTINGS AND AUXILIARIES FOR FLUORESCENT LAMPS"
A Copy of This Certificate Should Appear upon Each Unit or Package
THIS CERTIFICATION IS CONTINGENT UPON EMPLOYMENT OF CERTIFIED AUXILIARIES OF OVER 85% POWER FACTOR

G-E MAZDA "F" lamps are recommended for use only in equipment having high power factor, such as that marked by this label or the RLM label.

For top performance from this new lighting, be sure to get certified fixtures, bearing the FLEUR-O-LIER label, shown here, or the RLM label. These lighting units, together with their ballasts and starters, when certified by Electrical Testing Laboratories to comply with exacting specifications, assure you of balanced, satisfactory service. Because certification is open to any manufacturer whose product meets these standards, you have a wide choice of styles.

MAZDA
DAYLIGHT

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GMAC Figuring Chart
LOOK, JANE! I'VE JUST FIGURED HOW WE CAN BUY OUR NEW CAR

I've checked the financing cost; the insurance we get—and what we pay for it; and the payment arrangements convenient to us. Then I figured out the total cost myself! There! You see! We figure our own time payment plan and save money, too.

WHY don't you also figure the cost yourself *before you buy!*

Just send the coupon below for your GMAC Figuring Chart. It gives you the whole financing-and-insurance story in *dollars and cents* . . . shows exactly what you get for what you pay. In a few minutes you can figure just what the cost will be to you—based on the number of months you want, and the amount you wish to pay each month.

Then, compare the General Motors Instalment Plan with others you may have thought cost less. Notice especially the broad insurance protection for your car included in this plan. It won't take you long to see just where and how you save!

So fill out and mail the coupon below. See your General Motors dealer. This plan is available only through dealers in Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac cars.

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WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

B-2

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1775 Broadway, New York

Please send me GMAC *Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

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Name
Address
City
County
State
U. S. A.

GMAC Figuring Chart

Send for this Figuring Chart

Hustling Hal

Continued from page 20

This was a blow because Wallis and his assistant, Graham Baker (now the rear end of the Towne-Baker outfit) had made some good pictures: Little Caesar, Dawn Patrol, Five Star Final and Sally. At any rate, Wallis swallowed his Adam's apple in chagrin, tried his best to hide his tears and became a supervisor, a position no decent American would take on a bet. However, it turned out well because Zanuck finally had a row with the Warners and went over to Twentieth Century-Fox. That was in 1934 and Wallis was given the big office again and has been there ever since.

But that still doesn't account for Wallis or for Warners. For years they made a series of stinkerolas, interlarded by such hard-hitting pictures as I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang and One Way Passage. Then suddenly they began making Pasteur, Zola, Juarez, Dr. Ehrlich.

When Jack Warner and Wallis started east in 1935 to tell the Warners' sales conference that one of the big productions of the next year was to be the life of Louis Pasteur, they were afraid to announce the title. They thought first of calling it The Death Fighter but when that hard-faced mob kept looking at them Jack lost his courage.

"One of our big ones for next year, boys, will be Paul Muni in The Fighter."

Hoo-ray! they howled. Muni in an action picture at last!

But they sold Pasteur and they sold the other "quality" pictures and in between they got rid of the others, the smash-bang babies that are centered around Alcatraz and Sing Sing and teach a good moral lesson that crime doesn't pay anybody but the Warners.

That's How Movies Are Made

Just what it means to keep a schedule going—and that is the job of Wallis—was shown last spring. Paul Muni was in New York doing a play; John Garfield had been suspended for refusing to take a part he didn't like and after that was settled he also headed for Broadway; Olivia de Haviland was answering no phone calls until she got the type of role she wanted; Gail Page was under suspension; Geraldine Fitzgerald was threatening to have a baby any minute. At this juncture Jeffrey Lynn also felt that life was treating him badly. He went down to Palm Springs, looked gloomily at a typewriter for two days and finally got off a thirteen-page, single-spaced complaint to Wallis. Hal wired him right back.

"It's great! Add two more pages and we'll buy it!"

Those recurrent battles are a distinguishing characteristic of the Warner establishment. At some time or other every actor in the place has been at odds with the management. That would seem to indicate a permanent state of feud that could only be fatal to production but it doesn't seem to work out that way. After a week or two of statements that make it appear only sudden and brutal death will suit either party, they get together, arrange matters, kiss all around—and start out again to make a pretty good picture. Generally at the exact spot where the fight broke out.

Wallis is one of the least-known men in Hollywood. He stays on his farm at Van Nuys. By selling walnuts and oranges, he can meet the taxes. For the rest, he is slightly mad about his boy Brent and is still living with his first wife. He is a dark-haired, thickset man of six feet and he gets his exercise from swimming. His steady friends are Paul Muni, Mike Curtiz, Henry Blanke, William Dieterle, Erich Korngold and George Brent. When things don't go right in Van Nuys, he writes the mayor a letter. He goes horseback riding every Saturday with Blanke and Curtiz, which is said to be a sight. Once a week his gang goes bowling. If his wife didn't complain, he'd have steak every night for dinner.

His romance with Louise Fazenda came to a head rapidly. She was a big star and he was a punk working in the publicity department but he finally asked for a date and came around for her in an old Model T Ford. It had no top and the right front door wouldn't stay shut, so between holding her hat and holding the door, Louise had no chance to protest. They were married soon after. Their life now centers around the farm. They never attend openings and never go to night clubs except when they're in New York. But most of the time in New York is given to shows, because if Hal likes one of them he rings Jack Warner up in Hollywood and soon after begins waving a checkbook. The money they spend is a caution.

There's Always Rin Tin Tin

Along with that gambling fever they have, the Warners are also hot stuff on throwing young players into pictures and letting them swim their way out. Irving Ascher signed Errol Flynn in London for $150 a week but there was nothing for him to do when he arrived in Hollywood. Being in need of a corpse for a brief scene in The Case of the Curious Bride, Wallis put him in that. Obviously impressed by this splendid delineation of death, there was nothing to do but toss Flynn into Captain Blood when nobody else could be found for it.

Wallis took Brenda Marshall out of a Federal Theater production and put her immediately into Espionage Agent. Rosemary and Priscilla Lane were stars almost before they got their suitcases unpacked in Hollywood. John Garfield was an international sensation after Four Daughters, his first role.

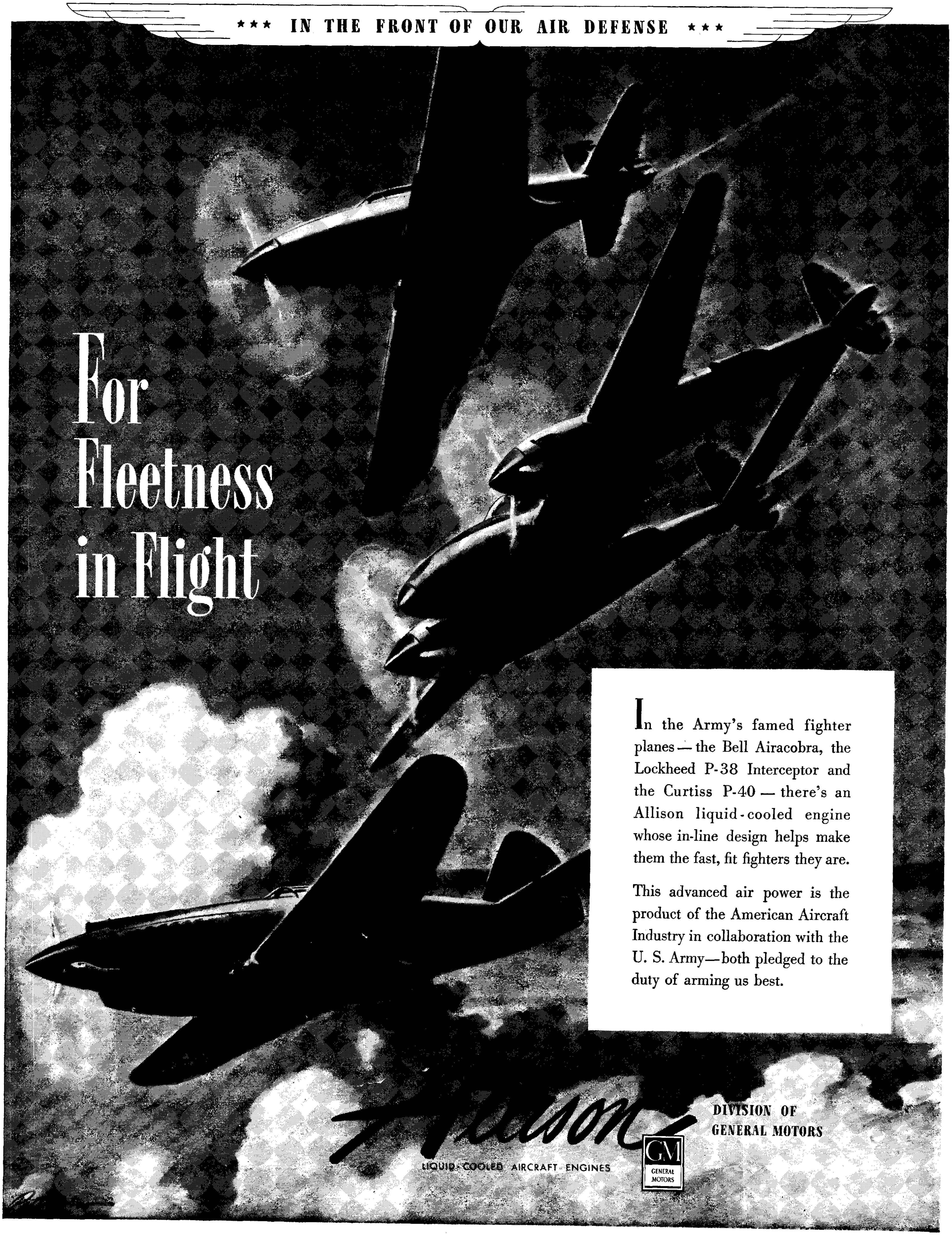
"Some people call it luck," says Wallis. "Maybe it's desperation."

It's a lot of good tinkling and folding money in the till, too. Warners have been having good years and it is hardly likely that anything will come along soon to make Hal exclusively a walnut farmer. The trend in some studios is toward unit production—that is, each producer is responsible for his own product. M-G-M is trying that system and RKO has taken it up in a large way. However, Twentieth Century-Fox and Warners are of the old school, where everything goes through the bottleneck. Either Jack Warner or Wallis must okay every move made on every picture. They buy the scripts, select the writers, pick the director, put the cast together, follow the shooting as it progresses and eventually take a hand in the cutting when it is finished.

Sometimes they have six pictures in production at once. That is a madhouse but they seem to get through it. Wallis is the quiet one through it all. His desk is always neat, with things arranged in separate piles—letters in one, scripts in another. He doesn't get loud, although he can be definitely sarcastic. A good sense of humor and a tart tongue are part of the Wallis equipment. He refuses to worry even when the pictures begin to smell and the going is tough.

"At the worst, I know where the body is buried," he says. "I can always go over and dig up Rin Tin Tin."

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★



For Fleetness in Flight

In the Army's famed fighter planes — the Bell Airacobra, the Lockheed P-38 Interceptor and the Curtiss P-40 — there's an Allison liquid-cooled engine whose in-line design helps make them the fast, fit fighters they are.

This advanced air power is the product of the American Aircraft Industry in collaboration with the U. S. Army—both pledged to the duty of arming us best.

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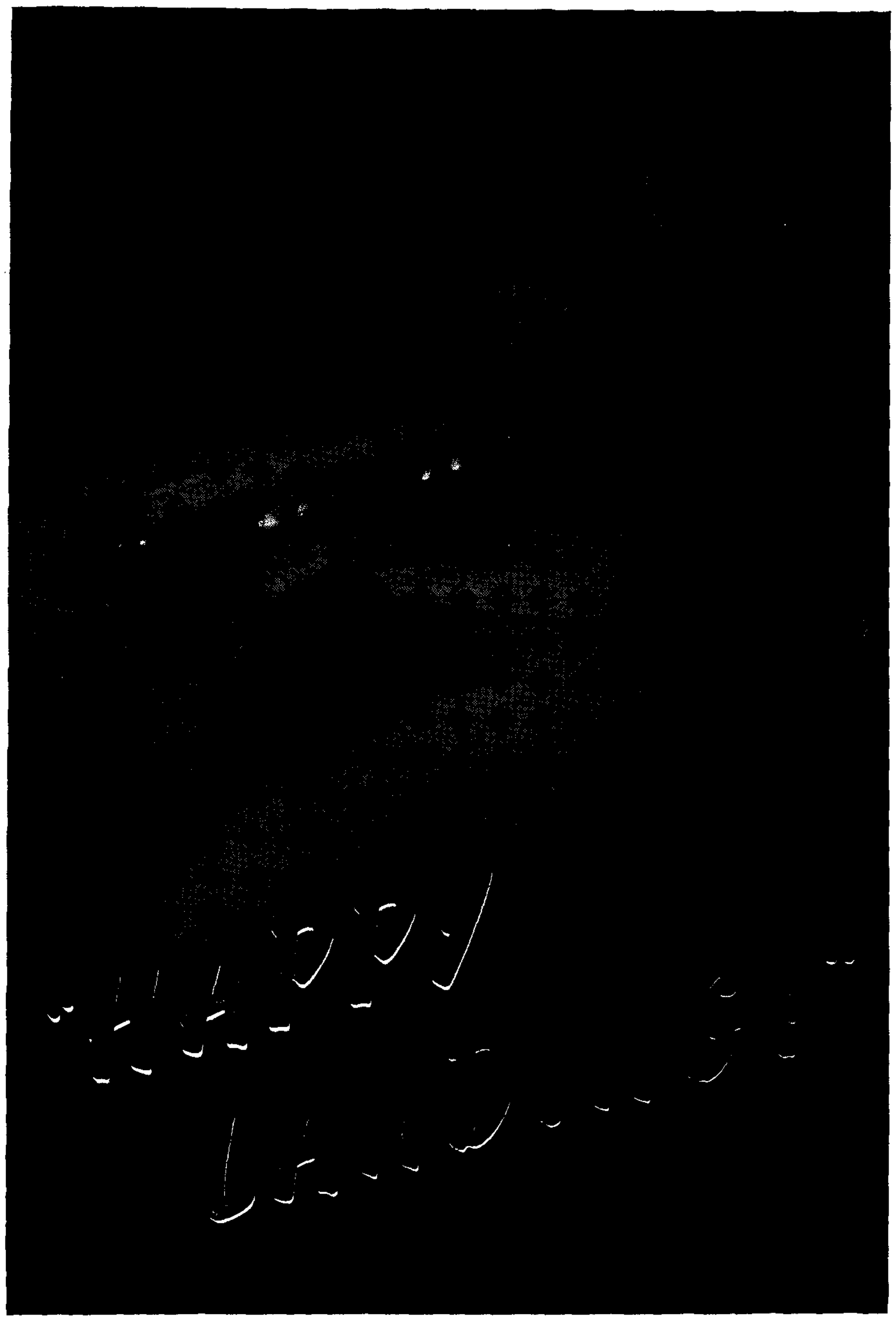

BEHIND THOSE WORDS, there is much more than just good wishes. A whole science of navigation by air is also on the job, to deliver that "happy landing."

The pilot's instrument board bristles with delicate devices that eliminate guesswork, outwit the weather, bring his ship in on its precision schedule. Behind the scenes, but indispensable, is the storage battery—providing power for the plane's radio, navigation instruments, cabin, position and landing lights.

If leading airlines, the Army and Navy, and private plane operators seeking the utmost in safety and dependability, can entrust these services to Exide Batteries, you can rely on Exide to start your car. Before you buy *any* battery, however, have your present one tested on the Exide Sure-Start Tester. This scientific instrument will reveal its true condition. The test is free—wherever you see an Exide Dealer Sign.

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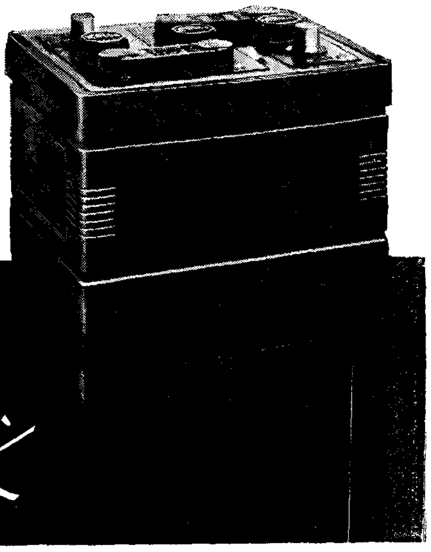


The Traitor

Continued from page 22

and a little poise . . . and be a credit to your father."

Then he relented, grinned and patted the top of my head with a gentle and lordly tolerance. "You're all right, Sis," he said. "But stop worrying—or you won't grow to be a big girl!"

And then he walked out on me.

Dolores appeared from her listening post behind the pantry door. "That is much man, much, Señorita!" she said in Spanish. "What distinction . . . so tall . . . so brave! I think he is interested."

"Oh, indeed?"

"I would not deceive you."

"Not really?"

"When they pat you on the head, it is a good sign. It shows respect and control of the emotions. I am well pleased."

"It's good to know that."

"He thinks you are a child. If he could but see—"

"You go wash the dishes. Scat!"

By the time my father got home, I had worked myself into a fine state of nerves over Savvy Roberts. The skipper was no help at all. He marched in looking as if the world had collapsed.

"Lieutenant Roberts came back to tell me about the prowler," I said.

My father nodded. "I'm afraid Kirstell is right," he said. "We do have a traitor here."

"Just some tramp, wasn't it?"

"No. Whoever it was had been trying to tunnel under the fence. Right at the basin."

"Then it's known—about Sav—Lieutenant Roberts?"

"Obviously."

Sighing, my father sank into a chair. He looked old and tired. "Don't think I've ever had a service matter affect me like this, Phyl," he said. "It's damnable. I can't put a decent face on the thing. Can you imagine *any* man on this station guilty of treason?"

"No, sir," I said.

"I—I think I'd like a whisky and soda."

I got it for him. It was the first drink of liquor, ceremonial occasions excepted, I had ever seen him take.

"An able lad, young Roberts," he said, out of a tense silence. "I know what fascinates him with treason. It's an unexplored field. I've been trying to think if anyone has written an intelligent study of a traitor. Don't recall a single commentary on the subject. Murder . . . and all the other crimes . . . yes, a whole library on each one. Why does a man betray his country? And why should a man want to betray *this* country? Except for England, it is the one last hope on earth."

I WAS too upset to be patient with philosophical musings. I knew my father. He was going to try to escape into a series of bitter and literary monographs on treason. He would set case histories up in his mind—from false Sextus to Benedict Arnold and Sir Roger Casement—and seek to prove from lack of analogy and contradictions that none of *his* officers could be guilty. In the meantime, Lieut. Commander Kirstell would be ferreting out our traitor, and Savvy Roberts might—

"Listen, Dad—" I said.

"Eh? Yes?"

"I think you should tell Lieutenant Roberts about this!"

"Roberts? Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Kirstell won't hear of it. Said you had mentioned the idea. Very emphatic in rejecting it."

"You're commanding this station."

"I'm bound to follow his wishes, my dear."

"And let them kill Lieutenant Roberts?"

My father set his glass down with a clink. "How much has Kirstell told you?"

I explained what I knew of Savvy and his work. I also pointed out that he and Pat and Dutch were the prospective victims of any dirty tricks that might be attempted. Tonight's prowler at the basin was patent evidence of that. I demanded to know if it was quite cricket not to warn them of a definite and specific danger. It is one thing, I said, to take routine precautions and a far different matter to be on your guard against a traitor in your midst. I was so emphatic and so dead in earnest that my father looked a little surprised.

"If I didn't know that you and Roger are so much interested in each other, I might think—" he broke off with a gesture dismissing the idea as absurd, and said, "I hope Kirstell and I are not going to regret our decision, Phyllis."

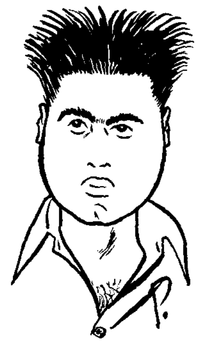
I SAW there was no hope. Many a Navy woman before me has learned what in-line-of-duty means. There is a steel door that bangs shut, once the word "Duty" is spoken. The service takes all the kindly, smiling boys about the third year at Annapolis and builds that door into their hearts. How else could Navy men order their brothers and their friends out to die, or fight ships to the last gun?

But I said, stubbornly: "I don't see how it can hurt anything to have Lieutenant Roberts know. You don't suspect *him,* do you?"

All this gained for me was a ten-min-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 30

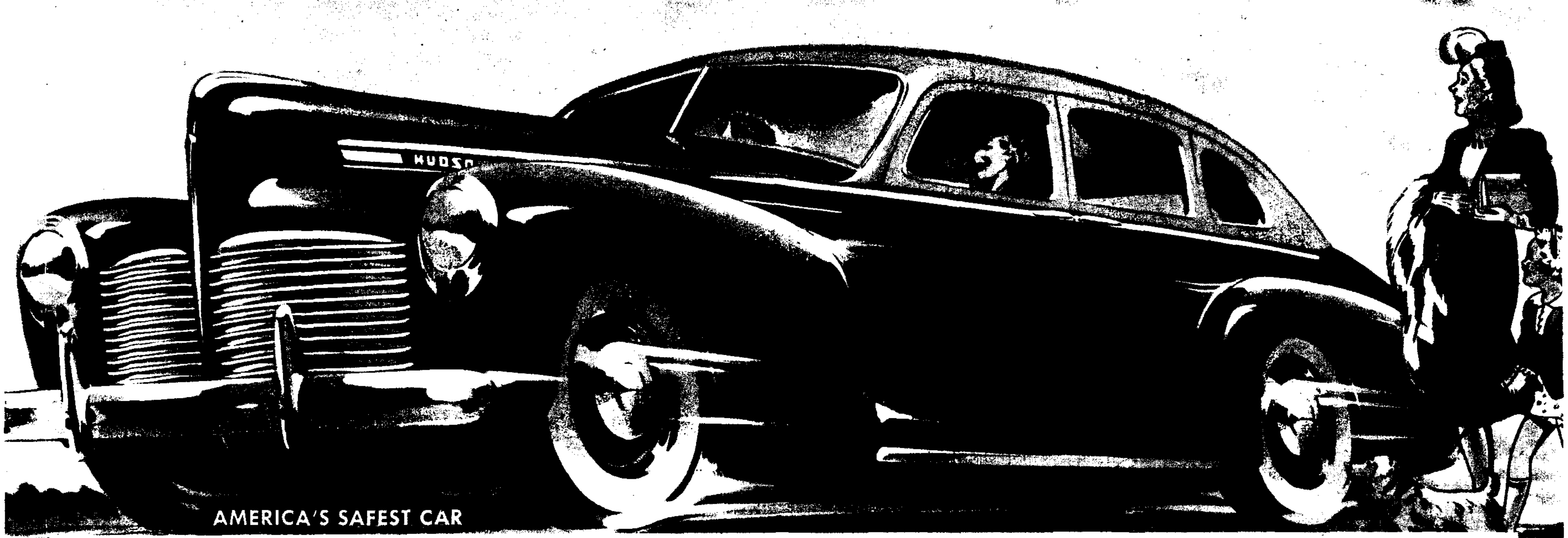


The cartoon on Page 45 is one of the relatively few that Charles Pearson has done about horses, although he was once a jockey (came in last), played bass drum in a mounted band, and is now sergeant of the 101st Cavalry (Horse-Mechanized) band at Fort Devens. Born 28 years ago in Brooklyn, he attended the Grand Central Art School, drew miles of fire-and-brimstone adventure strips during the Comic Book craze, sold his first gag cartoon to Collier's last year. He hopes some day to own a cocktail lounge or tavern, and his hobby is collecting limericks.

ALL CARS ALIKE ?
NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE !

JUST DRIVE THE GREATEST PERFORMER OF THEM ALL

1941 HUDSON

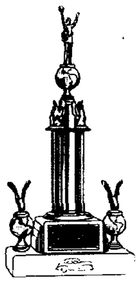


The big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six Touring Sedan pictured above is one of the lowest priced sedans on the market

DIFFERENT IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS!

① *All Cars Alike In* SAFETY?

If they are, how is it that Hudson won the 1941 Safety Engineering Magazine Award (pictured at right) for safest body design—with the *first perfect score ever recorded?* How is it that Hudson alone has finest hydraulic brakes *plus* a reserve mechanical system *working automatically from the same foot pedal* if ever needed? Just one of many great safety features you'll find only in AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR!



② *All Cars Alike In* EASY DRIVING?

Forget the clutch pedal! Just try driving a Hudson with Vacumotive Drive! *Go, stop, back up—without ever touching the clutch pedal!* Costs less than any other feature that completely eliminates clutch pedal pushing*, and no other car priced so low as the new Hudson Six offers anything like it. And while you're at it, see how much easier driving is with Hudson's true Center-Point Steering and new Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission!

**Only $27.50 extra, installed at factory.*

③ *All Cars Alike In* BEAUTY?

Take a look at *Symphonic Styling*—the big new style idea you can get *only* in a Hudson! Here's the first low priced car that ever offered a choice of beautiful interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors (even to such details as carpets and floor mats) —*at no extra cost.* No wonder Hudson owners are a mighty proud bunch of people!

④ *All Cars Alike In* COMFORT?

Ride on Hudson's improved type of independent front wheel coil springing—and *feel* the difference! Discover the luxury of Airfoam Seat Cushions—available in all 1941 Hudsons, standard in many. And year-round comfort with Hudson's Weather-Master—warm in winter, cool in summer, no drafts, no fogged windows, no drowsiness from stale air.

⑤ *All Cars Alike In* ECONOMY?

If they were, how could a big 92-horsepower Hudson Six win in its price class in the 1941 Gilmore Grand Canyon Economy Run—*with more miles per gallon than any other entry in the run except two short-wheelbase, low-powered cars in another price class?* For brilliant performance with year-after-year economy, you can't beat Hudson—holder of nearly 150 *official* performance and endurance records.

Gilmore
Grand Canyon
Economy Trophy

LOWEST PRICE IN AMERICA

FOR ALL THIS SIZE AND POWER

You'll be astonished at the low price for which the nearest Hudson dealer can deliver a big, beautiful 1941 Hudson (Six or Eight). See him—for a deal you can't afford to miss! And remember:

HUDSON PRICES START IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD

From its 31 years of engineering leadership, Hudson brings you the richly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new Super-Six . . . and the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field. A new high in automobile value in every important price class. Come for a look . . . go for a ride . . . today!

You'll *like* yeast this new way

JERRY: You've got a world of the old ziparoo today! Been eating yeast again?
HAZEL: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is the most delicious drink of the year!

JERRY: I knew it! I recognize all the symptoms. I felt high, too, when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.
HAZEL: Well, you can join our ranks again now, with pleasure and profit! Yeast in tomato juice has the flavor of oven-fresh bread, and mixes quickly. You can stay with it now ...as people should do to get all the benefits.

JERRY: You're telling *me* about the benefits! I know what the authorities say is right: "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
HAZEL: Well, maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Perhaps it will get you into the U.S.F.P., the Union of Swell-Feeling People!

MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too ...whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

ute lecture on duty. By agreeing to help Lieut. Commander Kirstell I had unofficially joined the Navy and must consider myself as much under the compulsion of unquestioning obedience as any man in the service. My word of honor was pledged not to reveal the secret of Kirstell's mission to anyone, unless he released me. This was no time for personalities, no time for feminine emotion. If every officer at Navy Station should be killed, one by one, I would still be required to say nothing. Did I understand that?

"Yes, sir," I said. "Good night, Dad."

My father jumped to his feet and walked to the door with me, his arm about my shoulders.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Phyl," he said, gruffly; "but Kirstell insisted and I couldn't refuse full co-operation. You realize that, eh?"

"Of course," I said. "Don't let it get *you* down, Skipper."

"That's my girl! Thumbs up, eh?"

"Right."

I KISSED him good night and went upstairs to bed. But, looking back on it now, I can see that I had not been convinced of the wisdom and necessity of Kirstell's attitude. I was resentful and rebellious. I thought of Savvy and Dutch and Pat camping on their job in those army tents at the basin. Mostly, I thought of Savvy. What was our traitor planning to do to him? What would happen when Savvy started running tests of that rocket thingamajig of which Chief Nardin was so skeptical? And who was this traitor . . . who *was* he? Which man who had lived and worked with us on terms of intimate friendship actually hated us and his country? (Clinical Note: These are not thoughts that make for sound sleep. I got about two hours of intermittent dozing.)

Bright and early the next morning, things began to pop. Dolores announced Mamie Cowles, wife of Lieutenant Bob Cowles. I had just finished my breakfast.

I think I have described Mamie as Navy Station's "most vulnerable" wife. She was a frail, clingy, weepy, whiny ash blonde and reveled in it. She worked on the theory that our Mamie either had been or was about to be done wrong by; that it was no fault of hers people were such villains; and that the best way out of any trouble was to sit in a corner and wait—a man would be right over to help.

There being no man in our living room, just at the moment, Mamie was standing dramatically with a letter in her hand.

"Hello, Mamie—what can I—"

"This! Look at it!"

She held out the letter.

"You mean . . . I'm to read it?"

"Yes!"

The missive was typewritten on a single sheet of paper and unsigned. It read:

"You had better leave Jack alone. He has friends who can queer your little game. A word to the wise should be sufficient. A word to Captain Hartney would be worse."

I thought I detected the heavy Brooklyn hand of Mrs. Briscoe. But the code called for me to be disgusted and indignant.

"You're not upset about *this*, Mamie?" I said.

"It's horrible, Phyllis!" Mamie cried. "Who could be thinking such dreadful things of me?"

"I can't imagine," I said. "Throw it in the fire and forget it."

Mamie was living proof that you can take all the old clichés and make them work, simply by the process of believing in them hard enough.

"It's so *ugly*," she said.

"Yes."

"It—it sullies something fine."

"What's that?"

"My friendship with poor Jack."

"Oh . . . yes."

"Why, he thinks of me merely as a big sister!"

"Of course."

"But what if that woman tells Bob?"

"Woman?"

"That Briscoe woman. She wrote it."

"Oh, now—"

"She wrote it, of course she did! Who else would have such a low, sordid mind?"

Under ordinary circumstances I would have let Mamie effervesce with the old bromides quite a while longer. But I was in no mood to tolerate this misunderstood, platonic-friendship line just then.

I said, "I have a low, sordid mind—and so have you, darling!"

Mamie clutched at her throat, a silly gesture because she goes in for wholesome, collegiate styles with white collars and lots of buttons and belts. A *femme fatale* who clutches at her throat should be wearing a low-necked dress and have a jade necklace to grab at.

"Oh, Phyllis—don't be flippant. Please."

"Haven't you been flirting with Jack?"

"*Flirting?*"

"Yes."

The next shift was to a corny hauteur. "I came to you because I thought you were capable of understanding, Phyllis. I see I was mistaken. We'll say no more about it."

"Oh, yes, we will!" I said.

I grabbed her by a wrist and swung her around.

"You've been flirting with Jack—or worse," I continued, "and Bob knows about it. The whole darn' station knows it. And you're going to quit . . . before there's a wretched scandal. Write your folks for some money and take a trip. Get away from here—"

"How can you, how can you?"

"Because we've got enough trouble! And you're not going to make things worse!"

Mamie wrenched away. These wet-mouthed, languid and anemic-looking gals save their energy for two things—loving men and hating women.

"You impudent, disgusting brat! Just because your father is a captain—no, I shan't descend to your level, Phyllis. Good day."

"What if I do tell my father?"

"You—you wouldn't dare!"

"Very well, Mamie."

THAT broke her down. She tottered to the divan and collapsed, sobbing. I had done her wrong. How could I be so cruel? I was her only friend at Navy Station. (True.) She loved me and she worshiped my father. (False.) She had merely tried to be kind to poor Jack, because he had cracked up in a carrier crash and lost his best friend and she had only wanted to help him get his nerve back and save him from drinking himself to death. (Well, maybe—) Bob had known about it all along, approved of it, and, besides, there had been nothing between her and Jack, nothing, not even a kiss. (A whopper.) But if this was the way the dirty-minded people at Navy Station thought of something fine and beautiful, why she would just have to tell Jack they couldn't even be friends any more.

Mamie's make-up was running all over my sofa cushion, so I handed her a handkerchief.

"I'm dirty-minded, Mamie," I said. "Put all the blame on me. But no more rides up the beach with Ensign Murphy. You may call the Moderne Motourist Villa a little paradise, but the state highway cops and Dolores have another name for it. Shall I call Dolores in and have her explain why a self-respecting servant girl won't go near that place?"

"We only stopped in there for sandwiches!"

"Get 'em at the club, after this."

"Surely you don't believe we—"

"No. Not yet."

My grudging testimony to her virtue was victory enough for Mamie. She mopped her eyes and gave me a brave smile.

"You're right," she said. "Caesar's wife should be above suspicion. I just can't see Jack any more."

"Tell him that—today," I said.

"Yes. I must." Mamie searched for the tag-line cliché as she straightened her bonnet. "But I shall always be proud of having known him!"

"And you will have your memory of a beautiful friendship," I said.

"Oh, Phyllis, you do understand after all! I'm sorry I was so hateful. Didn't mean a single thing I said, honey."

The embrace. The kiss. The smile and handshake at the door. The great lady making a perfect exit. Ugh!

I TURNED to go back in the house. But I chanced to look in the direction of Mom Sedden's.

Young Bert Sedden was home. He was sitting on the front steps with his head in his hands.

"Yoo-hoo, Bert!" I called, and waved.

Bert looked up and raised a hand vaguely. He made no move.

So I went over to Bert.

Defiantly I submit Bert Sedden as living proof of my theory that heredity and environment have nothing to do with the production of problem children. Pop and Mom Sedden were among this world's best; and young Bert certainly did not grow up in a slum atmosphere. He was just plain contrary. I knew him first when I was ten years old and he was thirteen. At Coronada, that was, and Bert already had been nicknamed Stinky. We Navy children played in sailboats a lot. Bert had a putt-putt on a skiff. It was his favorite diversion to run close abeam and try to swamp or capsize you; or, if he thought you timid, to cross your bow at full speed.

Pop Sedden took for granted that Bert would go to the Academy. Bert did go, protestingly, and flunked out in January of his plebe year. The Seddens, in the pathetic hope that their friends at Annapolis would get Bert straightened out, dug into a slim bank roll to keep him at St. John's College. The idea was that Bert would make another try at the Academy next year. But Bert decided he was a literary genius, so Pop and Mom sent him to another Eastern school that had a "play workshop."

They should have sent him straight to Moscow. As it was, he absorbed all the Communist doctrine while living in capitalist luxury, and his natural contrariness fed upon disapproval. Had he gone direct to Russia, where everyone theoretically would have agreed with him, Bert might have turned into an orthodox conservative. And maybe—perhaps this is merely wishful thinking—the Bolshies would have shot him.

"Hi-yah, Bert!" I said.

"Hullo, Red."

"Welcome home!"

"Ha!" Bert said. "Home sweet home."

"Come on, give us a smile."

"Pop won't even speak to me."

"No?"

"You haven't changed much. Married yet?"

"Not yet."

"I hear it won't be long now."

"Mom's just guessing."

"If you've fallen for Collins, you're a dope."

"Yes?"

"But then, you always were a dope."

"Thanks, Stinky."

"Quite a babe, though."

"Gee whiz!"

The trouble with stinkers is that they always have at least one redeeming trait. Bert's was a certain sharp, grimy, alley-urchin rebelliousness—a dogged, head-down determination to ram stone walls and fly in the face of all the creeds. This would have seemed only sinister in a physically powerful specimen, but it was pathetic and somehow appealing in Bert. He was short, lightly built and had a mop of kinky brown curls atop a childish, angelic face. A stranger, meeting him, would guess that he had been kicked around by cruel parents in his boyhood and suppose that his cantankerousness was due to psychic compensation.

"Definitely a babe," said Bert, solemnly, "and going to throw yourself away on a pretty boy in a uniform. All you want is a row of brass buttons and to stay in the damned Navy. Sometime when I'm feeling better, I'll tell you about Collins. But go away now. I'm an undutiful son and a nasty boy and I hate everybody's guts, including your own graceful viscera."

I sat down on the steps. "Are you *always* going to be such a stinker, Bert?"

"I'm not going to war, if that's what you mean."

"A conscientious objector, hunh?"

"Right!"

"Just because it hurts your father and mother."

"You're an imbecile."

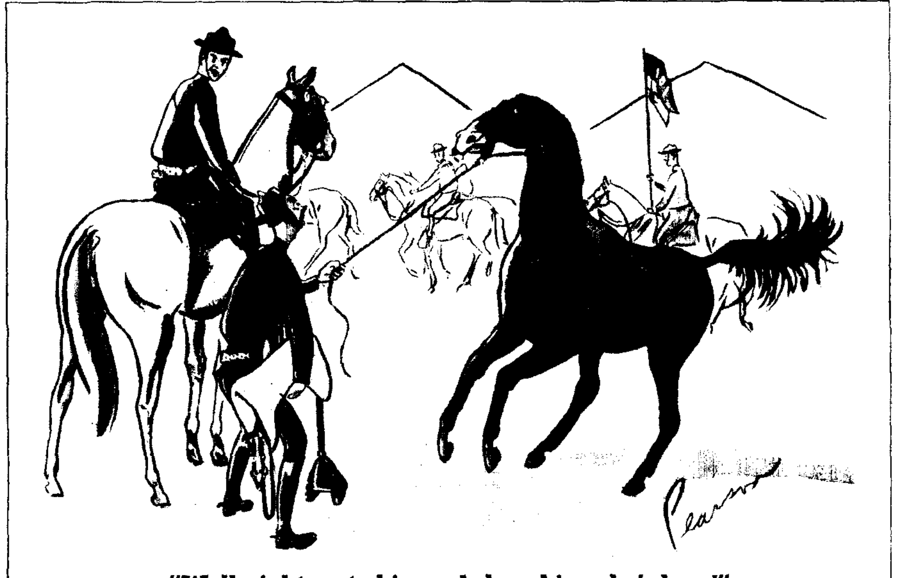
"I think you're just yellow."

"That doesn't work. Pop's tried that."

"Don't try to tell me you have moral objections."

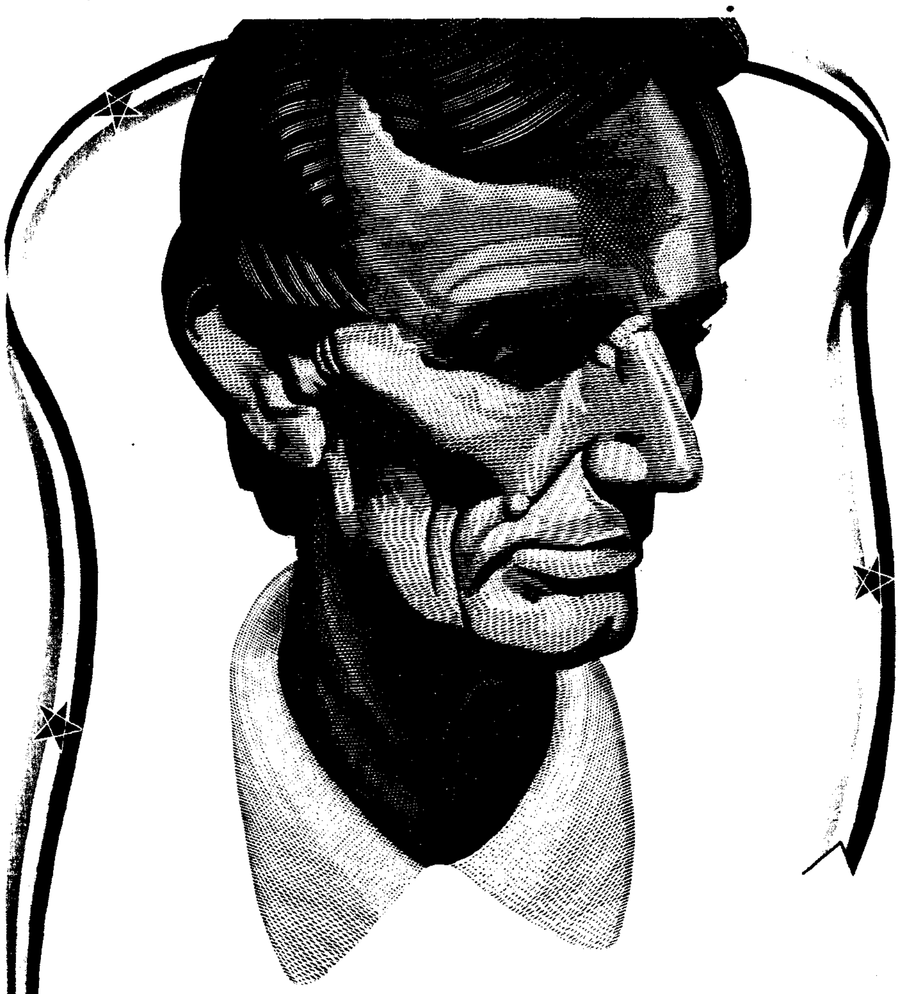
"No."

"Heresy, Bert. The party line says



"Walk right up to him and show him who's boss!"

CHARLES PEARSON



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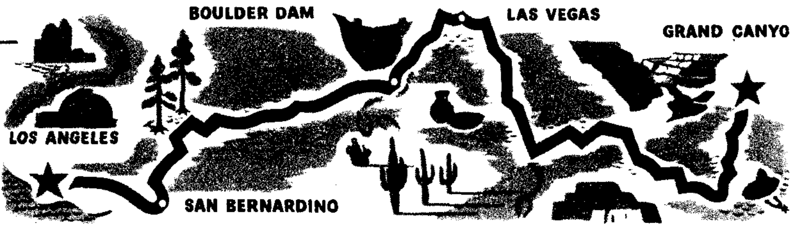

And $745* Buys this Big Slipstream Sedan

HERE IT IS — America's *more economical* full-size car — the Nash Ambassador "600"! Proved in 1941's official economy race, with a winning 25.8 miles a gallon average, in 599 miles of high-speed travel!

Never before in Gilmore competition had a car so big gone so far, *so fast* on such a small amount of gasoline.

Official A.A.A. observers eyed the size of this Nash—almost 17 feet in length, the front seat nearly five feet wide—and marveled.

Experts talked about the most amazing "roadability" they had ever witnessed . . . of hair-curling high speed turns . . . of almost unbelievable riding smoothness.

Nash was sure to win! For no other low-price car has its modern construction—body-and-frame welded into a stronger but lighter unit, on aircraft principles.

No other car can match its roadability, for Nash alone has Two-way Roller Steering . . . less unsprung weight than any other full-size car in America . . . absolutely the easiest steering and parking you ever experienced!

No other low-price car can equal Nash's riding smoothness . . . for it alone has soft coil springing on all four wheels.

Nor has any other car Nash's modern, Manifold-sealed Engine with high economy at all speeds, under all weather conditions.

Yes, and today thousands of owners agr there is simply no comparison with Nash!

No other low-price car has a Convertib Bed, or the Weather Eye Conditioned A System . . . for perfect, filtered fresh air con fort, without dust, bugs or cold.

See This New Nash Slipstream Sedan

Imagine owning this big Nash sedan shown right—for only $745!*

Big as it is, imagine going from 500 to 60 miles on *one* filling of the gas tank . . . averag ing 25 to 30 miles on a gallon, with good drivin

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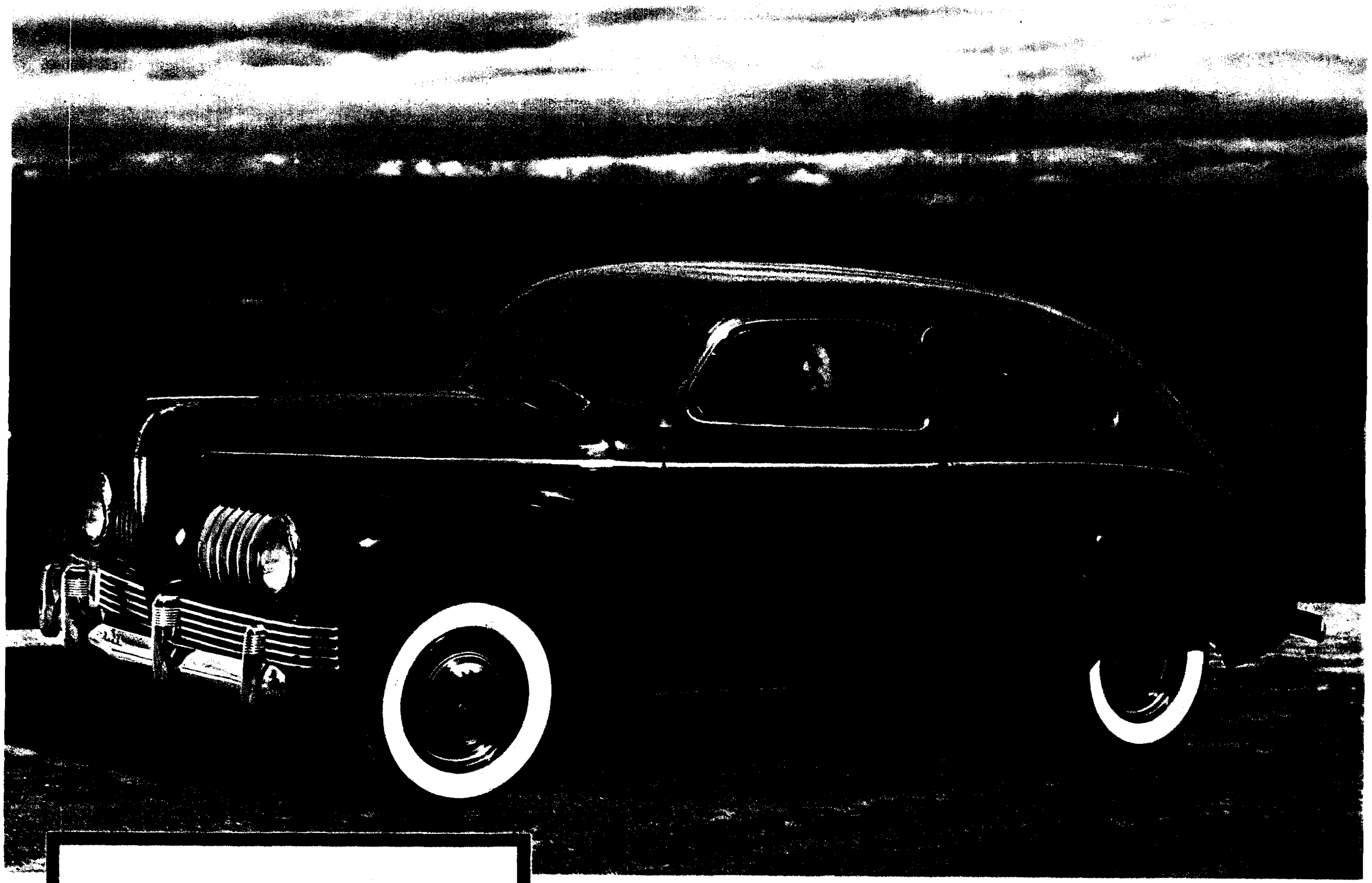

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It's a new kind of car, with three years testing behind it. This big Nash 6-passenger "Slipstream" Sedan is 195 inches long from bumper to bumper. Note the sweeping new Picture Windows that offer greater safety vision for the driver, and a better view for passengers.

NEW NASH PRICES AS LOW AS **$710**

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*Sedan, illustrated above, $745 delivered at factory, including standard equipment and federal tax. The White Side Wall Tires, Two-tone Paint, Convertible Bed, Deluxe Bumper Guards, Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, Fourth Speed Forward are optional extras. See Nash's Ambassador "6" and "8" Series—each the outstanding value in its own price class!

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a Water-Bloc hat already shaped for you.

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THE PUTNAM $5
a Water-Bloc creased just the way you like to wear it.

you object to serving any country except the Soviet Union. *Their* wars are holy. Like in Finland."

Bert snorted. "I left the party a year ago."

"Liar."

"The same old Red."

"I was trying to give you credit for some logical reason, no matter how cockeyed. Oh . . . I see . . . you're a Nazi now. Sorry."

"The hell with them."

"Not a Communist . . . not a Nazi . . . not an American. I'll bite—what's the answer?"

Bert blinked, his large, blue eyes as expressionless as a doll's. "The answer is very simple. I'm not going to war because I don't want to get killed."

I stared at him. "How gallant!" I said.

Shrugging, Bert took out a cigarette. "Sarcasm's no good, either," he said. "When they ask me what I did in the great war, I'll say, 'I stayed alive,' and be damned proud of myself."

"While other men died so you could keep your own hide safe?"

"Can I help it if this country's still full of suckers?"

That left me speechless and aching with pity for Mom and Pop Sedden, especially Pop. I got slowly to my feet, and, inwardly raging, walked up the steps and into the house.

Mom Sedden was there. I suspected that she had been crying in secret, although her manner was determinedly cheerful.

"Phyllis! Have you seen Bert?" she asked.

"Yes. Just now."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Not very much. Where's Pop?"

"He went to his boat."

"I'll go see him."

She stopped me. "Did—did Bert say anything about—"

"It'll be all right."

"Oh, Phyllis, I knew you'd do it! Bert always has admired you so—"

"I'd better catch Pop before he starts fishing."

"Yes . . . and, Phyllis, try to make him understand the boy. He's behaving as if Bert had committed treason. He's cruel . . . and unfair—"

"I'll talk to Pop."

I found Pop in his small motor sailer moored to a landing stage near the dry dock. His fat, stooped figure, clad in disreputable mufti—the chief feature being a faded old canvas duck-shooting coat—was huddled in the cockpit. Pop seemed to be fussing with tackle as I approached, but actually, I think, he was just sitting there full of grief and misery.

"Oh . . . hello, Phyllis . . . coming aboard?"

"Yes, if I may," I said.

He handed me down with the faintly perceptible exaggeration of courtliness which was the tip-off, if you knew Pop, that he had been drinking. He, like Mom, had what I call a *portrait* face, patrician and aged and characterful. Pop should have lived a hundred years ago; he was a huntin', shootin' feller, a pucka sahib made for a simpler and more wholesome world than this one now is.

"Cap'n Hartney very kindly excused me from duty today," he said.

"Because Bert's home," I said.

"Yes," Pop said, and tried not to wince. "Your father is always thoughtful. Deeply appreciate it."

"I've just had a talk with Bert."

POP carefully put the cover on a bait bucket, his hand shaking a little. His face, always ruddy, drained of blood and his white mustache twitched.

"Sorry you had to listen to all that rot," he said. "Can't tolerate it any more, myself."

"Maybe that's the trouble, Pop."

"Eh?"

"I think he does it just to get a rise out of us. You, especially."

Pop shook his head. "Used to think that, too, Phyllis. His mother and I—we said, 'He's young. Just feeling his oats. Wants to show off.' But he's old enough . . . to be an officer, now."

"He's still a kid, Pop."

"When I was his age . . . well, no use going into it. There he is. Yes, there he is."

"He loves you."

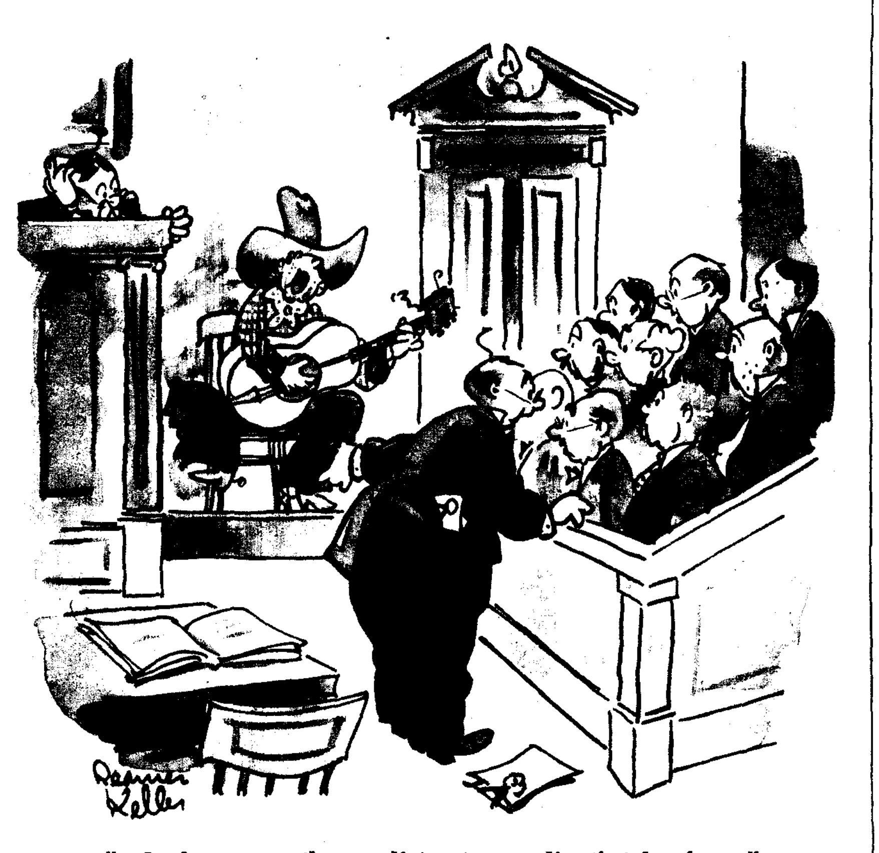
"Loves . . . oh, no . . . no, no—hardly."

"He does. He was hurt because you wouldn't speak to him."

"Mentioned it?"

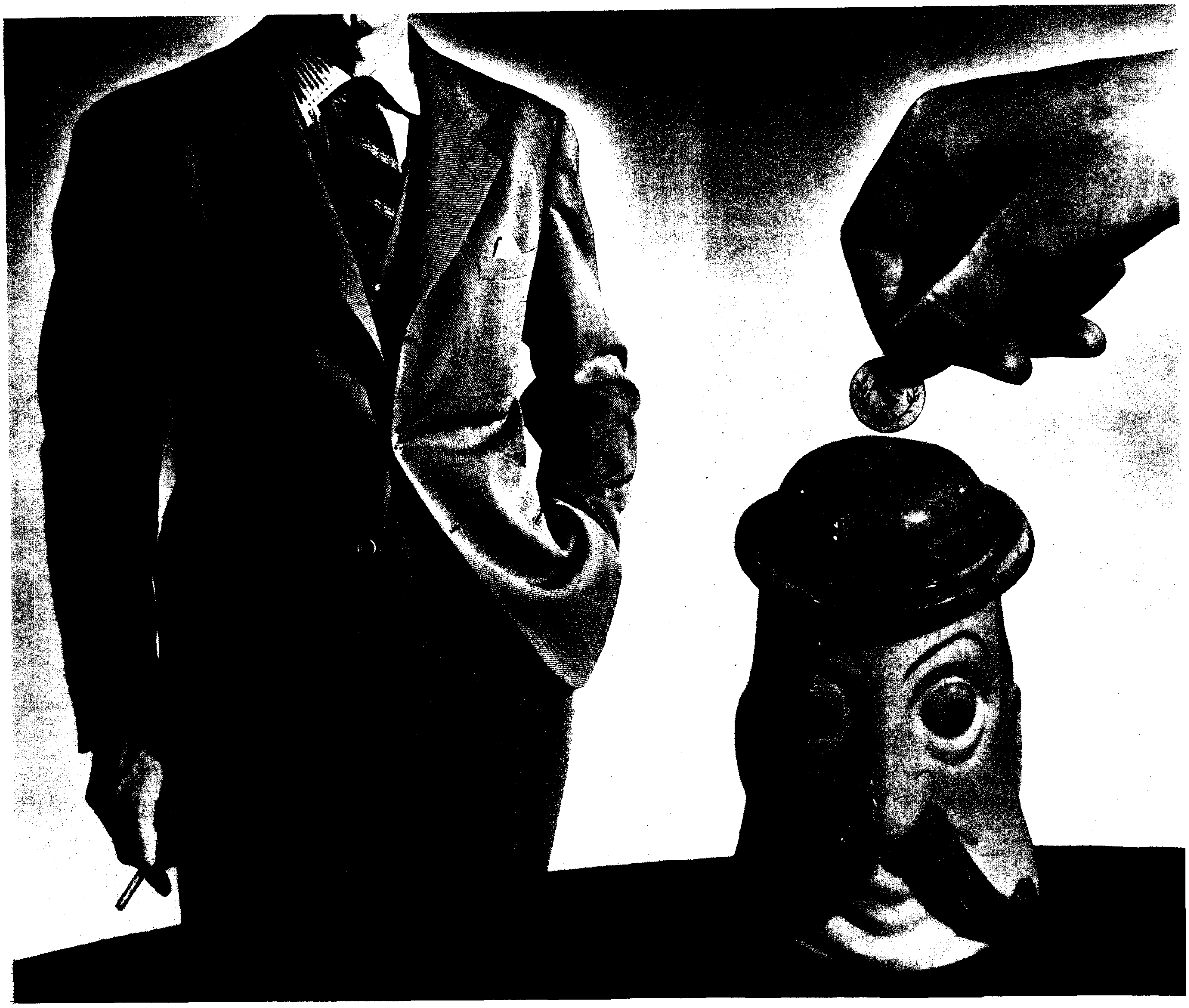
"Yes."

"Strange . . . very strange. Always



"—And now, gentlemen, listen to my client's tale of woe"

REAMER KELLER



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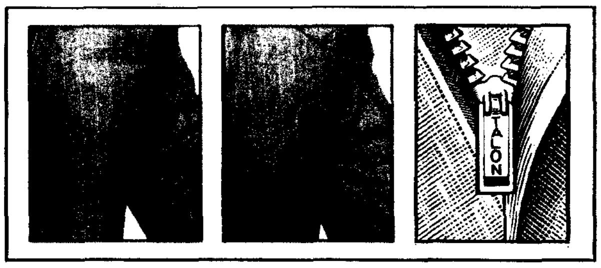

OLD-FASHIONED. Five clumsy pants closings that often caused offensive gaps. Taboo, now!

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has hated me, you know. We never got along."

"I think you should speak to him, Pop."

"You do?"

"Yes . . . and behave as if none of this draft and conscientious-objector argument had ever happened. And if he brings it up, just ignore everything he says."

There was a sudden, pathetic eagerness in Pop's manner. "Modern psychology, eh?"

"Yes—I suppose it is."

"You know young people. Meet a lot of 'em all the time. Know how they react to things, eh?"

"Sure do, Pop."

"I should have talked to you before—about Bert. Never wanted to admit he had me stumped. His mother kept saying, 'You're too harsh. He'll turn out all right.' *Harsh!* I didn't think I was. I gave that boy all the attention I could . . . had a good deal of sea duty, but gave him all the attention I could. But, somehow, after he was fifteen or so, he seemed to slip away from me."

"It wasn't your fault. Or Mom's, either."

"Happens to a lot of 'em, eh?"

"Yes, it does."

"But why, Phyllis? His mother and I thought we'd done a pretty good job. His home was happy. We sent him to the best schools we could afford. We tried to teach him our own viewpoint on things. It didn't seem to us to be a narrow, old-fogy viewpoint, either. Naturally, I wanted him to go to the Academy. He made no objection. He just acted . . . when he got there . . . like an alley rat. Gad . . . I woke up one morning and discovered that all the years of effort we'd put into that boy meant nothing to him at all. He hadn't listened and he hadn't observed. When it came to forming opinions, he preferred to get them from a handful of pip-squeak, parlor-pink college professors. It—it knocked me all in a heap."

WHAT could be done about Bert except to stall for time and hope for a miracle? How could I have told Pop what I really thought—that Bert wasn't worth any more tears and worry and heartsickness? Not poor, old, baffled Pop. I had to pretend that I had just the method to cure Bert.

"He's set himself against us just from sheer cussedness and exhibitionism, Pop," I said. "So the thing to do is to treat Bert with a large dose of smiling indifference."

"Think that might work, eh?"

"I'm sure of it."

"I hope you're right, Phyllis."

"You'll try it?"

"My dear, I'd try anything, anything."

"Swell!" I said. "So instead of brooding out here you go back to the house and make it up with Bert. Take the attitude that his cockeyed ideas are of no importance. Promise, Pop?"

"I . . . well . . . all right."

Pop bowed very gallantly as we shook hands on it. His sense of humor returned.

"Too bad the boy isn't a drunkard or a devil with the women," Pop said. "I'd know how to handle that!" Then, he added wryly: "I'd even prefer to have him a thief."

"We'll cure this too, Pop!" I said.

Feeling very much the little Miss Fixit, I started around the dry-dock area to take the short cut to the basin. I had an excellent excuse for dropping in on Savvy Roberts. That afternoon was the date of our regular fortnightly tea fight at the Officers' Club. All hands were supposed to attend. I knew there was little or no chance of persuading Savvy to come, but—(Clinical Note: Hartney was about to tell a lie here. The truth was she just wanted to see Savvy again.)

"Phyllis!"

"Hunh? . . . Oh, hello, Bob."

Lieutenant Bob Cowles waylaid me by the dry-dock gate. Remembering my interview with Mamie, I tried not to show any embarrassment. But it was always a bit embarrassing to talk with Bob Cowles. His Academy nickname was "Eight Ball" and it had stuck with him—horrid testimony to an unbroken string of bad breaks.

When he was an ensign there had to be an explosion in his turret; when he was a j. g. a cruiser ran aground while he was junior watch officer on duty; when he made two stripes he married Mamie. He had been sent to Navy Station to supervise overhaul of the Pearson, an old destroyer, and was up before the selection board for promotion to lieut. commander. His career hung in the balance. Either he would win promotion and command of the destroyer or be washed out of the Service.

A thin, swarthy, intense and jittery, black Irishman, Bob never had learned to conceal his frazzled nerves. His sense of shuddery fear, waiting for the next blow of fate, communicated itself to you; and you found yourself suffering with him and always ashamed that this should be so. Talking to him was like standing in an exposed place during a storm, where the lightning would be certain to strike; you fidgeted and wanted to run, yet could not decently abandon Bob to perish alone.

"Has your father had any word?" he asked now, clicking a small stack of coins together in his right hand.

"Not a thing," I said.

"I should have heard by now."

"Pooh. Not necessarily. No news is good news."

"That's what Mamie says, but—"

"For Pete's sake, stop *worrying.*"

Bob clicked those infernal coins together. "I guess I'm sunk."

"Blaaah! You've a good fitness report, in spite of the tough breaks. Dad and Pop both wrote letters."

"God bless 'em. But I've a hunch—"

"Kafooey on your dog-trot Irish hunches. You'd have to be deaf, blind in one eye and crippled before they'd pass you over. There's a bad storm brewing, fella. They need you."

"Yes . . . there's that—"

"You'd better get back on the job before some hunky drops a hammer on his foot and sues the Navy."

Bob grinned. "That's right," he said. "Well . . . thanks, Phyllis. You're good medicine for a guy. Thanks."

"See you at the tea fight," I said.

"I can't be there," Bob said. "Got to work. But Mamie'll represent the family. Thanks again."

He hurried off toward the sound of pounding and riveting. He stayed on that job sixteen hours a day, afraid that something would go wrong. This may have been one of the reasons Mamie started playing around with Ensign Murphy, but I doubt it. Mamie never needed any good reason for playing around.

Well, I thought that I had settled Mamie's hash. I was also hopeful that Pop and Mom could do something with young Bert. I considered myself quite a tidy little lid-sitter that morning. I might not be of much use in helping Lieut. Commander Kirstell find our traitor, but perhaps I could keep Navy Station's minor scandals from exploding.

MY INTERVIEW with Lieutenant Savvy Roberts added to this mood of smug optimism.

They had put up a canvas fence all around the Basin. The guard had been doubled. I couldn't walk through the sentry line with any glib chatter this morning. No, sir, the corporal of the guard had to go for Lieutenant Roberts.

But Savvy appeared with flattering promptness. He was wearing greasy dungarees. (Romantic note: If a man can look distinguished in greasy dungarees under a bright sun, he's really got something, gals.)

"Good morning, Miss Hartney."

"Good morning, Lieutenant Roberts. I came to invite you and Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck to a tea at the Officers' Club this afternoon."

"I'm afraid we can't come."

"I was afraid of that, too."

"Sorry, but we'll be rigging for a test. Expect to work until dark."

I thought I would try a joke. "Is it a sea serpent?" I asked, indicating the circuslike enclosure.

Savvy's eyes smiled. "More like a dragon—we hope," he said.

"And tame?"

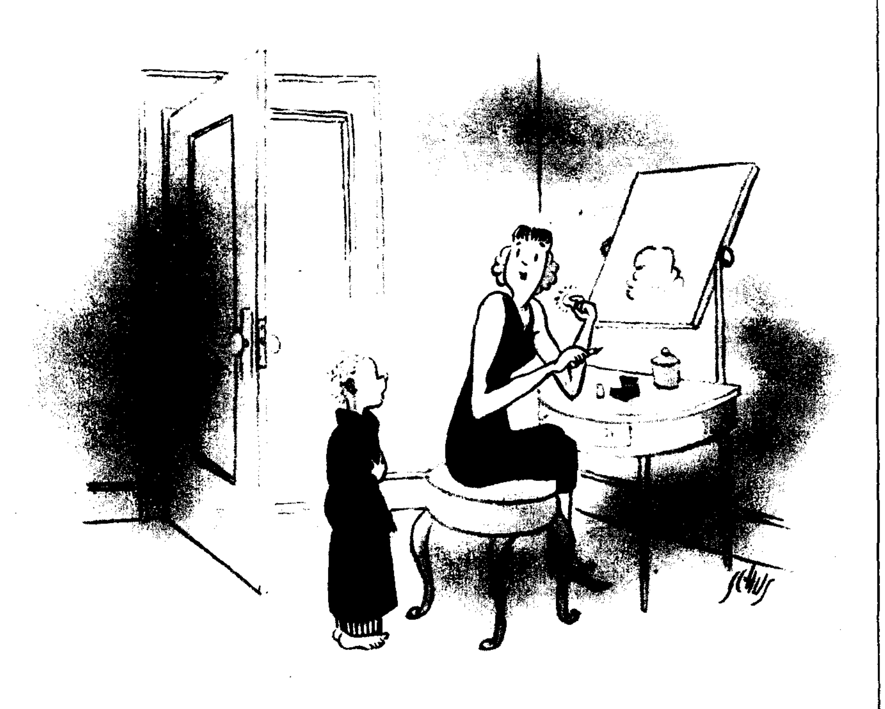
"Eats out of my hand. Purrs, too."

"Couldn't I have just one peek?"

"Not without an order from the commanding officer."

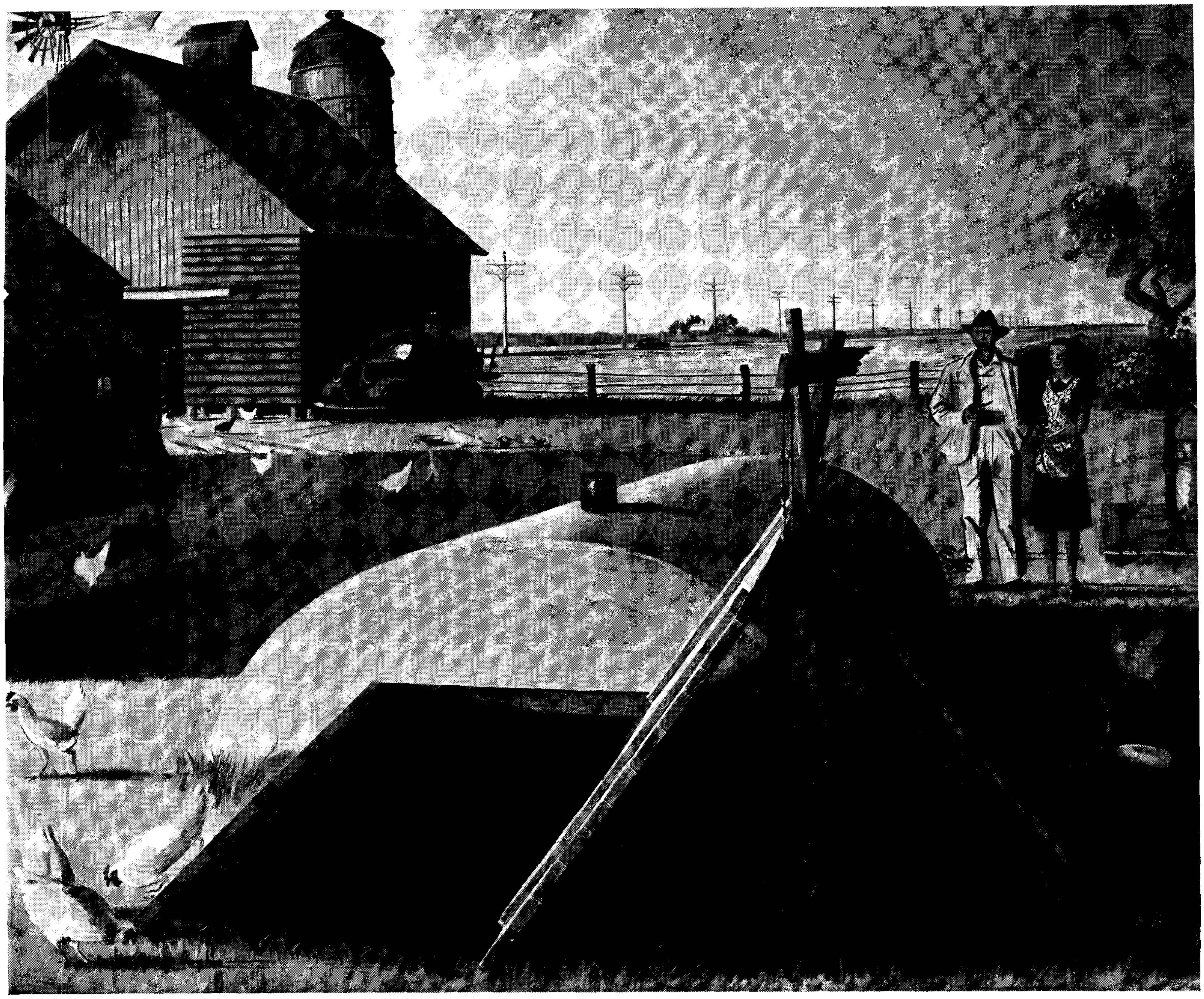
"Maybe I could wangle that—"

Dutch Prentice's voice broke in, yell-



"Good night, Mom, and enjoy your party. I can't kiss you, 'cause I just had my bath"

ADOLPH SCHUS



Tornado shelters are built when the wind *isn't* blowing

*W*ith a calm look ahead, the farmer in the storm country builds his shelter when the horizon is clear. He doesn't wait until an ominous black funnel heralds the approach of twisting winds. Then it would be too late.

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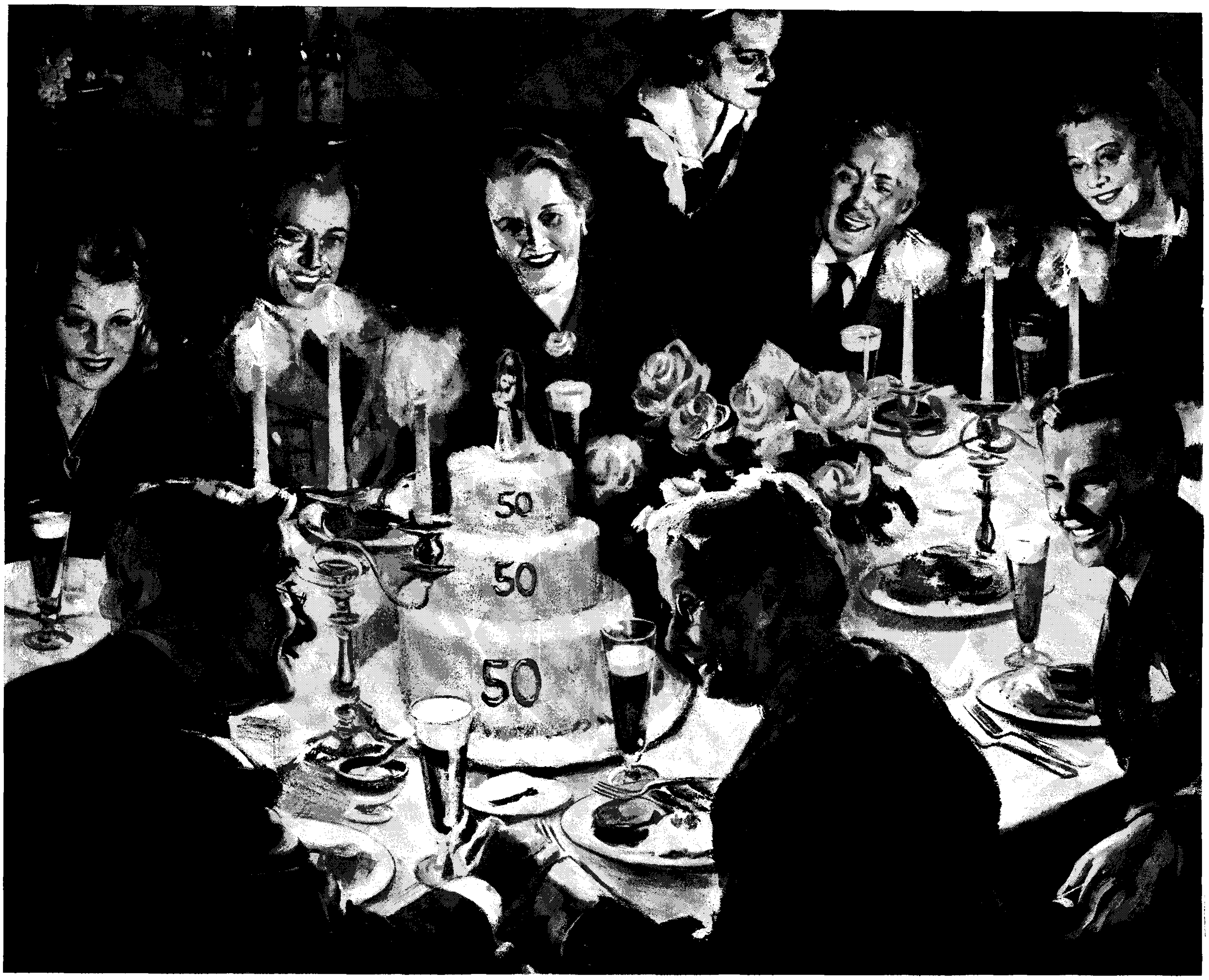

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It is easy to see why beer is so honored. For truly, beer is a beverage of moderation. Brewed from golden grain and fragrant hops, it is both appealing to the taste and nourishing . . . and adds good cheer to every party.

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UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

ing: "Hey, Savvy! I can't hold this thing all day!"

"I'll have to go. Thanks for thinking of us—some other time."

"Thank *you,* sir!" I said, humbly.

My fears of the night before seemed foolish, as I tripped lightly home. Savvy wasn't worried about this thingamajig, the dragon that purred. He was guarded by enough marines to protect the gold hoard at Fort Knox. And he had come *right out to talk to me.* Savvy, himself, in person. (Whoa, there, Phyllis—why this strange humility?) Just a look and a smile—but that was sufficient joy for this day. Oh, it would be all right, all right! . . .

The trouble with me is that every time I get to stepping high I need a guardian angel at my elbow to say, "Duck! Low bridge!"

. . . Mom Sedden, Mrs. McMatthews and I went to the Officers' Club an hour before the tea fight was to start, it being our duty to get everything in readiness. Mrs. Mac had gone into the kitchen to heat the kettles, and Mom and I were dolling up the dining-room table, when we heard angry voices in the card room. This room, sacred to men only, was in the new wing adjoining the main lounge.

Mom set a teapot down hastily. "Oh, dear . . . it's Bert—" she whispered.

"I'll go. You stay here and keep Mrs. Mac out of it!" I said.

I RUSHED to the door of the card room just in time to see Bert Sedden and Lieutenant Roger Collins jump to their feet, while half a dozen other officers scowled at Bert.

"We've taken all we can stand from you!" Roger said. "The only thing that's saved you from getting your head knocked off is our respect for your father. I say you're a worthless, yellow pup, and for your father's sake I'm going to see to it that you keep your mouth shut around here."

"You can't make me do that," Bert said.

Roger slapped him heavily across the mouth. "Your conscience won't let you resent that, eh?" Roger said.

"You can lick me," Bert said, "but that won't change my opinion of you. I say you're a dirty Nazi bully."

Roger began slapping and cuffing him, the force of the blows causing Bert to stagger and put his hands to his face.

"Stop it!" I said.

Someone brushed me aside. It was Pop Sedden.

"Passive resister to force, are you?" Roger said, "How does this feel—"

He hit Bert with his fist, knocking him into a card table. Bert fell, blood spurting from his nose and mouth.

Pop Sedden spoke—slowly, tragically. "Get up and fight, son," he said.

Bert shook his head and wiped the back of a hand across his bloody mouth. "Sorry, sir—" Roger said.

Pop's answer was a punch on the jaw. Roger staggered and fell, more from astonishment than from the force of the blow, I think. Anyway, he scrambled quickly to his feet.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Roger said.

He clicked his heels, bowed and walked out the veranda door.

Reaching down, Pop helped Bert to his feet. He turned to the other officers, saying, "I apologize for my son. He will not come to the club again."

Nothing more was said. Pop and Bert moved through the doorway where I was standing. Neither saw me. Pop led the way across the lounge, walking with slow, shambling steps. Bert followed him, mopping blood with a handkerchief. They went outside.

I hesitated, wretchedly, not knowing whether to run after Pop and Bert or hurry to Mom in the dining room. There was no doubt in my mind that a tragedy impended. A black flood of passions so strong as to seem like the abrupt darkening of a happy day into night had swept across Navy Station. I felt the panic of a swimmer who has recklessly underestimated the tide.

"The skipper—" I thought, "—I must go to Dad. Right away. This is too much for me—"

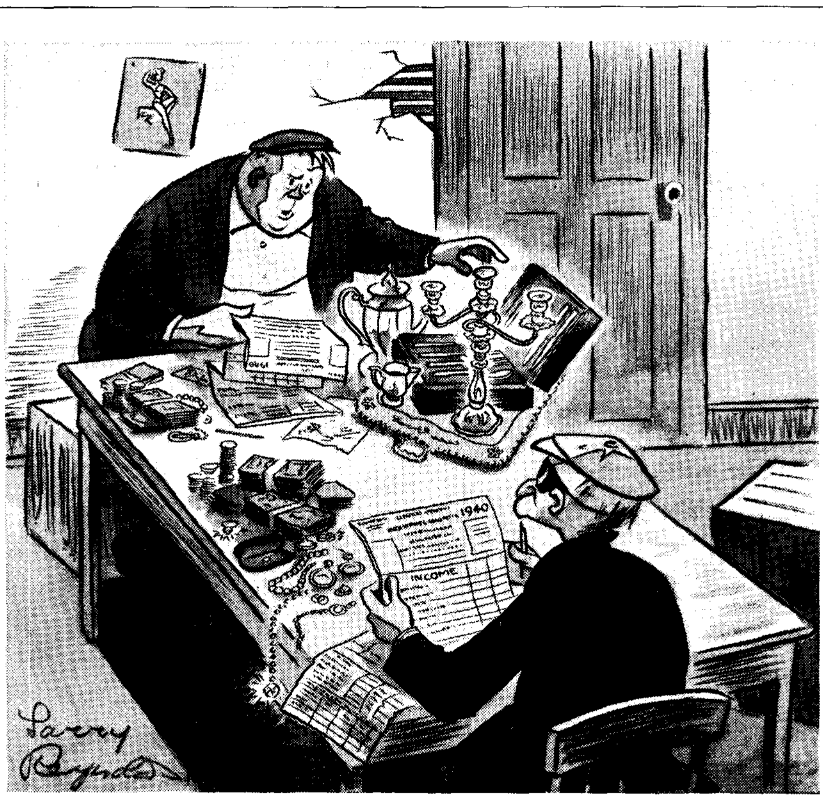
As I turned, I felt a hand on my arm. "Miss Hartney . . . a word with you." It was Lieut. Commander Kirstell.

"Th-there's been a fight," I said, stupidly, "you've got to excuse me—"

Lieut. Commander Kirstell shook his head. "This can't wait," he said. "*I have a clew to our man.*"

(*To be continued next week*)

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"These ought to come under the heading of gifts—they was gifts to the bride, wasn't they?"

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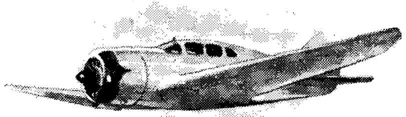

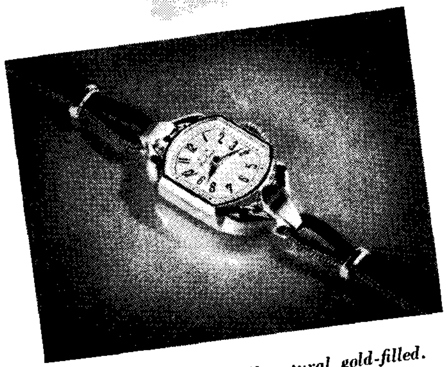

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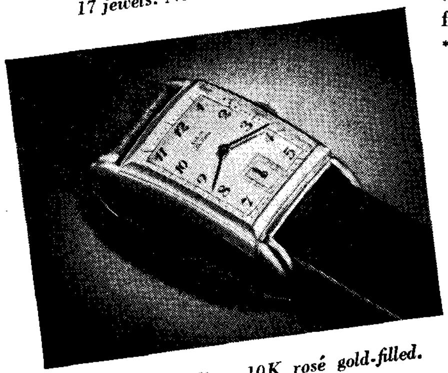

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The MILWAUKEE ROAD

Red Silk

Continued from page 23

"Ask these people if they heard anything the night Androskey got killed. Ask 'em if they seen anybody. Ask 'em if one of 'em knocked on Dosenki's door."

He asked them. Their answer was "No" to everything.

"Yeah? A gun got fired and they all stayed fast asleep. Well, who do they think killed the guy?"

"They think Dosenki."

"Which of these guys live on this same floor?"

Olavski pointed out three of them and O'Malley wrote down the names.

"Well, tell 'em they can go. These guys wouldn't tell us nothing, no matter what they knew," O'Malley observed to me. "A cop's got a job in this town; he can't tell what language anybody is going to speak. Let's look at it."

All the rooms opened on a long hall. Blood in the room at the rear showed where Androskey had been found. Dosenki's room was at the other end of the hall.

"That dead guy Androskey," O'Malley said, "was in bed. So he got up. Then he got shot. Dosenki said he woke up, then afterward he heard the shot. What waked him? Only one bullet was in the dead guy. You figure there might have been a shot before that?"

We looked for another bullet. It took a long while to find it near the floor in one corner of the room. O'Malley dug it out carefully and put it in an envelope.

"There goes the suicide, anyway, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "I don't know your opinion of Dosenki, but mine is that he was putting the gun into Androskey's hand to make it look like suicide when he got caught. His fingerprints were on the gun."

"Sure. He admits he touched the gun."

WHEN we got to headquarters, Dosenki's girl was waiting for us. She began to cry when she saw us.

"He didn't do it!" she exclaimed hysterically.

"Well, if you're sure of that you don't have to worry," O'Malley told her.

I saw him next day.

"Well," he declared, "we been checking up this business. I guess Mrs. Androskey went to that picture show all right. She told us all about the picture. Still, the same picture had been at that theater three days. This Androskey was a pretty well-off guy. He owned that lodginghouse and he owned a half-dozen other buildings too. The laboratory says there was silk on that bullet we found in the wall."

"Silk?" I inquired, not understanding.

"Sure. A bullet picks up parts of whatever it goes through. If it goes through some guy it has blood on it and maybe shreds of his clothes. This bullet hadn't went through nobody but it went through red silk. Dosenki had a red silk necktie but there ain't any bullet hole in it. What I don't understand, three guys had rooms closer to Androskey's room than Dosenki and he heard shots and they claim they didn't."

"You think one of them may have had something to do with it?" I asked.

"What's the use of a guy thinking?"

We took a taxi and went to the lodginghouse. We couldn't find anything, silk or otherwise, that had a bullet hole through it.

"Well," O'Malley said, "let's get them three guys."

The men were at work, but he had the addresses. We went around with the taxicab and picked them up at their jobs. They sat together on the back seat and O'Malley and I sat on the two small seats in front. I was uncomfortable on the little seat. The front window was open and the wind blew on me, and the taxi driver's license, with his picture on it, was in front of my nose. His name was O'Flaherty.

We drove around and every once in a while O'Malley had the cab stop and went into some place. Sometimes it was a haberdashery, sometimes a dress shop, sometimes a cleaner's establishment. Each time he came to the door with something made of red silk in his hand—a dress, or a necktie, or a scarf. Then he gave it back to the proprietor and got into the cab. I couldn't see any sense in it. The Russians kept talking to one another but, of course, I didn't know what they said. They didn't appear excited. O'Malley was plainly discouraged.

"We get nothing," he said. "I guess we'll give it up."

He got out of the cab. Then the taxi driver got out and they stood on the sidewalk and talked. Then a police car drove up. A cop got out of the police car and he and the taxi driver got into the cab and drove away with the three Russians, and O'Malley and I got into the police car.

"We might have something," he said.

We drove to a hotel on the East Side. It was a cheap, walk-up place, and there was nobody in the second-floor office, but we rang a call bell which brought an old man.

"Hand out the key to Room 202," O'Malley told him.

"Say, why should I do that?"

O'Malley showed his shield and he gave us the key.

"What's this about?" I asked.

"Well, we're here to find out."

We went to 202 and searched the place thoroughly. We found only a man's things. Then we found a red silk dress. There was a bullet hole in the skirt. O'Malley telephoned headquarters, and when we got there police were bringing people in. The three Russians were there, and cops brought in Dosenki and Dosenki's girl and Mrs. Androskey. Then a cop brought in the interpreter Olavski. When everyone was there, O'Malley draped the red dress across Mrs. Androskey's lap.

"Put it on," he directed her.

A policewoman took Mrs. Androskey into another room and brought her back wearing the dress. It fitted perfectly.

"I don't get this, O'Malley," I declared.

"See you in the lunchroom across the street."

I WAS having a third cup of coffee about a half-hour later when O'Malley came in.

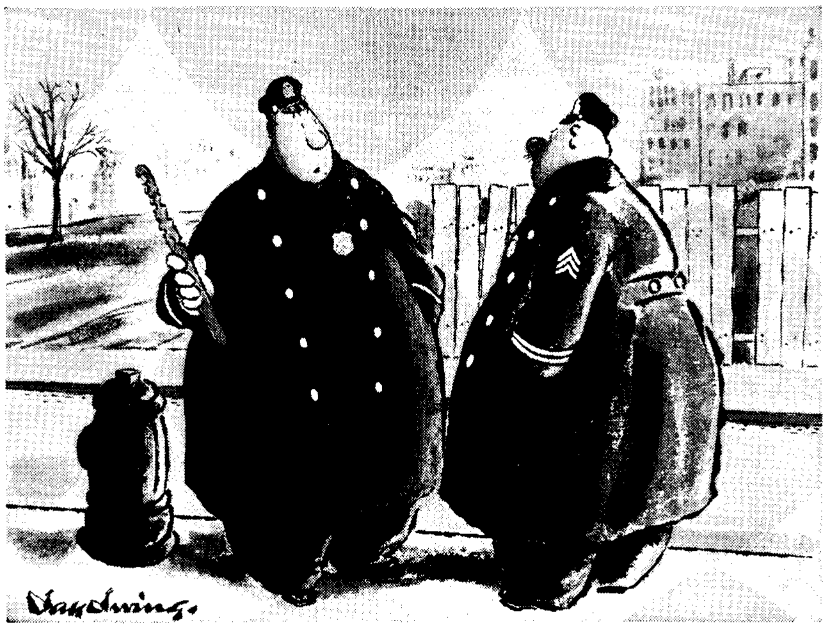
"A cop works a long while," he remarked, "before he gets him a case like this one. That Olavski and Mrs. Androskey knocked off Androskey. Here's the funny thing in it: She married him so they could murder him. Olavski and this dame that is now Mrs. Androskey was going together and they didn't have no money. They didn't live in Androskey's neighborhood then and they didn't know Androskey, but they'd heard about him from other Russians. They knew he had plenty of dough and they knew he was lonely. Olavski put it up to the girl to meet the old man and marry him. Then they'd knock the guy off and she'd get his money and they'd be married after."

"Nice people!" I commented.

"If a guy's idea was to meet nice people, he wouldn't be a cop. Androskey hadn't never met the girl. She went to the lodginghouse and give the old man a hard-luck story and he let her stay there. Then he married her. Olavski moved to this hotel to be near her but they had to be careful not to be seen together by people Androskey knew. Her and Olavski didn't have no idea at first how they'd knock the old man off, but Androskey had that gun he kept in the closet; so Olavski got the idea they'd kill him with his own gun and make it look like suicide. The girl wasn't sure they could make it seem suicide and, like a woman so often does, she figured to put the murder onto somebody else. Right from when she got married to Androskey she began working to put it on Dosenki."

"Why on him?" I asked.

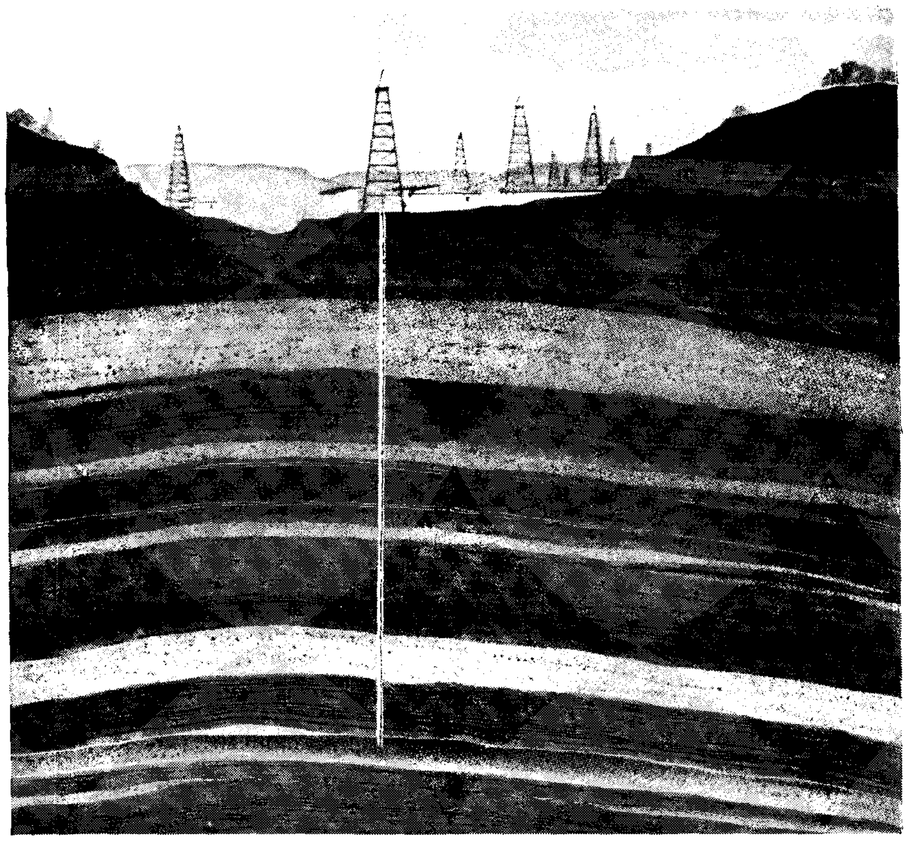
"Well, it might be she liked Dosenki and he wouldn't have nothing to do with her. Anyway, she told other guys that lived in that place that Dosenki was bothering her and that he'd threatened to knock Androskey off so he could have her, and she made each of them guys believe he was the only one she'd told



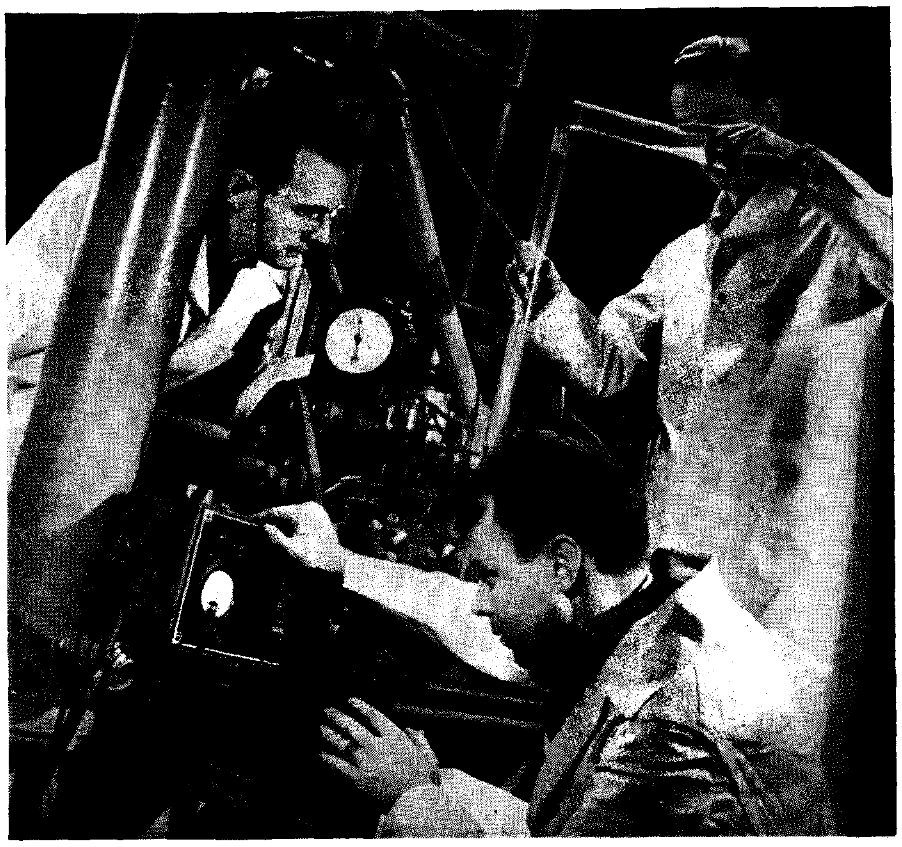
"My kid's cuttin' his teeth"

JAY IRVING

New Advance in Oil Refining

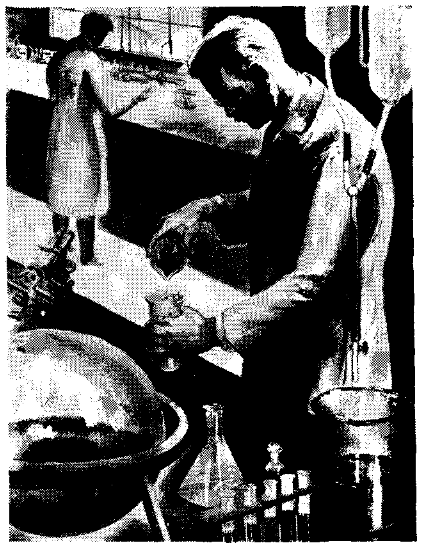


Heat and Pressure Made It. Geologists now believe petroleum was formed by action of heat and pressure deep in the earth, acting through countless millions of years, as new mountains and continents were piled on buried remains of vegetable or animal life.

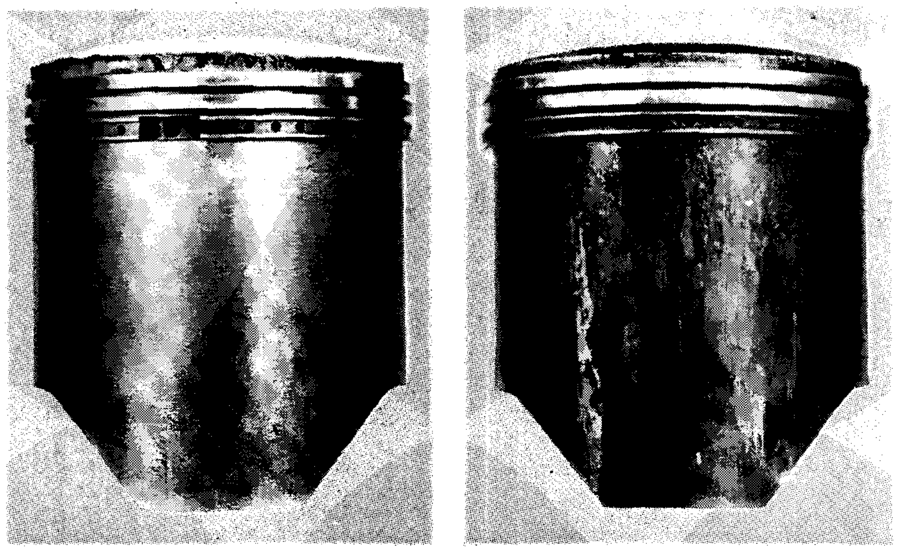


Heat and Pressure Were Destroying It. The forces which made it could work the other way. Improvements in motors . . . closer fitting parts . . . higher temperatures, while making for more efficient motors, were disintegrating the oil and creating a serious problem.

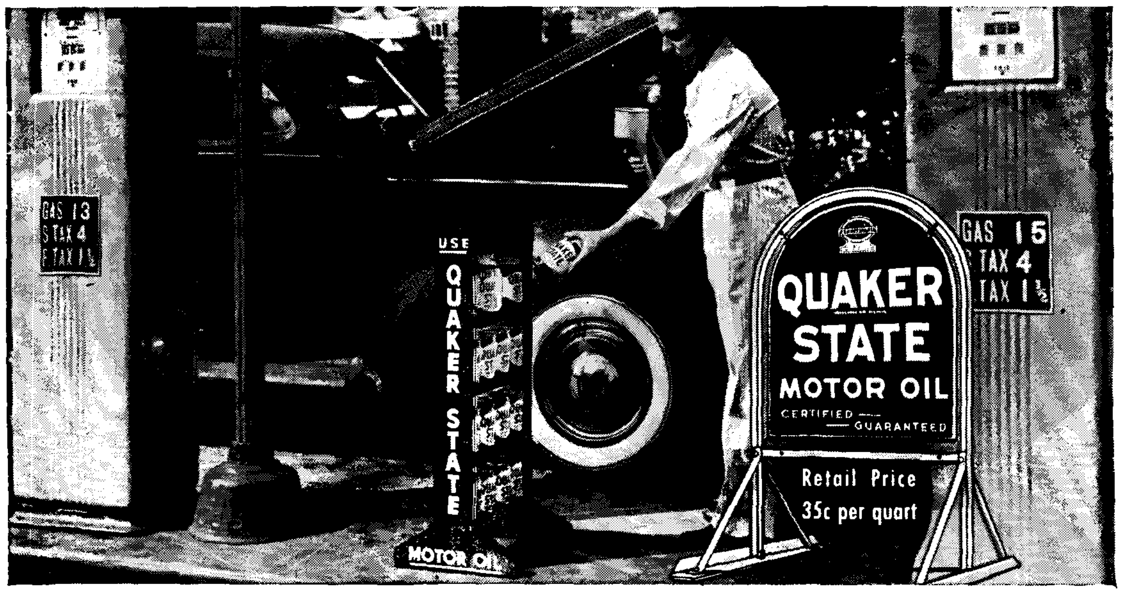
Oxidized to Sludge . . . Oil ceased to give adequate protection . . . became a gummy menace. Further step in oxidation produced a sticky varnish which caused valves and rings to stick.



Quaker State Engineers found the clue in molecular structure of oil. Unstable molecules oxidize easily. Get rid of these and you end the trouble.



"Breakdown" Tests were made in laboratories and on the road. Of widely sold oils, each left varnish and sludge deposits except Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil. Piston on right, after comparative test with a popular nationally sold 25¢ motor oil, is covered with varnish. Piston on left shows no varnish after similar test with Stabilized Quaker State.



Give Your Motor This Protection Now

Go to any dealer who displays the familiar green and white Quaker State sign. Ask the service man to drain and refill the crankcase with the oil that's engineered for modern motors . . . the oil that resists oxidation and resultant formation of sludge and varnish . . . *Stabilized Quaker State.* Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

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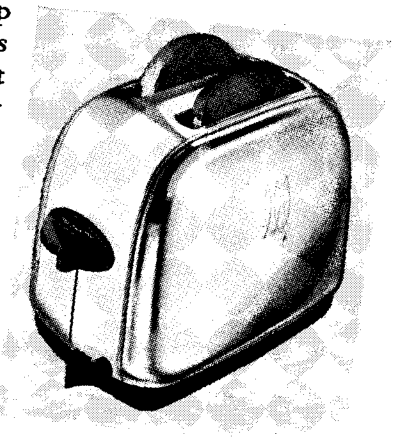

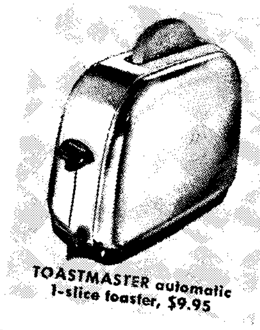

THE PARSON BLESSES THE BRIDE
BUT THE BRIDE BLESSES YOU
for sending this Toaster!

HOW can a girl keep her mind on her vows—if she's worried about burning the toast? How can she promise to cherish a man—when his breakfast will go up in smoke? Make an honest woman of her—with a *Toastmaster* toaster! The handsome, automatic thing is bright as love's young dream, and trusty as a stop watch.. She needn't tend it—it *can't* burn. Up pops a perfect piece of toast, every time, exactly the right shade of brown. Then, with thought for young budgets, off goes the current! It's an ideal gift for a hopeful young couple. See this beautiful *Toastmaster** automatic 2-slice toaster, priced $16, wherever fine electric appliances are sold.

Want new ideas for grand, easy appetizers? Write Dept. F for your free copy of "Entertaining Hints on How to Entertain."

TOASTMASTER automatic 1-slice toaster, $9.95

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it to and told 'em not to tell. She figured, right enough, when they heard shots, each of 'em would think he knew what was happening and would stay in his room, so he wouldn't be on the scene and get mixed up with the police.

"The afternoon of the night they killed the old man, she pulled a button off of Dosenki's bathrobe while he was out, and when she pretended to go to the picture show, she took the gun out of the closet and give it to Olavski. She'd went to that picture show before and knew what was in it, in case she got asked. Her and Olavski come in, after the old man was asleep, and Olavski hid in the closet. She woke the old man up, because they wanted it to look like there'd been a struggle, and Olavski shot him, and she left the button there and she knocked on Dosenki's door and listened to hear him getting up before they run out.

"What went wrong was that Olavski's first shot had went through her dress while she was holding the old man so he could be shot. She grabbed another dress out of the closet and took it with her and changed at Olavski's room. Then she come home like she was coming from the picture show."

"I SEE," I said. "It was at Olavski's hotel we found the dress."

"Yeah. They'd ought to have got rid of it. Well, there's almost always something a killer had ought to done but didn't. Of course, at the start, there wasn't no indication of all these things. It looked like a routine murder. An old guy had married a young girl and a young guy was a lodger there and the old guy got shot. So they pinched Dosenki. Still, it didn't look right."

"Why not?"

"Well, common report said Dosenki had been making a play for Androskey's wife, but Dosenki was in love with somebody else. Besides, he didn't act like no guy that done a murder; we know how they act. Cops that talked Russian could get only one story: Dosenki had killed him. So the idea come to the Inspector to put a cop on the job that couldn't talk Russian."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well, guys that talk foreign languages take care what they say when they think somebody can understand 'em. The idea was to have somebody around where they wouldn't be careful. We had to have an interpreter. It wasn't just luck that Olavski was him and fixed it so we didn't learn nothing. The kid from P. S. 134 who brought Olavski in was Olavski's brother. Well, then we found the bullet. The silk on it looked like a woman might have been there when Androskey got shot. Some women around there said Mrs. Androskey had a red silk dress, but that didn't mean nothing without we could find it."

"Well, then?"

"I thought them three guys that lived on the same floor had to know something that would solve the case, if we could get 'em to tell it. We drove around in a taxicab with 'em. The idea was to get 'em to talking among themselves."

"But—" I said again.

"Sure. The taxi driver understood what they said."

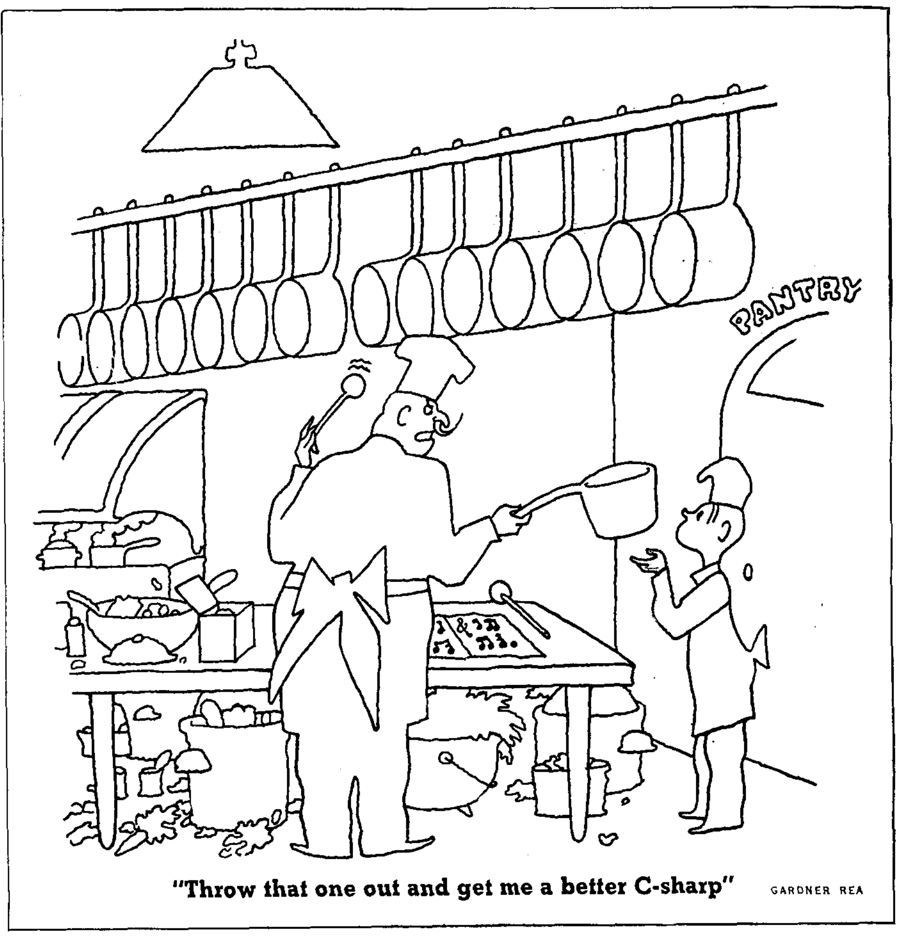
"O'Flaherty?" I asked incredulously.

"Sure. His mother was Russian. I had that cab so he could listen. It turned out I was dumb. The three guys didn't know nothing and red silk meant nothing to them. But O'Flaherty got one thing. They were wondering what the kid from P. S. 134 was doing around that lodginghouse so often. They didn't know nothing about Olavski and they didn't know the kid was Olavski's young brother. Till after the murder he wasn't around there, but since, he's been around all the time. So all at once it come to me. If a man and a woman do a crime together, they can't usually keep from communicating with each other after. It might be Olavski and Mrs. Androskey was our people and the kid had been carrying notes between 'em. The kid didn't have no idea Olavski done the murder; he was just doing what his big brother told him.

"So I and you went to his hotel. We didn't find no notes because they'd destroyed 'em, but we did find the dress, and at headquarters the whole business come out."

"Smart work!" I complimented him.

"Well, it shows what a cop in this town is up against. Maybe my next case will be with Abyssinians or somebody, and I won't know what they're saying neither. Still, it's all right with me."



"Throw that one out and get me a better C-sharp" GARDNER REA

"If you had my job for just one day *you'd get a Pontiac!*"

A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

De Luxe "Torpedo" Six Two-Door Sedan, $874★

"YES SIR, it's not hard to understand why so many people are buying Pontiacs these days. If you had my job for just one day, you'd say the same thing—*and you'd get a Pontiac too!*

"In the first place, they just don't build them any better than that Pontiac. That's taking in a lot of territory, I agree, but I work on all of them, inside and out, from the top down and the bottom up, and I *know!*

"Why, I've got customers who used to spend as much as two or three thousand dollars for their cars who tell me that Pontiac is the finest car they've ever owned—and that it gives them everything they could ever want in *any* car!

"And, on the other hand, I've got customers who used to be dyed-in-the-wool owners of lowest-priced cars. 'What do I want a big car for?' they'd say, 'and besides they cost too much to run!' But now they're Pontiac owners and are tickled to death! And the payoff is this: their Pontiacs are actually costing them no more to own and operate than their old cars! Yes sir, if you had my job for just one day, *you'd get a Pontiac!*"

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123,232
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Once they try BOND STREET—the truly *aromatic* blend—most hard-to-please pipe smokers are set for life! That applies to a high percentage of exacting smokers.

Yet—by applying that figure to readers of this magazine—we know there are 123,232 pipe smokers who *still* have this delightful discovery to make. That's why we urge you to try it.

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Buy a tin—today!

15¢
GENEROUS SIZE POCKET TIN

BOND STREET
Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

China Sky

Continued from page 26

Chung but a girl, standing in the shadowy darkness of the room.

"Ya-ching!" she cried.

"It is I," Ya-ching whispered. "I am in great trouble, Ling doctor."

Siu-mei sat up and put out her hand for the light, but Ya-ching stopped her.

"Let me speak in the darkness, Ling doctor." She knelt beside the bed and began to sob softly.

"Don't cry," Siu-mei said, astonished. "Speak—tell me what is wrong."

"I cannot find words to tell you," Ya-ching said in a small voice.

"Is your family in trouble?" Siu-mei asked to help her. "Has your house been bombed?"

Ya-ching shook her head. "No, it is I, myself."

Siu-mei put aside her first quick guess. There were many young girls in trouble these days when all the usual ways of life were disturbed and changed, and war gave strange freedoms between men and women. But surely a girl with a face like Ya-ching's was safe!

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"Yes," Ya-ching said desperately. "I am sick with shame. I have no husband but I am with child. Cure me!" Ya-ching besought her eagerly. "Give me foreign drug!"

For a moment Siu-mei did not reply. "I cannot," she said at last sternly. "It is not allowed. I should forfeit all my years of work here if it were discovered I did such a thing."

"Then I will kill myself," Ya-ching said passionately.

"That you may not, either," Siu-mei said at once. "Consider reason. What you have done is a pity. But there are ways. Will the man not marry you?"

"Shall I tell him you say he ought to marry me?" Ya-ching asked. She lifted her head.

"Yes, certainly tell him so," Siu-mei said with earnestness. "And say that I will be your go-between, so all may be done decently and quickly."

For answer Ya-ching buried her head again in the silk quilt. Her shoulders shook and she made small, stifled cries. She was sobbing, Siu-mei thought, and listened again. No, this strange, ugly girl, she was not weeping—she was laughing!

She shook Ya-ching sharply. "Why do you laugh?" she cried.

And still Ya-ching would not answer. Instead she leaped to her feet and ran from the room, her cloth-shod feet silent, but the sound of her stifled laughter breaking the sudden silence of the night.

AND left alone in her room Siu-mei listened. The air raid was over. She had scarcely noticed it, so used had she grown to safety. And yet now she felt no longer safe.

And Ya-ching ran creeping along the dark corridors of the almost empty hospital, guiding herself by her hand on the walls. No one was there to see her. Not even an orderly sat in the hall now. There was no need. She went down the stairs and up again into the men's hospital to Chung's rooms. The door was locked, but she had a key and she fitted it to the keyhole and went in.

Chung was there, poring over a piece of paper with a small magnifying glass. He put the glass down as she came in and he looked up.

"Go away," he said, "I don't want you here tonight. I have work to do."

She stood before him, not moving. "I will not go until you have heard me," she replied.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I am in trouble," she said.

He took up the paper again and began to study it as though she were not there.

"Will you not ask me what trouble?" she inquired of him.

"No," he said distinctly.

She flew at him then as any common, angry woman flies at the man who stirs her to fury. She seized him by his ears and she screamed at him:

"You shall hear me—you shall know—"

Then he struck her full in the mouth and his hand, soft and smooth, was suddenly hard. She staggered and put her hand to her bleeding lips.

"Your trouble is none of my business," he said. He took out his silk handkerchief and wrapped it about his hand as he spoke: "I care nothing about any trouble of yours. You may be ill, you may be about to die, and I do not care."

"My trouble is worse than that," she faltered.

He looked at her, his eyes wide as a tiger's eyes. "Still I do not care!" he shouted.

And then she knew that he knew what her trouble was and that it was true that whatever it was he did not care. And he saw that she knew.

"I let you come here," he said contemptuously. "I never asked you to come. Now I tell you, do not come again!"

And then she cried out indeed, for she still loved him and would always love him in her stupid, desperate way, knowing she was never to have anything from him except what she had already had. She ran to his feet and fell there.

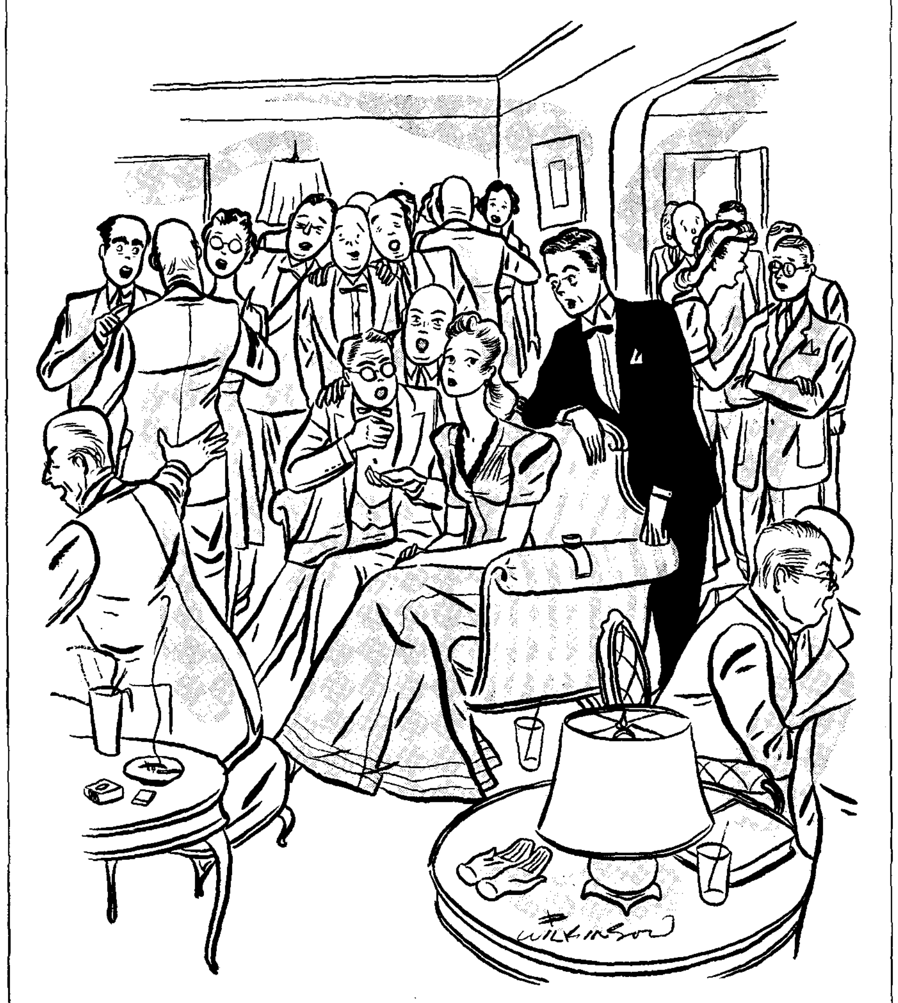
"Do not say never!" she cried, weeping. She caught his foot in her arms. "I will not complain. I take back to myself all I said—it is my trouble, it is not you who is to blame—it is all I—if only I may come here sometimes, when you say I may, only—"

"I have said never!" Chung broke in, and when she clung to him, he dragged her still clinging to his foot across the floor and at the door he lifted his free foot and pushed her out into the hall, and he took from the keyhole the key he had given her and he shut the door and locked her out.

And she lay there sobbing and no one heard her in the empty hospital. And after a long time she went creeping back to her own bed and lay there and wept until her tears were dry, and then she lay there, plotting through the night until dawn. One by one she drew out her weapons and surveyed them in her mind. There were the pills that she had taken that night from Yasuda's bed. She had them still and she had seen Chung making the same pills. There was the man creeping to his rooms. She would wait for that man and force him to talk. And she would tell Siu-mei who it was that should marry her and would not.

SLOWLY through the hours her love for this man grew evil as a poison in her and with all her wild love turned to agony in her she swore herself against him whom she loved, and she was ready to die if she could only see him die first. . . .

Two days later Chung Third, coming to the hospital, felt himself seized by the sleeve outside the gate. It was dark and he was instantly afraid. He went afraid all the time now because Chen-ta was behaving so strangely that no one knew what he was going to do next. He ordered all his troops one way and yet, willfully at the last moment, at a moment now twice when Chung Third had already slipped out of the ranks,



"Let's go some place where we can't talk!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

FROM THE
CRADLE OF THE AIRLINERS
COMES THE World's
Largest Bomber

With a wing span greater than the height of a 17-story building the new Douglas B-19 carries a bomb load of 18 tons and can fly non-stop one third the way around the world. By serving the needs of both the Government and Civil Aviation, Douglas acquired the experience and vast facilities to make so great an airplane possible. Thus from the cradle of the airliners comes the world's largest bomber to help make America supreme in the air.

DOUGLAS

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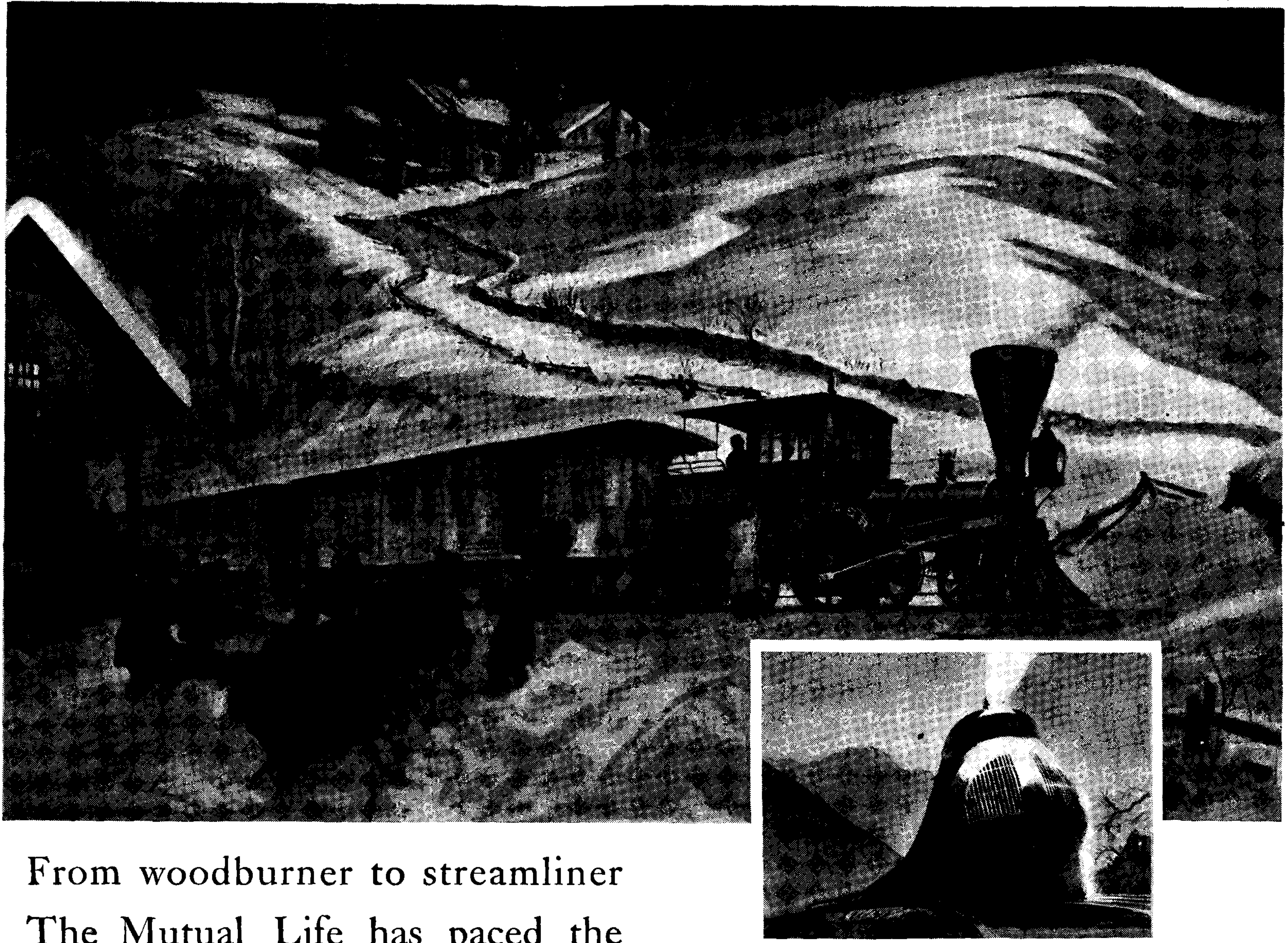


From woodburner to streamliner The Mutual Life has paced the progress of the nation

In that early era of American inventive genius that started the railroads on their transcontinental march, sent words by wire, and ships back and forth to Europe by steam — the humanitarian spirit of American democracy made possible the protection and security of the individual by the establishment of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

It was a truly democratic enterprise with the rewards shared by each and all; every policyholder participating in its cooperative benefits under his contract.

For 98 years this mutual company has kept pace with the progress of the country, offering millions the opportunity, through its agents, to plan their lives with point and purpose — encouraging thrift and enterprise — and from its accumulated funds, held in trust, helping to furnish this nation with the means to make it strong and great and prosperous.

Becoming a policyholder in this enterprise—with all the profit and protection it holds for you and your family—is an easy, forward step to take. Make your Mutual Life agent your counsellor — discuss with him your needs and obligations — let him draw up a program of insurance to fit you individually — and then put it in force. By this act you will be enlisting your best efforts for yourself and, in turn, for your country — for the independence you so achieve adds to the sum total of our democratic way of life and channels your savings, with those of other millions, into its further development and defense.

LEWIS W. DOUGLAS, President

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

"First in America"

Chen-ta changed all he had planned. When Chung Third returned to find his company none were there. Only by much questioning of the farmers and passers-by could he discover where Chen-ta was, and each time Chen-ta had seen that he was not where he should have been. He had had to find quick lies to save himself. Once he had said, "I misheard, Great One. I thought we were told to go south."

"It is strange that out of all my thousands of men only you misheard," Chen-ta had said.

Chung Third had not dared to let his eyes slip from the strong, black gaze that held them.

"I am only a common, useless fellow," he had stammered. "What I do is of no account to anyone."

"You are too humble for yourself," the Eagle had replied with strange emphasis.

SO THE next time Chung Third had tried to make a joke of it. When the Eagle sent for him to know why again he had been left behind he made a noise as like laughter as he could under the Eagle's terrible eyes.

"Great One, I saw a pretty woman last night—a willing-looking woman. Sir, I am a poor, weak, small man, so I gave in to her. You, sir, would not understand, but there are many like me." He made a noise like laughter again, but the Eagle stayed grave.

"If this happens once more, I will say there is one too many like you," he said distinctly.

"It shall not happen again," Chung Third had stammered. "Sir, I swear, however willing the women are I will look straight ahead."

"See that it is so," the Eagle had replied.

But Chung Third had gone out of that presence trembling like a bamboo leaf in a typhoon. He was, he felt, a mere nothing between these two strong ones, the Eagle and his own elder brother. But he feared the Eagle more and so he had determined with much groaning to go to his brother's once more and tell him where the Eagle would strike and then tell him that he was watched and could come no more. Now that he was near the hospital he felt himself so afraid that he was not sure if after all he did not fear his brother as much as the Eagle. It was at this moment that he had felt his sleeve taken and a light flashed upon his face.

"Let me go!" he squeaked like a rat, and, darting and turning, he tried to break free.

But the hand twisted itself into a knot in his sleeve.

"Be quiet!" He heard a woman's voice and was so astonished that he stood still. A woman! He felt less afraid. What could a woman do to him?

"You go to Chung doctor?"

In the reflected glow of the flashlight he saw her face. It was the ugly girl he had seen that night outside his brother's room. Fear went out of him.

"Why should I say I do or do not?" he retorted impudently.

"You are the one I saw before," she said. She flashed her light up and down the street. No one was near. She let the light go out and they stood in darkness.

"What if I am?" he retorted.

"Are you his friend or his enemy?" she asked.

Chung Third grinned into the night. "Neither—I am his brother."

She was struck silent by this. Chung's brother! She had not dreamed of it. Then he might be coming merely with family news. Yet if that were so—

"Why do you come in the night?" she asked.

"Because he bids me not come by day," Chung Third replied.

She thought desperately: "How can I bribe him to truth? With what can I pay him?"

"Are you younger or elder than your brother?" she asked.

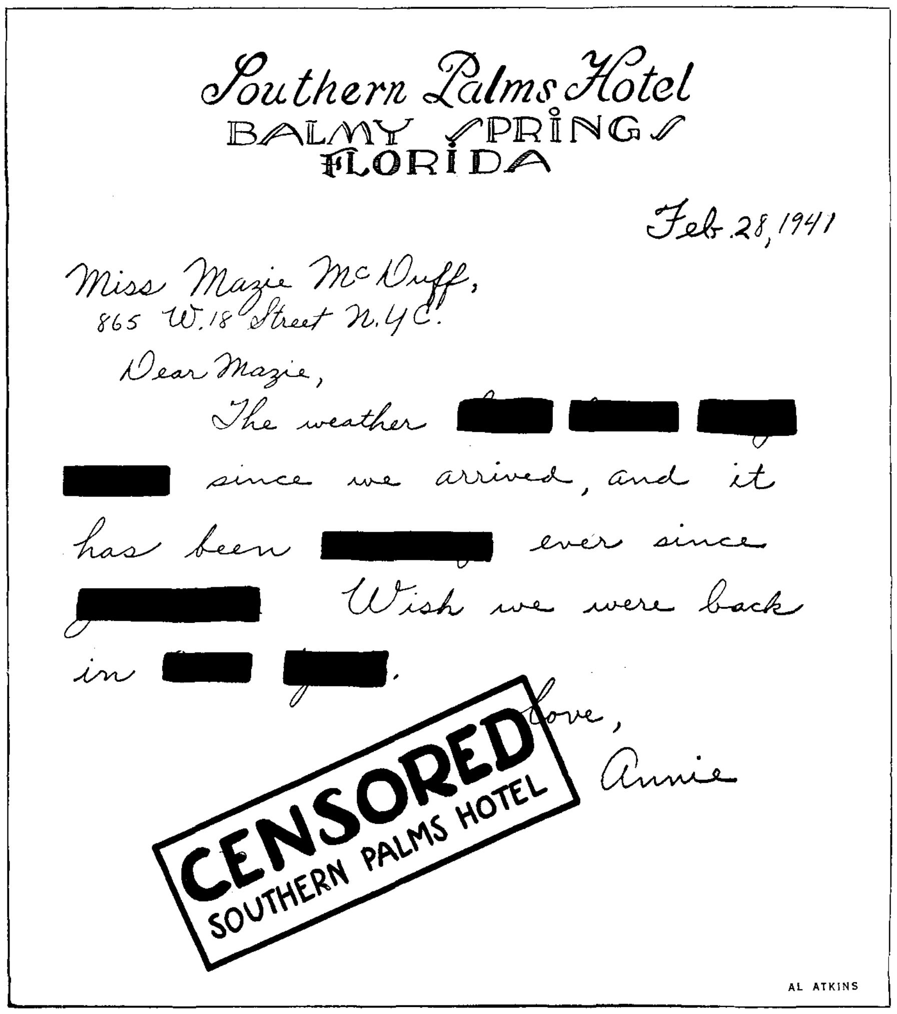
"Younger."

She hoped a little again. If this were a younger brother he would have reason to hate Chung. She made a great guess.

"The evil your brother does is known," she whispered. "I came to warn you."

Chung Third felt his sweat start. "Why warn me?" he faltered.

"Because—because why should an in-



Southern Palms Hotel
BALMY SPRINGS
FLORIDA

Feb. 28, 1941

Miss Mazie McDuff,
865 W. 18 Street N.Y.C.

Dear Mazie,

The weather [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] since we arrived, and it has been [redacted] ever since [redacted] Wish we were back in [redacted] [redacted].

Love,
Annie

AL ATKINS

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YOU WON'T HAVE TO COAX ME TO EAT THIS BRAN!
NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN DOUBLE MILLED

New **DOUBLE-MILLING** process refines texture of

NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

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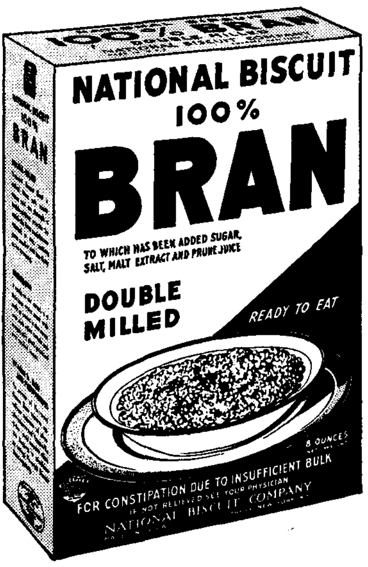
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods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DOUBLE MILLED
READY TO EAT

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AFTER ALL, we suspect you smoke a brand simply because you like it—the soundest and best reason of all.

ON THIS basis alone, we produced Chelsea—and utilized the best knowledge and experience that comes from 65 years of manufacturing quality tobacco products.

A GREAT many smokers report that Chelsea cigarettes have given them an entirely new pleasure in smoking.

MAYBE THEY will please you—maybe not. Possibly you will discover a new cigarette satisfaction.

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Chelseas are packed in 24's—4 extra to the package! A dividend of 40 extra to the carton. Chelseas are new! And if your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50* for a carton. Address: Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Virginia. Branch of Larus & Bro. Co.

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NEW Discovery Worms Dogs Without Danger of TOXIC POISONING!

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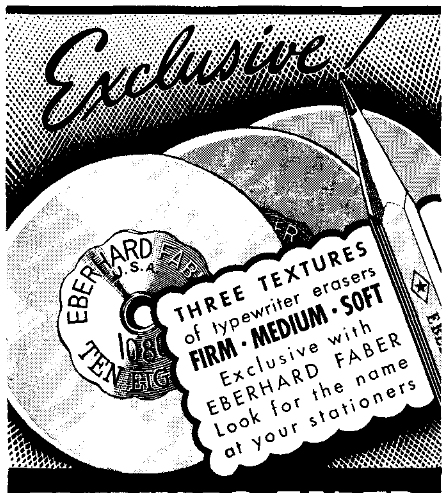
ONLY 25¢ GLOVER'S *Imperial* CAPSULES



EBERHARD FABER

Leadership IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

nocent man suffer with an evil one?" she replied.

"I am innocent, truly," he groaned.

"So, I came to tell you," she whispered. "Do not go near him tonight. You may be seized when he is seized."

"But—but I have something to tell him," Chung Third stammered. "I came all this way to tell him."

"Is it written down?"

"No, it is only in my mind."

"Then tell me, and I will tell him," she said.

Now Chung Third was divided against himself. He longed to tell her and be spared meeting his brother—and what if she spoke the truth? Besides, if he got away as early as this he might return to his place before the Eagle missed him. And yet, who was this woman?

"How do I know who you are?" he asked.

"Tell me what is in your mind," she said. "Tell me, for I know already what your brother is doing. Why should you die with him?"

Her voice in the night was terrifying to him—it was so strong, so willful. He was afraid of women, after all. Though he talked much of them among his fellows, he was frightened and silly when one spoke to him. Besides, did he not fear the Eagle more than his brother? The words he was holding in his mind burst out of him like firecrackers:

"Sha-wu Mountains, tell my elder brother. Tell him just those three words. And tell him the first night of the new moon and tell him that I do not know when I can come again. That is all." He gave one great wrench and left a piece of his cotton sleeve in her hand and ran through the dark streets like a fleeing dog.

And she threw down the rag and then picked it up again and rolled it into a ball in her hand and went creeping back through the gate she had left unbolted. She had all her weapons ready now. . . .

SARA, looking out of her window the next morning, saw Gray already out in his garden. She had not slept—had he, too, not slept? She stood, her silk robe clutched about her, her long hair down her back, and watched him. It was spring again, the lovely Chinese spring, so early green with willows, so early flowering with pear and plum blossoms. Gray was planting something in a little flower bed at the side of the steps. The early sunshine struck his face, half turned toward her, and she saw it clearly. Then he turned his face, she thought, toward her, as though he felt her gaze.

No, he was not looking at her. He was lifting his face to the sky, weighing, she knew, the day. Was it clear? Would it be a good day for flying? She could catch his question. So, too, did she question the sky each morning. He searched for a moment the cloudlessness of heaven and then she could all but hear him sigh as he went back to his work. And stopping often to watch that tall figure bent over its labor, she washed and dressed herself, content creeping into her in spite of all. For he was there and she was here, and the same wall encircled them, and was not that much for content? In a world so large he might have been somewhere and she here, and the wall between them. Whatever was, they were within call, within speech, within daily meeting. And today she would have to talk long with him, for she must tell him of Yasuda.

A little later in her living room she touched a bell when she had finished breakfast and when the amah appeared she said, "Tell Thomison doctor that when he has eaten I should like to talk with him over a matter."

"So," the old woman muttered, and trotted away.

She watched the amah approach Gray and give her message and saw Gray rise and dust the earth from his hands, and to her surprise saw him come at once. She ran downstairs to meet him at her office door.

He came in, his eyes very clear, the breath of morning fresh upon him.

"But have you had your breakfast?" she cried.

"Long ago," he said. "I couldn't sleep."

"Nor I," she said quickly. "The strangest thing, Gray—I hardly know how to tell you." And then she did tell him, wondering if she had made too much of that scene in the night. He would be impatient with her and call her feminine and prone to imagination.

But now he only listened to her gravely, his eyes fixed on hers.

"That is very serious," he said when she had finished, "certainly it is very serious. I don't like it at all." He sat frowning and thinking. This was the second inexplicable thing about Chung. This morning, alone at breakfast, Gray had asked Siao Fah suddenly:

"Does the mistress still have the letters from Chung doctor?"

He had asked Siao Fah against his own will, and yet he had had to know. And Siao Fah had answered steadily, "He brings them as he always did."

And then Gray had not been able to swallow another mouthful. He had flung down his napkin and had gone outdoors to work furiously in the garden, and when Sara's old woman had come he had followed her without going in to wake Louise with his kiss as he always did every other morning. He felt very far from Louise these days. His love was quivering and wounded. What did she hide, he asked himself, when he saw her bringing in her flowers to the hospital, when he saw her about his house, when she lay in his arms? Why did she not speak? But she did not.

Now here was Chung, looking at a map with the Japanese. A sinister business, if one believed in the sinister. But he did not. There was always a reasonable explanation to everything. If he could ever bring himself to ask Louise he would probably find it was all nothing—the letters. Delafield had been to the house at least twice since the night of the dinner, each time gay toward Louise and friendly to him. There was nothing to make anyone think—he frowned again and tried to fasten his mind upon this matter of Yasuda and Chung.

"I had better just go straight to Chung," he said. "It's my instinct to drag things out into the open. I'll just tell him you told me and ask him about it." He paused, thinking. But if he did that how could he keep from asking Chung about the letters? And he would ask no one about his own wife; Louise must tell him herself. He would not spy on her through another. "I'll just have a look at Yasuda first," he said. "If Yasuda is himself, I can get at it through him."

"That might be well," Sara said. "Shall I come with you?"

"Yes," he said.

TOGETHER they went to Yasuda's room. The door was opened to their knock by the nurse Ya-ching. She stood there in her clean blue uniform, her pale, pocked face expressionless.

"How is he?" Gray asked.

Ya-ching gave her little clucking bow. "Thomison doctor, he is as always."

"You mean he is unconscious again?" Sara demanded.

"If you speak loudly he can hear," Ya-ching replied.

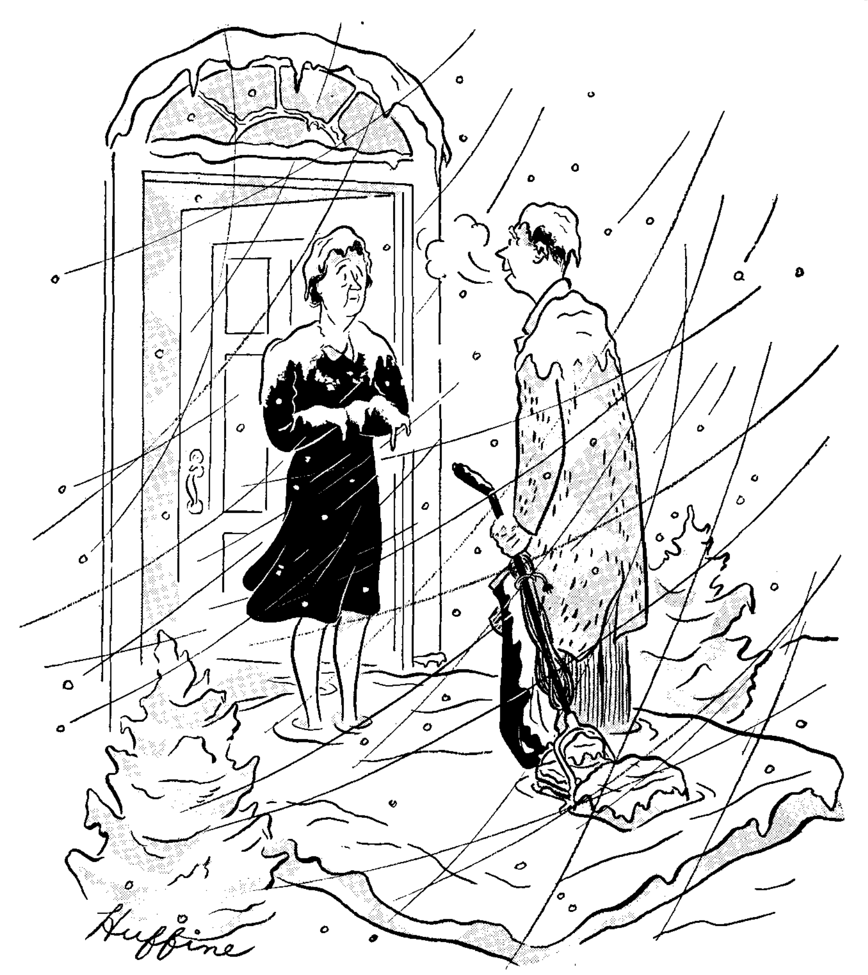
They went to the bed quickly. There Yasuda lay, his face upturned, his eyes half closed, his hands limply turned palms upward at his sides.

Gray took his wrists. "Pulse weak," he said after a moment. "Respiration not at all what it should be," he said a moment later. He lifted Yasuda's eyelids. "Look at this!" he bade Sara. She looked and saw Yasuda's eyes. They were petrified and unseeing, the balls turned down until only a rim of black showed in the white. Gray turned suddenly on Ya-ching.

"Was he like this all night?"

"All night," Ya-ching said.

"But I saw him myself in the night,"



"Well, I don't want to take up any more of your time, lady"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

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offers you these great New Achievements

Brilliant New Beauty! A world-famous designer creates for Frigidaire completely new concepts of a refrigerator as a beauty note in your kitchen!

More useful than ever! New food compartments—bigger and roomier! New *Frozen Storage Compartments* up to 74% bigger! Shelves adjustable to suit your needs. Even the six cu. ft. model selling for only $117.75* is *fully-fitted*, including Hydrator moist storage and Quickube ice service!

Uses less current! The bigger, roomier 1941 Frigidaire Sixes have 22 per cent more power to keep food better and freeze ice faster! Yet they *cost less to operate* than any previous comparable models.

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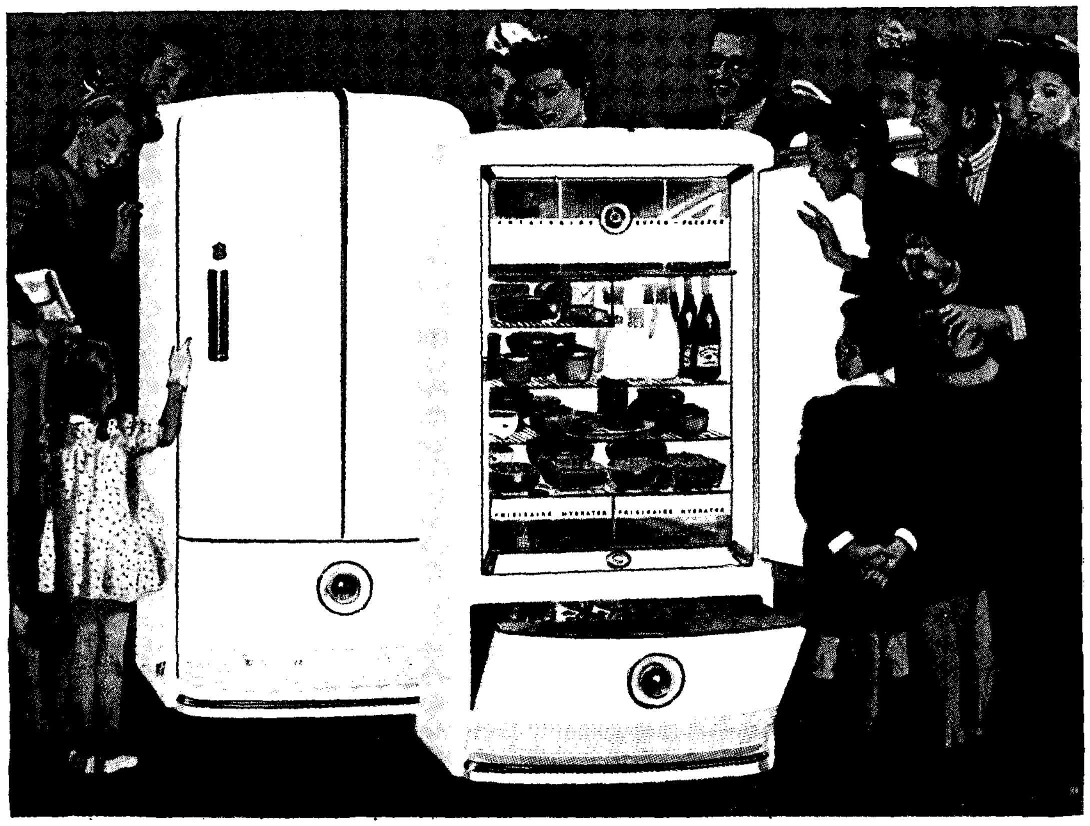
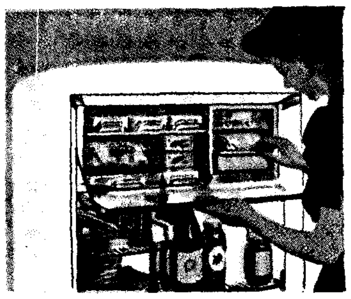


How Frigidaire Cold-Wall Models Preserve Vitamins and Keep Foods Better

Scientists have found that wilting and drying destroy vitamins... that *still*, moist, uniformly cold air preserves health-giving freshness. Air circulation which wilts and dries food is minimized in the unique Cold-Wall, because *the chilling coils are in the walls*, and the Cold-Wall compartment is sealed. You don't even have to cover foods in the Cold-Wall! See these basically different "refrigerators of tomorrow". . . see how they provide the scientifically correct storage for every kind of food.

Cold-Wall Prices from $\$167^{75}$*

Model Illustrated $\$204^{75}$*

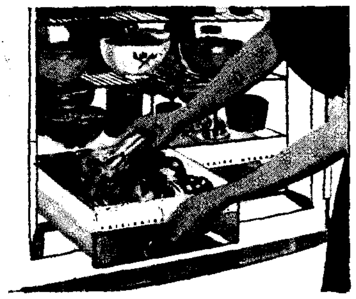


New! Super-Freezer Chest

Remarkable De Luxe Cold-Wall feature. Includes extra large section for frozen foods, and making ice and desserts. Also scientifically designed Meat Tender compartment. Door becomes convenient drop leaf shelf.

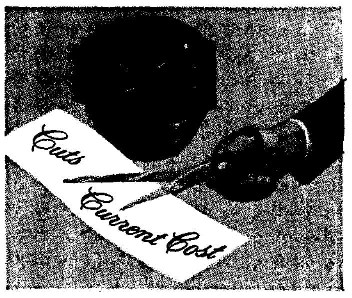
Exclusive Quickube Trays

Try them and you will agree that Quickube Trays are best. Both the trays and the cubes are released at a touch by *built-in* handles. No separate pry-bars or other gadgets to lose or misplace. Ice the instant you want it.



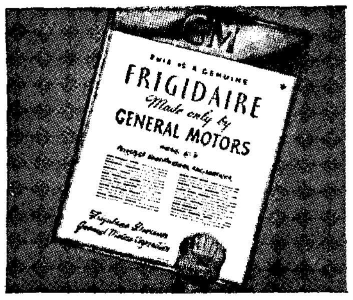
Sliding Hydrators

All fully-fitted 1941 Frigidaires have convenient sliding Hydrators—with glass tops in most models. They provide the *moist* cold that is needed to protect fruits, vegetables and other perishables.



Famous Meter-Miser

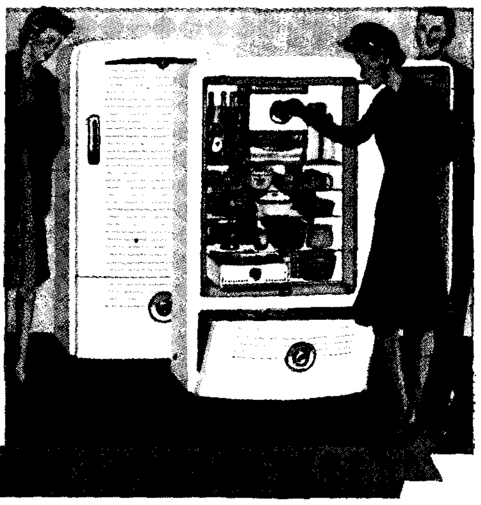
Nothing else like it! Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built insures permanent quietness and current savings. Super-powered. Sealed in steel. Never needs oiling. Cools with F-114, Frigidaire's exclusive, safe refrigerant.



You Know What You Get

Frigidaire attaches a new Facts Label to every 1941 Frigidaire. It gives the facts you want about the model's construction, capacity, features and performance. You know exactly what you get before you buy.

FULLY-FITTED S-6—A bargain price for a fully-fitted Frigidaire, packed with important features including Super-Powered Meter-Miser, the famous Quickube Trays, Double-Width Dessert Tray, Frozen Storage Space, Sliding Hydrator. It costs only . . . . . $\$117^{75}$*



FULLY-FITTED M-6—This model is called a "Six," but actually it has 6.9 cubic foot capacity, and 14.2 square feet of shelf space. Enough extra room for a big watermelon. Fully-fitted and with entirely new Fluted Front Design. A great new value at . . . . $\$142^{75}$*

For 1941, Frigidaire, world's largest refrigerator manufacturer, offers a new conception of what a refrigerator should do for you.

Even in lower priced models you will find brilliant advantages. For example: lower operating cost, faster ice freezing, more Frozen Storage space, new Meat Tender, Utility Storage compartments, Super-Powered Meter-Miser. Check your refrigerator—or any other one—against the 1941 Frigidaires. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio. Canadian Factory at Toronto.

JUST ONE CAUTION: Some stores may use the name *"Frigidaire"* loosely to identify other makes of refrigerators, and thus confuse the public. If a refrigerator does not bear the *"Frigidaire"* nameplate, it is *not* a *"Frigidaire,"* made only by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors. Only a *"Frigidaire"* offers you the advantages outlined in this advertisement. Be sure you visit a Frigidaire Dealer!

***IMPORTANT!** Prices quoted are Dayton, Ohio, delivered prices and include installation, Federal Taxes and 5-Year Protection Plan against service expense on the sealed-in mechanism. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra. **All prices subject to change without notice.** See your Frigidaire Dealer for local prices.

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC APPLIANCES—
REFRIGERATORS, RANGES,
AND WATER HEATERS

Buy the favorite – buy Frigidaire

... over 6 million built and sold

Sara cried, "and he was not like this."

"I saw him only like this," Ya-ching insisted.

"But you were not here all night," Sara said.

"It is true that for a little while Chung doctor stayed here and sent me away," Ya-ching replied.

"I came in then," Sara told her, "and he was not like this."

Ya-ching's face did not change. "As to that, I do not know," she said. "I do not know what he is when I am not here."

Not to these two would she give her weapons, she was thinking. She would use them first on Siu-mei. This morning she had seen the one last thing needed to whet her determination to its final height. She had seen Siu-mei and Chung meet upon the stairs, the one coming down and the other coming up, and she herself looking down on both from above. And she had seen them hesitate for a moment and then Chung had taken Siu-mei into his arms. Only for a moment it was, but it was eternity for her, watching from above. It was only a moment and Chung had gone on down and Siu-mei had run upstairs, her face rosy and smiling, and that beautiful smiling face had been the last thing needful for Ya-ching. She had wanted to scream and shriek and then she remembered her weapons. She could sever those two clean, one from the other, and she would.

UNDER the eyes of the two Americans she kept her face empty. They turned from it to look at each other.

"We had better talk this over before I see Chung," Gray said. He strode out of the room and Sara followed him. "Come to my office," he told her over his shoulder. She went down the hall behind him. A siren shrieked for an air raid, but neither of them heeded it. There was something closer to them, more terrifying to them than airplanes. There was something here in the hospital, some alien, enemy thing. And Gray, walking down the corridors to his office, was cutting away from himself everything except the cold determination to discover it. Whatever it cost him he would know. He shut the door behind Sara and turned the key in the lock.

"Sit down," he commanded her. And then he sat down behind his desk and, facing her across it, he told her:

"Sara, Chung is still bringing those letters to Louise." And when she leaned forward, her face instantly intent, he said, "What has Louise to do with Chung? When I find that out I'll have the truth."

He tore Louise out of the shelter of his heart with those words and held her there to examine as he might examine anyone in this office. "I've got to stop shielding her," he muttered. "I've got to know—not for my sake, but for the sake of—the hospital."

The long wail of the siren went on and they waited for it. Soon from where she sat facing the wide window and the rocky hills she would see the long, wavering line of people climbing to their caves again.

Chen-li was nearly all in ruins now. The packed houses of the city, centuries old, had fallen like children's blocks beneath the bombs, and acres of blazing fires had crumbled wooden pillars and beams. But the people came out of their caves and searched the ashes with their bare hands and rescued fragments of goods and furniture and in the ruins opened their little shops again to sell a few loaves, a handful of cake, a half-dozen cans of American milk, a basket of damaged oranges, and from the country farmers brought their vegetables and fruits every day and from the river the fishermen their fish, and they stuck their flags into piles of broken brick and cried their wares until the air-raid warning came yet again.

Sara's eyes filled with tears suddenly and Gray saw and was shaken to the bottom of his being. He had often seen Louise cry. Her pretty eyes filled easily and he had come now to realize that those tears lay just under her eyelids, very close to the surface, very ready for her use.

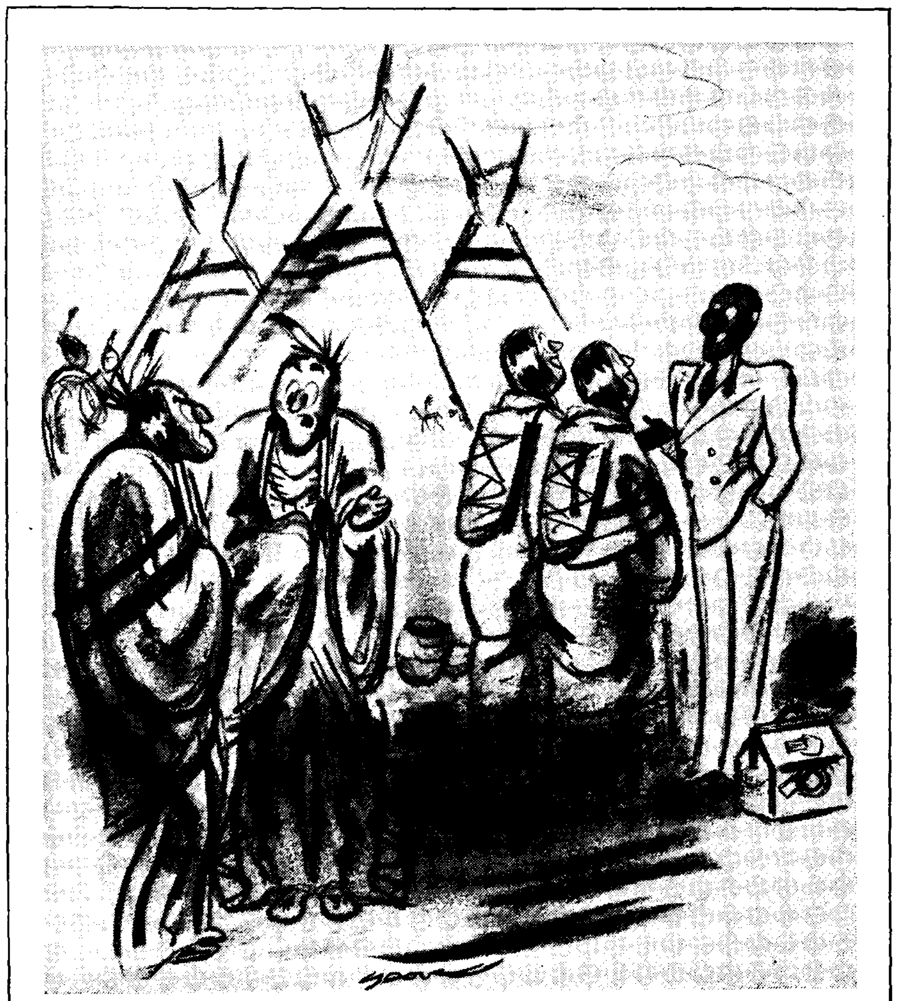
Last night she had been angry with Siao Fah for disobedience. His mind flashed back over the tempestuous little scene, so like many another. She had ordered roast duck for dinner, and Siao Fah had bought pheasant again, because, he said when Gray sternly questioned him, he knew his master liked pheasant better than duck.

GRAY had laughed. "You oughtn't to mind that," he said to Louise. But Louise had flown into inexplicable anger, had leaped up and run from the room and when he followed her she was crying. He had taken her in his arms.

"You always side with Siao Fah," she had sobbed on his breast.

"No, I don't, darling," he had said humbly, "but why hurt his feelings when he is so faithful?"

"Faithful only to you!" she had cried in real fury. And then she had made her old complaint against him, her real complaint, the cry with which she carried on all their quarrels into one great quarrel. "You will do anything for a Chinese—you sacrifice everything to them, even me!" This was what lay between him and Louise, like a great and immovable stone. He had long ceased to give her any answer, and he gave her none last night. He had simply held her until she had stopped crying.



"No sooner does he get back from his trip to Miami than he begins calling __us__ 'Paleface'!" LEONARD DOVE

But he had never seen Sara cry.

"Sara, don't—" he stopped and turned his eyes away from her quivering face. He had never seen her as anything but his comrade, steady and courageous and gay.

"Don't mind me," she said brokenly. "I'm not crying for any—particular reason. I mean, when I saw the people beginning to climb those hills again—I just began to cry, senselessly."

He wheeled his chair to face those hills and they sat in silence watching. The second warning sounded and the long, thin blue line of people thickened. It was a glorious day, a warm, swelling, bursting sort of day, when leaves were unfolding quickly and bamboo shoots pressing upward and blossoms opening in an hour or two. But the people were hurrying underground.

"Here we sit," she said fiercely, the tears running down her cheeks, "perfectly safe, perfectly helpless, not knowing what to do! After the raid is over the wounded will simply—lie in the ruins. They won't come to us. They'd rather die than come to us. Gray—I haven't dared tell you. But two days ago I went out into the streets to—to them after the raid. I took some first-aid stuff."

"They wouldn't let you touch them," Gray broke in.

"How did you know?" She wiped her eyes.

"Because I've tried it myself," he said grimly.

IT WAS true. Each alone had gone out, not able to bear the knowledge of suffering. And each had come back.

"Thank you, thank you," one after the other of the people had said. "We need nothing, we thank you." So even a dying man had spoken to Gray as he stood beside him and said with such dignity of death at hand that Gray had not been able to serve the man against his will, even against death.

"Gray, what shall we do?" Sara rose and came to his side and stood there and he rose, too, and stood, and they watched the thing they had watched so often before. But this time it was new and terrible to them as it had never been before. They had no part in it. That was the horror of this moment. They were here and useless. Without their knowledge they had been made enemies of all that they loved.

The airplanes were thick in the sky now, coming in threes, in sixes and nines, over the old city. The bombs dropped and bursts of fire followed quickly, like fountains of flame set free. Black clouds of smoke rolled out and the sunlight dimmed. The hills were hidden and they were in the midst of darkness divided by tongues of fire reaching into the sky.

Someone rattled the door and found it locked, but they paid no heed to it and whoever it was went away again. Gray thought of Louise a quick moment and as though she had caught his thought Sara said:

"You were speaking of Louise."

"Never mind," he answered. "It doesn't matter—nothing matters. Anyway, she's as safe—as we are."

What mattered in the world except what they now saw before them? For suddenly out of those rolling clouds three enemy planes appeared and above them one small Chinese plane. This small plane dove down beneath the large ones like an angry insect, and then flew upward. From its jaws they could see against the black clouds two tiny jets of fire. They were the two small machine guns which must fire upward into the belly of their prey to wound it.

"Sara, look!" Gray shouted. The small plane had darted up to entangle the very wings of its enemy and they saw two planes out of the three falter and flutter downward. And then the smoke rolled over the incredible scene again and curtained it. And they turned to each other, gasping and laughing and sobbing and crying out broken words to each other:

"Gray, did you ever *see* such—" "It's not to be believed—it's the sort of thing that makes you want to go out and tear yourself to pieces for them!" "We've just *got* to—" "You bet we will—nothing else will do—"

THEY seized each other in joy and exultation and suffering and wild worship for all that was brave and reckless and good and in that great flood they flung themselves into each other's arms, forgetting their separate beings and made one by this joy which was bigger than they. She was in his arms and her arms were about him and cheek was pressed to cheek while they cried out to each other. And then suddenly each was aware of the other. The world in the midst of which they had stood lost a second before ebbed away in great waves. They were themselves, alone, nothing around them.

She thought, "What I knew would never happen has happened!"

But he could not think. He could only feel her in his arms—Sara, the woman he had never thought of loving. But he did love her. Now he knew he loved her. Oh, all the trouble this was going to be! He groaned at the thought of it, the terrible, tangling trouble of it! But he could not let her go out of his arms. He had never felt such straight, simple satisfaction in his life before as he did now, with her in his arms.

"This is going to be a lot of trouble," he muttered, staring down at her.

She looked up at him, her lovely face flushed, her eyes dark, her lips parted. "Let me go," she whispered.

But he could not. To have her in his arms was suddenly all he wanted in the world. "I can't," he said. And seeing her lips for the first time in his life for what they were, he bent and kissed them.

And after a long time she said, "What are we going to do, Gray?"

And he said, "I don't know."

But he did not let her go, and she did not take her arms away from him.

(To be continued next week)

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. . . for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette . . . *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes . . . *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

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No car has ever carried the Ford idea quite so far

THE FORD BUSINESS started as a man and an idea. Today, on River Rouge, thousands of well-paid Ford workers wield the tools and vast resources of one of the greatest of all industrial plants. Here we build cars in what is known as "the Ford way."

It is a way of great efficiency, in a plant so complete that raw ore may find itself a precision-finished fine steel part in a new Ford car in as little time as 28 hours from start to finish! And the economies we make along the way are passed along to you who buy our cars.

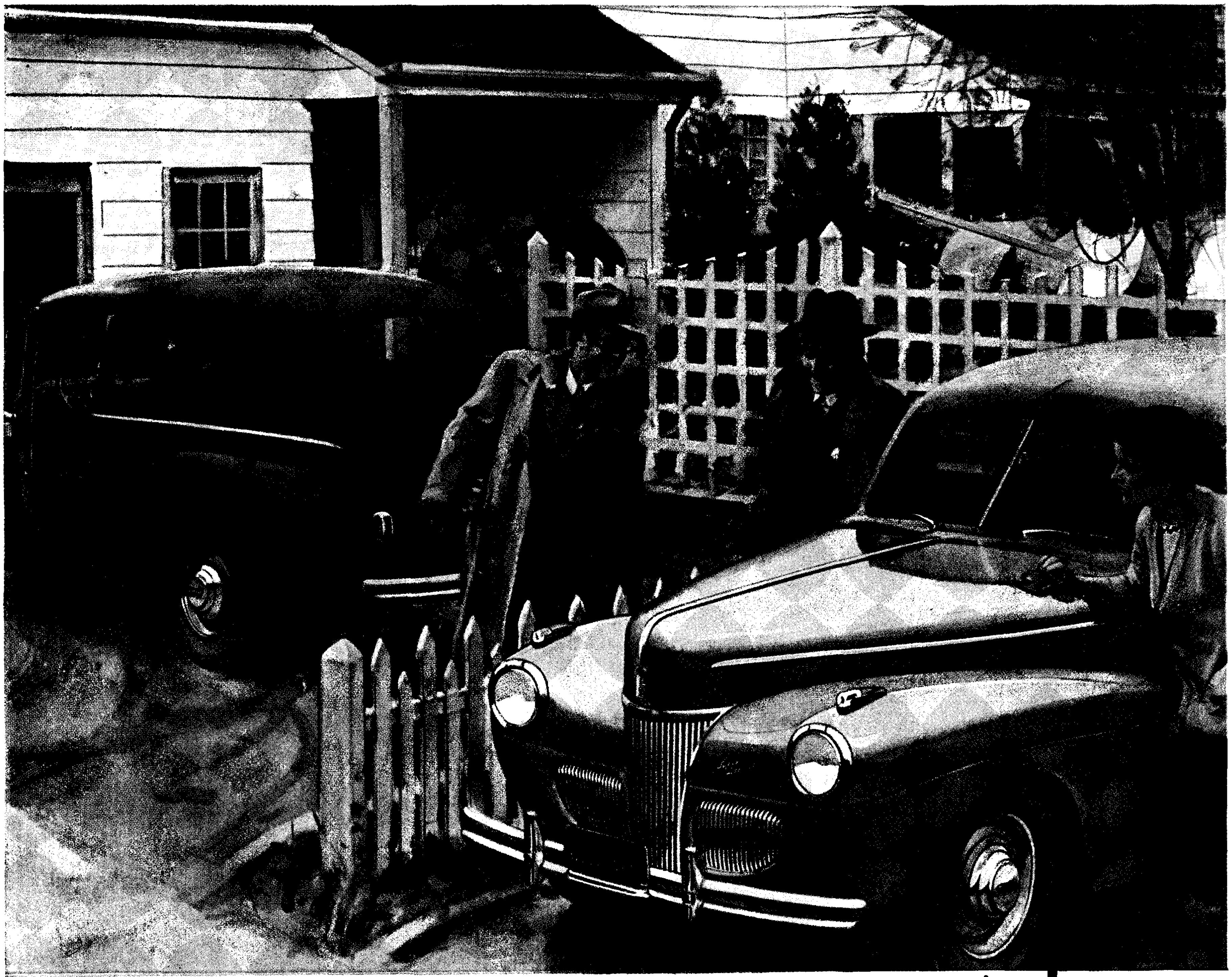
It is a way of quality, producing many *extra*-fine materials which are built into your Ford car at no extra cost to you.

It is a way in which we take one small profit on each car, so that more of the price you pay goes into the *car* you drive.

At your Ford dealer's now is a car that shows the benefits to you of this Ford way as no car we've ever made before has done. It is the product of our 39th car-building year. Behind it are over 28 million Ford cars.

Its size, comfort, quietness, beauty and driving ease surpass anything *we* have done before. How it compares with what others do, we leave to your own judgment.

We know that we have built it to stand out, and its owners tell us that it does.



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

POWER WITH ECONOMY. The Ford engine leads the low-price field in horsepower; holds many records for economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased *all around* to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

No Norwegians for Sale

By Elmer W. [illegible]

Tough little Norwa[illegible] its Nazi "protectio[illegible] boulder tumbles [illegible] onto a railroad, ju[illegible] German troop tr[illegible] speaker is turned [illegible] ling meeting, exp[illegible] cealed bomb. An[illegible] could do to Quis[illegible]

GERMAN LIBRARY OF INFORMATION

Norwegian children fraternize with Luftwaffe pilots in this obviously posed propaganda photograph to suggest good feeling in smoldering Norway. German-edited legend says: "The best feelings exist between the Norwegian population and German soldiers. Here a trial is being made to see whether the flier's boot will fit a ski-binding"

THE afternoon crowds that jostle you along the Karl Johansgatan promenade in Oslo appear gay and carefree enough. The restaurants are filled, and the *akkevit* glasses as well. Students argue as always over coffee and cigarettes at their favorite cafés. Tramcars carry their familiar loads of racked skis on their way to the slopes at Holmenkollen, just outside the city.

The smoke of home fires curls peacefully into the early darkness of a Scandinavian winter day. It's a scene typical of the Norway of today that you find at first glance—the Norway that German propaganda wants you to accept as indicative of the "new order of things" for this North Europe kingdom.

It's the Norway which knew its own private hell last April, but where the physical wounds of war are more or less healed by this time through reconstruction of roads, bridges, buildings, with the exception of such places as Namsos and Narvik. The men who fought for Norway last spring have long since come back to farm and desk, and the graves of the ones who died fighting are marked with crosses that have roughened from months of wind and rain and snow. It's the Norway you are forced to see, and write about, if you write from inside the country itself, under the pressure and rules of German censorship.

But there's another Norway behind this too obvious serenity of life—something rough and vigorous and bold, with age-old patience to hold it all together. This is the Norway of passive defiance to Nazi rule, with cold anger visible beneath the surface. This is the Norway that looks to the future, with its own contempt for its own immediate past. This is the Norway born of bombs and of brutal invasion by land and sea; of seeing an effort made, by command from Berlin, to sweep away long-cherished ideas of self-government and self-determination.

It's symbolized by such things as the cold, stiff body of a German soldier being dragged from a canal, with rifle and cartridge belt missing. A new Norway, yes, but not in the way the Germans speak of it.

For this is a nation, you realize, that must of necessity do things slowly, but well. This is a nation that now taps its toe, figuratively, while holding its anger in check, because expediency must be considered. This is a nation to be understood, not judged casually, and engaged in a unique form of passive internal revolt. A nation slow to anger, but potentially terrible in its wrath. This grows in your mind as you rub shoulders with German officers and soldiers whose booted heels strike sharply on the sidewalks; whose greetings of "Heil Hitler!" seem to hang endlessly in the crisp air.

You follow along, past posters denouncing "British-Jewish World Sickness" and proclaiming a "New Norway" and turn into a restaurant. Oslo citizens are indulging their habit of one big meal a day—late in the afternoon. You feel the unspoken antagonism as a German officer comes in. It's something—this antagonism—that has to do, you feel, with that rigid, water-soaked body of that German soldier.

Irritations and Annoyances

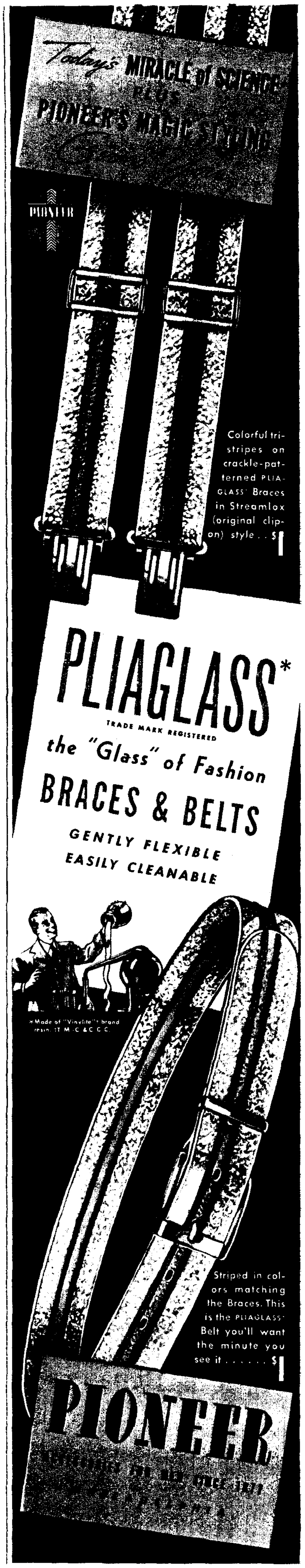
You watch closely as the officer sits down at a table where Norwegians are eating, and you feel no surprise when the Norwegians rise to their feet and leave the restaurant, their food unfinished. When you think it over, it's only what you expected to see. For all manner of things are happening in Norway today, you discover, as you go on, and they are things that scar the edges and poison the plan and purpose of the German program for Norway.

Briefly stated, a new program of resistance to German occupation is under way in this mountainous western side of the Scandinavian peninsula. It's a program that irritates and annoys the Germans, because it's different from anything they've encountered. It's building up steadily, with all the well-known ingredients of passive resistance, civil disobedience, violence and sabotage—plus a novelty of Norwegian invention.

This novelty has to do with method and attitude, rather than plan. If you think of a man being attacked at a complete disadvantage, but being passively contemptuous of the whole proceeding, you get an idea of it all. If you think of a people who accept domination because they must, but who feel superior to the people who have forced their way in, you begin to understand.

It's a form of passive as well as active civil war. And it's pinned to a new red-letter day in Norwegian history. For September 25, 1940, has been added to April 9th of last year as an unforgettable reminder of the German interruption of all Norwegians' belief that they have a right to govern themselves as they think best.

It was on that day that Germany found it necessary, from the German viewpoint, to "depose" King Haakon, dissolve the former Norwegian political parties, give the backing of force to the National Concentration Nazi group of Major Vidkun Quisling and otherwise take a most effective punch at the former way of things in Norway. That was the end of Part One of the Norwegian drama which began when the Nazis threw their heavy Junkers and parachute troops and mechanized columns against Haakon's people with the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Striped in colors matching the Braces. This is the PLIAGLASS* Belt you'll want the minute you see it $1
PIONEER

Money can buy no

FINER BOURBON

than the one that bears this signature

Words just can't describe the goodness of Old Taylor. You have to taste this magnificent whiskey to know how truly fine a Kentucky bourbon can be. But once you do, you'll understand why a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed it with his name.

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New York

This is the home of Old Taylor, and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

excuse of "protecting" them from the British.

It marked the end of whatever hopes the Norwegians had of retaining even a measure of independence of thought and action under German control. It was a new jolt to Norwegian mentality because it struck at the very foundations of the democratic traditions that made Norway a free nation at the beginning of this century. Thus it did a first-class job of clearing away doubts and illusions and confusion. It eliminated talk of compromise with Nazi ideas. It brought the Norwegians back to fundamentals, and a new unity, by accentuating, through complete loss, the ideals and principles of the old order.

What you see and hear in Norway today is Part Two of the German occupation, as far as the Norwegians are concerned, and it's going to end in a very definite amount of trouble. What you have now is a resurgence of Norwegian spirit under new stimulus.

Today, you find 2,900,000 Norwegians, excluding the handful who support Nazi control, nursing a steadily developing hatred and resentment—and scheming to give it expression. You find that a nation which reacted in horror at the thought of war and killing, in keeping with Scandinavian attitudes, is beginning to taste blood again, after the slump in spirits which followed the collapse of Norwegian military resistance, the German invasion of the Low Countries and the surrender of France.

The Germans, on the other hand, are learning that the civilized Norwegians have a nice, primitive touch about them as they react from the defeatism, the complacency, the inefficiency that aided the German occupation of Norway last spring. And this is not as surprising as you may think. The Norwegians have showed themselves a progressive people, as members of that "highly improved" state of society that was essentially Scandinavian. But there are old men in Norway who can tell from personal experience of days when men from adjoining valleys met to settle their grudge quarrels in fights to death with fists, knives and clubs.

Acceptance without Endorsement

That violence still lingers in the Norwegian temperament, but not on the surface. It has to be developed, with the patient thoroughness so typical of all Scandinavian endeavor. German propagandists who boast that the Norwegian public accepted "without violence" the sweeping changes of last September are being misleading with a purpose. Your real Norwegian replies that a man with a gun in his stomach cannot be said to have "accepted" the theft of his pocketbook.

Consider all this and it's not surprising to find Norwegian jails now crowded with persons arrested at anti-Nazi demonstrations, or to learn that people have been killed in riots—Sven Erik Rolf, for example, son of the famed stage producer, Ernst Rolf. Young Rolf, an ardent Quisling supporter, was beaten to death by an angry crowd at a political meeting.

Sabotage spreads, although still limited, because of the overwhelming possibility of punishment in which innocents may suffer. And old-time conditions of revolt no longer pertain, after all. Not with machine guns on the ground and airplanes overhead, and with an army of 300,000 Germans in a country of less than 3,000,000 population.

But it does happen that a consignment of fish for Germany is spoiled through improper refrigeration. It does happen that a large stone tumbles onto a railway track, and soldiers of a German troop train must heave it out of the way, with gratitude for the efficiency of the locomotive engineer. While at a meeting of Quisling Nazis—under German protection, for never was a political group more carefully shepherded—the loud-speaker bursts under the force of a small but effective dynamite bomb concealed in the mechanism. And the explosion is the signal for a demonstration at which fire hoses are used to restore order.

In Oslo today you have only to read the censored press to obtain an accurate comprehension of how this tendency toward violence is growing. You read that police have recovered the body of a well-known skater from a lake. A good athlete has died, and the wound on his head did not come from an accidental fall. The dead man was an outspoken supporter of the German-backed Quisling government.

You learn that a young man known to be a Nazi sympathizer has disappeared. At a small-town hospital a doctor is summoned to treat a man so heavily beaten about the face as to be almost unrecognizable. No questions are asked, and the victim offers no explanation. He fears further punishment.

Take It or Leave It

There's a vicious sort of humor about it all, as well as a courageous facing of facts. As the Norwegian dips back into traditions of courage to revive a bold spirit, he emerges as well with an ability to outwit the men who represent Germany's new setup in Norway. Out of bitter circumstance he takes refuge in ingenuity.

An official of one of Norway's golf clubs told me of a telephoned request for permission for officers of the German Reichwehr to play on the club links.

"We cannot comply," replied the golf official. "The club has ruled only recently that no visitors, of any nationality whatsoever, are to be admitted to the club."

"We should dislike to command you." The voice on the telephone sharpened. Being referred to always as "visitors" is something that gets under the skin of the Germans.

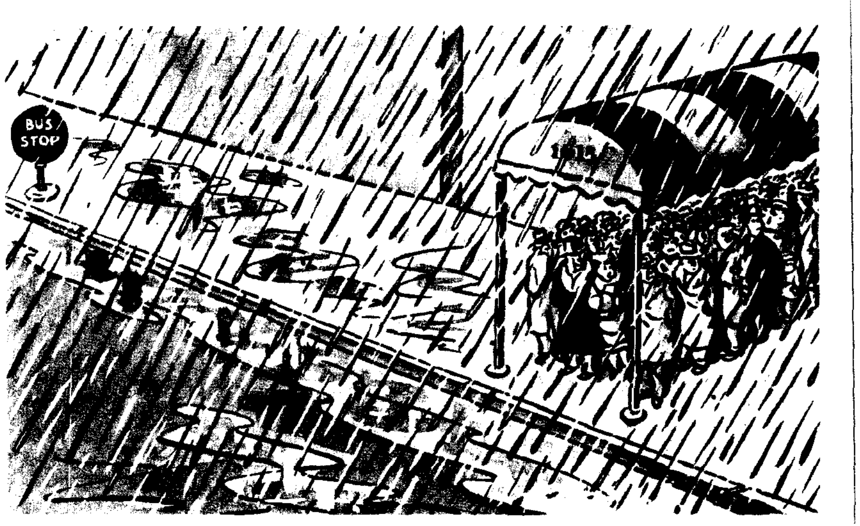
"If you do command us," said the Norwegian, "the club will be turned over to you completely, including full responsibility for upkeep."

"I shall consult with my superiors," said the spokesman from the German armed forces in Norway.

That evening the directors of the club met in emergency session. The next day workmen began plowing up the course—for use as potato fields. An announcement was issued. It stated that the club had decided to forego golf in the interests of contribution to Norway's food supply. German officers, angered but helpless, put away their golf clubs. The Norwegians had won another tilt in their program of what can only be described as cold-shouldering the German army and officials in Norway.

And for a touch of ironic humor, at which the old Vikings resting now in Valhalla must have chuckled, there's the incident in which General von Falkenhorst, chief of the German army in Norway, visited the Hotel Berge in Bergen and found, neatly displayed on a table in the lobby, two copies of the London Times from only two days before. Nothing, it's said, could have angered the German general more. Where those newspapers came from, whether from a British submarine or war vessel, ferried in by a Norwegian fishing boat, was never revealed.

To understand this prevailing resistance and passive defiance of the Norwegians, and their delay in getting it started, it's necessary to go back to last April. True enough, there was a certain complacency about the Norwegians then. It was the product of geographical



ocation, of having been a spectator naion during the World War, of open conact to the west through the Atlantic eaboard, of social-democratic theories nd the unwillingness of dominant govrnment parties to arm seriously. It vas a soft nation, as one now judges it gainst the background of a warring urope, that awoke to the challenge of a erman invasion. It was a soft people vho fled in panic from Oslo. But soft n the surface only, and in the manner hat absence of hatreds and desire for eace can achieve softness.

Recall the "Are They too Civilized o Kill?" pictures of Norwegian soldiers n battle with the Germans. No one can leny, however, that in the end the Norvegians proved that the fighting instinct vas still there. What was necessary, it ecame apparent, was that the ringside ell had to clang long and loud.

Disdain as a Weapon

To the Norwegian civilian population he escape from defeatism came slower. I talked with Norwegians who, weeks after the German attack, in their hearts regarded the resistance as a mistake although their army was still fighting in the north. The fact remains, however, that the first effort of Quisling to form a Nazi government in Norway lasted only five days.

But the spirit of the civilian population slumped as German victories spread, not only in Norway but later on the Continent. To hope seemed useless. Britain appeared doomed. Black gloom spread through Norway, but that gloom lifted as the resistance of the British manifested itself.

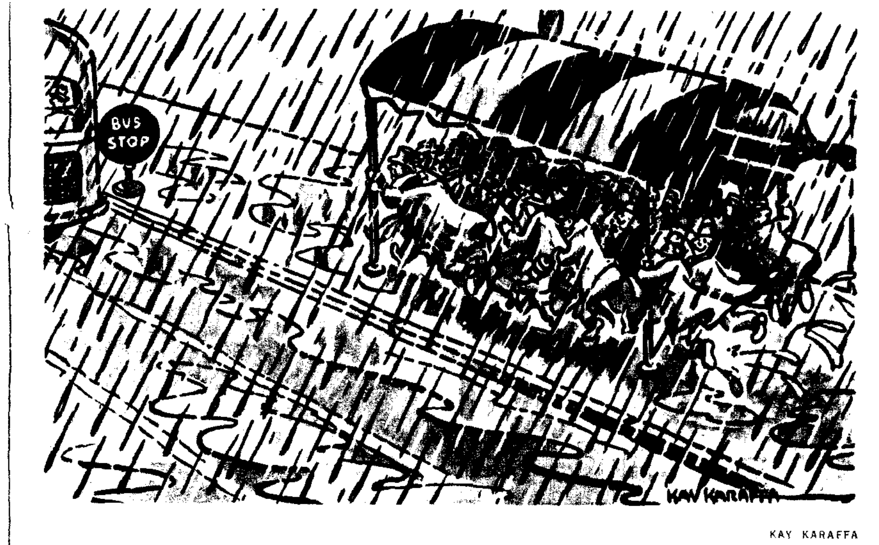
Through these dark months, however, the Norwegian, favored by a self-government tradition in which community rule has been emphasized, managed to develop a program of resistance. He refused, except under compulsion, to speak with Germans. Norwegian boys lost no time in organizing a campaign to scissor the hair off Norwegian girls who associated with German soldiers. In one community a citizen was arrested for displaying a "sullen" attitude. The other residents took to passing Germans on the street with a broad grin that infuriated the "tourists."

If the Germans expected to develop a pleasant social life in Norway, with people of blue-ribbon standards as far as being Nordic and Aryan is concerned, they have been greatly disappointed. They encounter nothing but social disdain. German officers who requisition living quarters in luxurious homes — a common practice — usually find themselves in possession of the entire house.

In vain have the Germans tried to overcome this program of making them feel like social lepers. Only small children and irresponsible hangers-on listen to the military band which plays outside the Parliament building at noon each day, in an effort to charm the Norwegians with music. And when the band marches away, the small boys are likely to trot along singing, "Thieves, thieves, who stole our Fatherland," in untutored adaptation of an old song. The only spectators along the flag-decked street when Goebbels arrived in Oslo were German soldiers, although streets only two blocks away were crowded with pedestrians.

Meanwhile, the affection of the Norwegian public for the king and royal family reached a new level after the Germans announced, last September 25th, that the Norwegians no longer had a king. German propagandists emphasized that the Norwegians accepted "without protest" this dethronement of their monarch. But the Quisling regime has found it necessary to issue a decree making it punishable by up to three years' imprisonment to write or speak publicly about King Haakon.

At a recent benefit performance in Oslo for a retiring actress, the audience saw a member of the Quisling govern-



KAY KARAFFA

THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA—

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
TRUE SMOKING PLEASURE—WITHOUT SMOKING PENALTIES!

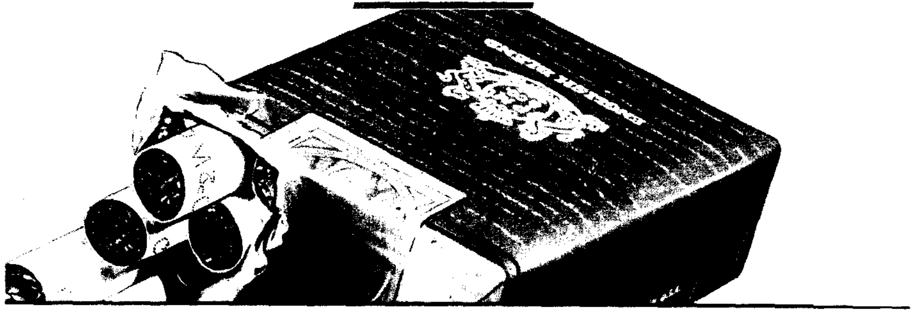
Do You Inhale?
All smokers do—some of the time

IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale — consciously or unconsciously—there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital—long known to eminent medical authorities:

4 other leading brands of cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and further, the irritation was found to last more than five times as long!

So—especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris—complete smoking pleasure, unmarred by throat irritation! Philip Morris' superiority for the nose and throat is recognized by eminent medical authorities: no other cigarette can make that statement!

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

ment and his party enter the royal box. The audience didn't hesitate. They came to their feet, hurled everything they had at the people in the royal box, from umbrellas to rolled-up programs, and left the theater.

At a football game, a sport often attended by Haakon, the spectators, in keeping with old custom, began singing the King's Song as though heralding the entrance of the king. Through loudspeakers the German officials practically threatened death to the entire assembly. For the words of the King's Song are sung to the same tune as the British national anthem.

Fruitlessly, the Germans try to turn aside this affection for king and royal family. That Haakon has been "deposed" only makes the Norwegians chuckle. And in Norway there exists good proof today of the success of monarchy as the Scandinavian peoples have indulged it. If a royal family before satisfied the need for poesy in the life of the Norwegians, it stands now as a symbol of a way of life that has been lost to aggression.

Norway Bides Its Time

The German propagandists, working through the Quisling government, are no more successful in their unrelenting efforts to win over the Norwegians to Nazi ideology. They have had some success, but only where force and compulsion can have full effect. Of Quisling himself it can be said that most Norwegians would hate him more if their hatred were not so tempered by amusement. There have been various rumors, so far not confirmed, of attempts on Quisling's life. Known Quislingites are careful where they walk. And the Germans themselves realize that this former Norwegian army officer, with his heavy, nonclassical features, his posturing in a manner most reminiscent of Hitler, has no hold on the sympathies of the Norwegian people. That he has been unable to bring men of any real standing and repute into his government is even more to the point. In the last election to the Stortinget (parliament) in 1936, Quisling's party polled only 26,000 votes or about 2 per cent of the total. In some areas today anti-Quisling posters are being slapped up faster than the police can take them down—when the police bother about it.

Where will it all lead to—this growing campaign of the Norwegians against their German invaders?

First, to a further development of the very spirit of resistance, and the development as well of real underground direction, so far lacking.

Second, an increase in active resistance, as circumstances permit.

Third, and most important at the moment, a continuation of the passive defiance that sees trade unions dissolving voluntarily, trained civil servants resigning, and educators refusing to accept Nazi doctrine in training the young.

The Norwegian workman, whose political training has been such that he can only dimly comprehend the Nazi idea of things, is contributing his share by doing just enough work to get by. He feels that his trade unions, his self-organized role as a worker, are finished. In education a program of eliminating teachers and professors who do not accept Nazi ideology and method has led to riots, demonstrations, arrests. It brought the suspension of a class of nine-year-old boys. They hurled their ink pots at a photograph of Quisling.

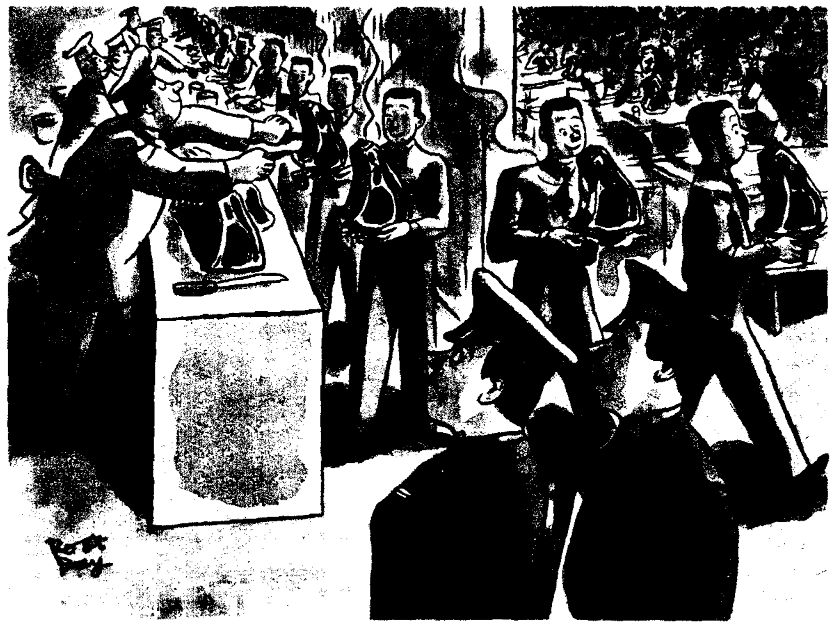
Yes, the 1941 Norwegian is different in many ways, although it can be said that it's just the real Norwegian emerging. He hears Quisling shout that no Norwegian "has the right to believe or wish that Britain will win the war—because that is high treason," but he listens to British broadcasts religiously, and chuckles when Quisling's own newspaper declares there is secret radio contact for military information between Norway and Britain.

He only smiles at Quisling propaganda to the effect that Norway's own "living space" includes Greenland and Iceland. He explains with pride how Norwegian youths are training secretly, even though, obviously, it doesn't mean a thing as yet against the German strength in Norway; how guns are dug out of the ground at night, to be oiled and put back again; how British submarines can move about the Norwegian coast and always be sure of a helping hand for fresh water and food if needed.

He listens to German threats that Norway will lose her independence in government completely—be made a protectorate—if Quisling is not supported, but he knows the Germans are confessing failure when they must make such threats. That's why, months after the German invasion, a Stavanger newspaper dared to print an editorial titled "No Norwegians For Sale," although it brought, as the editors knew it would, the arrest of the entire editorial staff.

There's plenty of evidence that this is true today—that Norwegians are not for sale.

Not to Germany.



"It's his own idea. He's tired of the men asking for seconds"

ROBERT DAY

Setting the fashion

Blackie: "Everybody's looking at us, Whitey"

Whitey: "Naturally, Blackie—we're setting the fashion"

FINE OLD SCOTCH BLACK & WHITE BUCHANAN'S GLASGOW
By Appointment to the late King George V.
BLACK & WHITE
FINE OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 8 YEARS OLD

● It takes individuality to set a fashion. That's why Black & White is the order of the day. For this great Scotch has character—distinguished by magnificent flavor and rare bouquet. So if you want complete satisfaction in Scotch—follow the fashion—ask for Black & White.

EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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Our New Army

Continued from page 12

checked for communicable diseases he's signed up at the reception center, where his identity, family history and Army number are listed at the top of a twelve-inch-square master file card. On this card an interviewing group of college-trained men list, among other things, a complete record of his education, skills, past employers, hobbies, favorite sports and previous military experience; and they wind up by asking him what type of duty he wants. Officers and enlisted men then go into a huddle and classify our man for one of the 266 specialist Army jobs. If he hasn't any special skill or ability, as the majority haven't, he's marked as a basic trainee—ordinary doughboy.

Along the edge of the card are punched 158 little round holes. As the card is completed and classified a clerk punches a slot or slots from certain holes, out to the edge, each slot representing a skill or ability.

Now. Let's suppose the 7th Corps Area headquarters wants an accountant. A clerk takes all the cards out of the file, racks them neatly together in a little drawer, pokes a combination of steel needles through a combination of holes in the cards, then picks up the whole business. The right cards fall away from the rest of the file and the available accountants end up in the rack. The slots do the trick.

With this system the draftee can be pretty sure that if he's a rigger, upholsterer or butcher, he won't be put to work supervising a rock quarry, running a telephone switchboard or chauffeuring a wheelbarrow.

●

FORT MEADE, MARYLAND: Going AWOL these days is no simple offense. As an object lesson for new men the Army is really bearing down on absentees. The other day an enlisted man and two fellow veterans stole the post ambulance, went screeching down the road and had the misfortune to unsettle the calm of an officer coming from the other direction. In a near-by tavern M.P.'s picked up the celebrants and the Army tossed them into the clink for three months. At hard labor.

WHEN they wanted to ship 400 men from Fort Meade to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, it took the Army only a few hours to convert a railroad train into a completely equipped camp on wheels. A baggage car was used for storage; two others became rolling kitchens. Pullman lower berths were made up to sleep two men comfortably, thus permitting each car to house forty-eight instead of the usual thirty-two customers. Thirty regular Army officers went along. But just for the ride. There was no sign of trouble.

DRAFTEE Harry M. Sugarman got a taste of this kind of Army hurry. He walked out of the Bethlehem Steel plant near Baltimore to report for induction, without picking up his pay. Next thing he knew he was in the Army—and had to get special leave of absence to collect his dough from the steel company's paymaster.

●

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY: More than 20,000 officers and men occupy Dix; by June the number may reach 75,000. Draftees who arrived yesterday morning stand by and watch this morning's crop pour in. "New guys," mutter the one-day soldiers scornfully.

ONE company may eat well; the one across the muddy street may wonder what the hell is coming next. Fault lies with the mess sergeants and cooks, not the commissary. The boys use individual mess kits which they clean by dunking in thirty-gallon cans of hot water. Every man will be a dishwasher until plates are provided—and the lads on K.P. aren't looking forward to that with any degree of glee whatever.

LAST October the Army condemned miles of territory near the camp for a new artillery range, duly evicted the residents of various farmhouses and now sends two-man patrols by truck nightly over every one of the lightless miles. When one of these units spotted a blaze of light from a second-story window of an abandoned house deep in the woods the sergeant summoned two more patrols, just in case. They abandoned their trucks at a distance, surrounded the joint and two of the men crept stealthily up the stairway. These two gentlemen listened at the closed door whence light streamed, heard nothing, agreed in whispers to bash down the door and see what came. Bash they did. Inside the room a private was pumping air for an old reed organ; his sergeant, hands poised above the keyboard, was ready to give out with something. The sergeant said (forty-seven words deleted here).

SGT. CHARLES MARSH, Co. H recreation center, has earned those three stripes. An Army man for nearly twenty-eight years, has served in practically every spot recognized by the Atlas manufacturers. In the present emergency he has found only one man who wasn't particularly willing to play ball. This was a rookie who, at the conclusion of a disciplinary bawling-out, plopped his rifle butt on the ground and assumed the mien of a gorilla. "Look, fella," growled the gorilla. "I just done six months for what I done to one guy and I could easy do six months for you." Sgt. Marsh lifted one eyebrow slightly. "All right, buddy," he said. "But first you got to do twelve months for the Army. That's all, brother."

●

RECOIL: The 250th Coast Artillery at Fort Ord, California, may be out for the Army basketball championship, as we reported, but Pvt. Edward Scott Taylor of the 147th Field Artillery doesn't think the 250th has a chance. "Undefeated so far this season," he writes, "we beat the 250th by ten points—37 to 27. It wasn't the lead we expected, but our team wasn't told it was going to play that night until after mess, which had included wienies and sauerkraut for some of the guys and large gobs of baked beans for the others. They weren't in the best shape but they got around the floor anyhow."

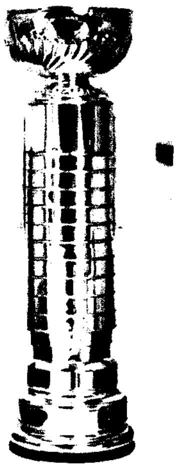
That's traveling on the old full stomach.

THERE were two things wrong in our anecdote about the recruit on work detail who was yapped at by a colonel for not saluting and who retorted: "You're just a mess sergeant. I can tell by the chicken on your collar." Several colonels here and there made haste to tell us we ought to get wise. (1) Men on work detail don't have to salute officers, (2) a colonel's spread eagle is worn on the shoulders.

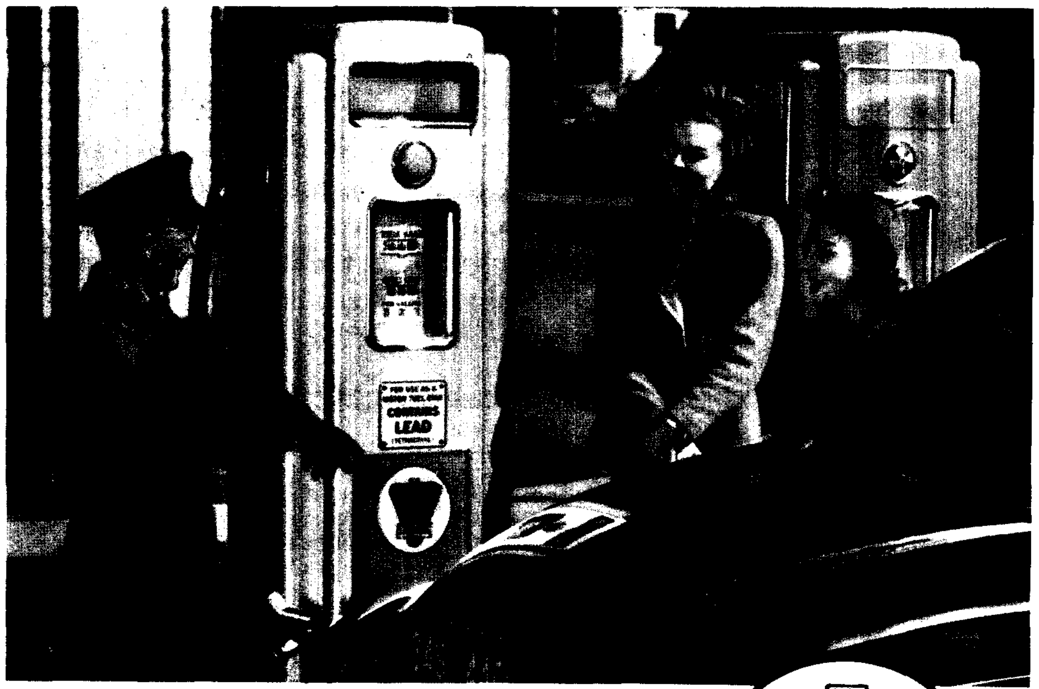
Shucks. That spoils the story.

G. W.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



STANLEY CUP. In major league hockey the Stanley Cup has for 47 years been the emblem of the World Hockey Championship Title. As shown in the picture at the right, the rings that make up the base have been added to the original cup to provide room for engraving the names of the team and players annually winning this coveted trophy. To get its name on the cup a team has to be *good*.



ETHYL EMBLEM. There is a "Stanley Cup" for gasolines too. A gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl emblem has to be *good*. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane) rating and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and economy the whole year through. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

WHAT SECRETARIES
REALLY THINK...

29% longer lasting flavor in Beech-Nut Gum, tests with 615 secretaries show

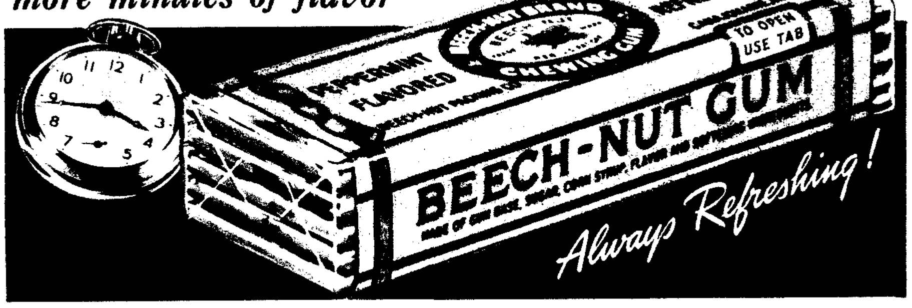
IN 26 CITIES throughout the country, 615 secretaries tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When *you* buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. *It's delicious.* Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and re-wrapped in *plain* wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Beech-Nut was thus tested against all the other brands.

*Name on request.

They said:
more minutes of flavor



Cerulean is the Word

Continued from page 19

mayor, "you'd enjoy seeing our spots of historical interest? I know that Woodrow and Miss Sutton would like to drive you around tomorrow."

"Thank you," Winthrop said warmly. "I'd be glad to accept."

AT NINE the next morning a mockingbird swore at a blue jay in the magnolia outside Woodrow's bedroom window. Never an impulsive riser, he opened one eye cautiously. Then as he groped into consciousness he realized that the weatherman was a liar. For the sky was unclouded and the Southern sun poured forth golden energy.

It struck Woodrow as a good omen. He yawned optimistically, and just at that moment his landlady's voice carried upstairs:

"Woodie, somebody to see you. . . . Gentleman, name of Mr. Winthrop, says you made an appointment."

Woodrow groaned. He had, to be sure, used the word "early," but without supposing that anyone would take it seriously on Sunday morning.

Still drowsy after his shower, he dressed and came downstairs to find Carver Winthrop bursting with vitality. "I always take a brisk morning walk," he explained. "So I looked up your address instead of waiting at the hotel."

The colored girl served Woodrow a sketchy breakfast, and when he returned to the living room Winthrop wore a masterful smirk. "Your landlady," he announced, "has become Port Leon's first Perfex client! I just signed her up for a new oil heater."

Mrs. Dulcie Simcoe had the dazed and slightly silly expression of a hypnosis subject. Woodrow was awed, knowing her convictions against extravagance and Sabbath breaking. He reflected gloomily that she might raise her rents.

Upon relaxing in the 1934 coupé, Carver Winthrop observed that a sales manager, like a general, should never lose touch with the firing line. "Of course," he said, "I shall credit my sales to the local representative I hire. It gives him an incentive and keeps me from growing lax."

They stopped in front of Abbie Ann's home and after a wait of forty minutes she emerged, looking deliciously sleepy. "Why, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed. "You've brought your overcoat."

"I haven't forgotten the weather forecast," he said hopefully. But his eyes paid tribute to her zephyr-weight sweater.

Woodrow drove first to the bayou, pulling up near the bathing beach to display the view. The blue water looked inviting, and on the opposite shore the tender green of the palmettos stood out against live oaks draped with Spanish moss.

Winthrop seemed impressed. He leaned forward, his eyes half closed, until at last he was moved to speech. "At Dartmouth," he remarked dreamily, "I liked skating and skiing most of all."

Woodrow felt that he had never met a more repulsive character. The sales manager was not fascinated by the oak under which Andrew Jackson had once paused to rest. Nor did he show any enthusiasm about the buried pirate treasure. In disgust Woodrow drove out into the country, expertly dodging the cows, pigs and goats which disputed the highway with motorists in a free-range commonwealth.

On open stretches it became evident that the growing chill was not entirely due to Carver Winthrop's personality. The sky had turned a steely blue, and the broken window of the 1934 coupé admitted a breeze that bit rather than caressed.

For the first time the Perfex executive appeared interested. He regarded Abbie Ann with knightly solicitude. "Why, you poor little thing! You're not dressed for this weather."

She hesitated, suppressing a shiver. Then she allowed him to wrap the overcoat about her shoulders. With the tweedy collar framing her face, she looked like an adorable gamin.

"You're just *terribly* considerate," said Abbie Ann, lifting her brown eyes.

Woodrow drove for miles along the bay shore, but the sales manager still was not entranced. At the first filling station he professed urgent curiosity as to the temperature. He dashed in to inquire, leaving the lovers a moment together.

Once it might have proved golden, but now Woodrow scarcely felt in the mood. He gazed stonily ahead, letting the silence accumulate, then in a truculent tone he said: "I suppose I ought to apologize. You know, for that crack I made about falling for a girl in the same office—"

But it was too late. For just at that moment Carver Winthrop came bounding out like a happy and excited collie. "Hey!" he cried. "It's down to forty and the radio predicts a big freeze. I'm going to phone our Atlanta office and have some demonstrators shipped by express."

They drove him to his hotel. Woodrow looked forward at last to an interval of decent privacy, but he had reckoned without his guest. "Perhaps," said the sales manager, concentrating on Abbie Ann, "you'd lunch with me? I'd like to tell you more about my work." As an afterthought he included Woodrow in the invitation. "How about it, Chase?"

"No, thanks," said Woodrow with equal stiffness, "I have work to do."

Both young men watched as Abbie Ann wavered. Her mouth was appealingly young and soft, and the tiny gap between her teeth gave her a look of touching innocence. "I could," she faltered. "That is, if I'm not needed at the office—?"

"Not at all," said Woodrow, too quickly.

He left them after a curt farewell and gulped down a hamburger at the Greek's. Then he lighted the smoky kerosene heater in the Municipal Advertising Bureau and seized the telephone.

"Mrs. Jefferson Wicks? . . . Please, ma'am, would you mind putting your camellias in the icebox tonight to keep them from freezing? . . . I'm phoning all the exhibitors."

He hung up and counted the remaining names on the list. There were, he saw, forty-two more calls to make.

AT NINE the following morning Port Leon resembled a city stricken with the plague. The temperature was sixteen, having risen a few degrees since dawn. Overworked plumbers drove madly about their business of thawing out pipes, and the firemen kept occupied with kitchen chimney blazes. Otherwise the residence streets were deserted except for an uncouth north wind.

In this wind every palmetto rattled like the skeleton in the municipal closet. For it seemed only a publicity man's dream that oranges had ever bloomed in such a desolate and Arctic region. The cold seemed always to have been present, forerunner of a new Ice Age.

The inhabitants were too numbed to care. But behind his desk Woodrow Wilson Chase stood at bay, besieged by hordes of angry tourists.

Midwestern hardware dealers, assembled for their annual convention, found themselves allied with soulful ladies interested in flower arrangement. Tenants of overnight cabins grumbled beside dwellers in hotel suites. All made common cause against Woodrow, holding him to personal account.

"So *this* is the Sunny South!"

"Unusual weather . . . *yeah?*"

"It isn't the cold, it's the humility."

He strained his native politeness to the utmost, trying to bear up smiling. In anticipation of trouble he had donned a fawn-colored spring suit, but even this gallant disguise was penetrated by a waspish female from New Hampshire.

"Look!" she shrieked, raising Woodrow's hand for inspection. "Goose flesh!"

Worst of all, he was left to face the invaders alone, like a soldier deserted on the field of battle. Abbie Ann might at least have soothed the bitter hardware merchants, but at ten o'clock she had not appeared. Sitting Bull, that glad greeter, had of course taken to cover.

At length the mystery was solved when Miss Birdie Harris reported, shivering, from the Clarion business office. "Mr. Digby sent me," she explained, "to substitute for your secretary. He loaned her for a few days to a gentleman starting a new industry. He said you would understand."

Woodrow did understand. He reflected gloomily on the venality of the Press.

By noon he had tinkered with the kerosene heater until it shed a feeble glow as well as fumes. The stress was further relieved as tourists exhausted their wisecracks and retired to the hotel bar. The flower show, too, attracted the more esthetic among them, since enough specimens of *camellia japonica* had survived for a creditable exhibit.

Yet it was the middle of the afternoon before many of the home folks emerged. The Clarion had just come out and the newsboys were passing out free copies. Woodrow glanced at the first page, observing that a two-inch Iowa snowfall had inspired the banner headline:

BLIZZARD THREATENS NORTH.

He had discovered the Perfex spread on page six when the Clarion publisher entered with Winthrop and Abbie Ann. Smiles wreathed his plump features, giving him the hypnotized look Woodrow had already seen on the landlady's face.

"Mr. Winthrop," he said, "has kindly consented to sell us one of his demonstrators."

As if conferring a boon, the sales manager produced the papers. "Indelible pencil, if you please," he said as Mayor Digby reached for a fountain pen. "A minor precaution, but I try to guard against accident." He glanced at his watch, then turned to Abbie Ann. "Now," he said briskly, "we have six minutes before our appointment with the school board."

Carver Winthrop thought of everything.

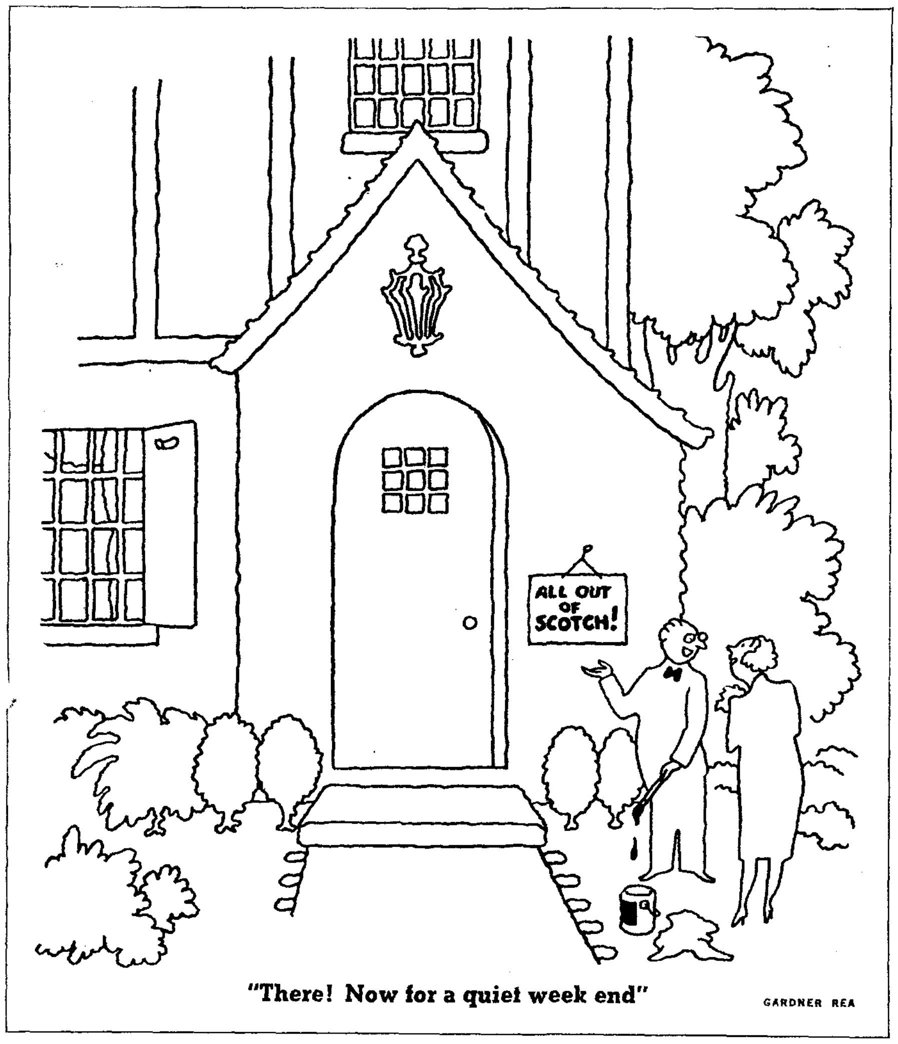
As they went out, the mayor stood by Woodrow's desk with a doting expression. For he was a romanticist at heart, despite his edict against married women on the city pay roll.

"A splendid couple!" he murmured huskily. "They remind me a little of a movie I saw once. . . . A movie about a Northern spy and a beautiful Southern girl."

ON TUESDAY morning the mercury fell to new and strange levels. The skies were still hostile and the wind continued to rattle the palmettos with the effect of chattering teeth.

Yet, after recovering from the first shock, Port Leon reacted with perverse pride. People bragged of their frozen plumbing as overcoats shamelessly appeared out of storage. School children, awarded a holiday because of inadequate heating, ran whooping to the bayou to slide on the first natural ice of their lives.

The carnival spirit seized tourists for


ALL OUT OF SCOTCH!

"There! Now for a quiet week end"

GARDNER REA

PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY
—*but he's out of the dog house now!*

"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie whosmokessuchblankety-blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry *my* daughter! Phew! *Get* out and *stay* out, before I lose my temper!"

"THE OLD WALRUS sure told me off!" gloomed Kelly. "Wonder what dollar-a-pound mixture *he* smokes? Fat chance I could afford such-like on the slim pay *I* get around here."

"LOVE HIM, DO YOU?" growled the Colonel. "Tell him the Army's favorite pipe tobacco is Sir Walter Raleigh. Men ought to be *ordered* to smoke this mild blend of burleys!"

KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the brand of grand aroma! Two full ounces, 15¢.

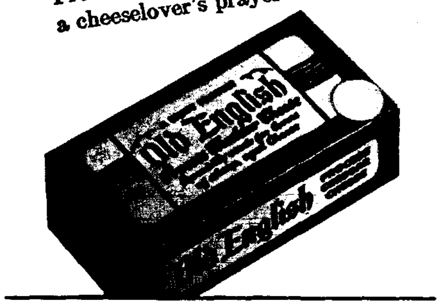
New! Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT [illegible]

Here's that SHARP cheese yo'all has been hankerin' foh-

● No need *now* to search for long-aged cheddar . . . nor to "gamble" on its flavor! Kraft has arranged it so you *always* get the teasing sharp flavor you long for—*and get it in a cheese that always cooks perfectly!* Taste "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheddar—answer to many a cheeselover's prayer!



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Treat yourself to a super-keen, super-thrifty Marlin shave today!
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢
GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help *digest* fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

whom winter was ordinarily no treat. Sales resistance dropped with the thermometer, and before noon the shops and bars of Main Street were doing an exuberant commerce.

Woodrow Wilson Chase, alone of all his townsmen, took neither ease nor joy in Camellia Week. Though the new Perfex exuded a genial warmth, he remained cold and indifferent to it. He was morbidly watching the gay crowds on the sidewalk when the sales manager burst into the office, followed as usual by the mayor and Abbie Ann.

"Chase," he said abruptly, "could you dig me up a pair of skates?"

"Skates?" echoed Woodrow, too stunned for resentment.

"Skates. The radio says fair and warmer tomorrow, and I want to have my picture taken on the bayou before the ice melts."

Mayor Digby chuckled fatuously. "You know, with palms and Spanish moss in the background. Mr. Winthrop is leaving us tonight and the photo will help future sales campaigns. He's already sold nearly everybody in town a Perfex."

Port Leon's greeter was obviously helpless in the toils of a crushing personality. Abbie Ann, too, seemed to betray her climate. She had never looked more achingly young and deluded.

Woodrow stood up. He stared with peculiar interest for a moment at Carver Winthrop's early colonial nose. Then he relaxed.

"I'll see," he said.

He tried first on Main Street. The quest reminded him of freshman days when he was sent to borrow a left-handed monkey wrench. People responded with the same mixture of pity and mirth, but to a man they denied knowledge of a pair of skates within the borders of Port Leon.

Woodrow persisted in a spirit of dark fatalism. He had slept but little the night before, nor had his wakefulness been due to scorning the hot brick proffered by his landlady. Now, chilled and weary, beset by grins and quips, he was in a mood for martyrdom.

AFTER lunch it seemed a good idea to inquire at the flower show. But in the hotel lobby he was almost trampled by ladies deserting the camellias for a rush to doors and windows. A few scattered snowflakes were falling outside, and nobody in Port Leon cared to miss such a spectacle.

At last he discovered a pair of skates cherished as an heirloom by an orange grower lately removed from Minnesota. It was midafternoon when Woodrow drove back to town, and the headlines of the Clarion were stripped naked of civic pride:

COLD BREAKS LOCAL RECORDS.

In this atmosphere of insanity it did not surprise him to find a large crowd waiting at the bayou. A dozen youngsters scrambled for the honor of bearing the skates to Winthrop, and a moment of anxiety followed as he tried them on. Several people applauded when the Perfex executive nodded approval.

It was like him not to trust the ice until he had chipped a hole near the edge and paused for mental arithmetic. He took a few tentative strokes ending in a tricky reverse. He bent over to study one of the runners with calm interest. And then, without warning, Carver Winthrop exploded into a series of figures so dazzling that they could have been compared only to fireworks.

The usual laws of balance were repealed as he wheeled, dipped and swayed in widening circles. Woodrow watched with sick absorption. Though he had won Boy Scout swimming honors on this beach, his medals tarnished when he caught a glimpse of Abbie Ann. She was holding Winthrop's coat, her lips parted devoutly.

Still, the sales manager was too good a showman not to leave his audience in suspense. At the height of his exhibition he stopped to beckon the photographer. After slowly skating back and forth, he chose a spot where he could pose his profile to advantage against a semitropical background.

An impulsive shout of warning stuck midway in Woodrow's throat as he remembered a warm spring near that very spot. He had discovered it years ago while diving, and now his conscience struggled with an overpowering fascination.

The contest was close, considering the odds against his conscience. But before the moral issue could be decided, the ice shattered and the black waters of the bayou leaped up to embrace Carver Winthrop.

THERE was an awful silence, rent by the first shrieks from the crowd. Above them all could be heard the imploring bellow of J. Eldridge Digby.

Afterward, Woodrow credited himself with honest intentions, but his townsmen did not give him time to put them into effect. As a champion swimmer, he was nominated by popular acclaim to be Port Leon's hero. His last impression was one of melancholy self-sacrifice, then the icy water engulfed him and Winthrop clutched with both arms.

In the emergency Woodrow proved faithful to his life-saving training. He held his breath to the surface, and his numb fist seemed to travel with the deliberation of a slow-motion picture. Yet it connected solidly and he landed another just to make sure. The white, frantic face blurred and the arms loosened. After that it was easy to catch the rope thrown out to them.

They were dragged to shore by a newer generation of scouts who found Carver Winthrop a prize. It was long since the boys had enjoyed a real first-aid victim, and they began pummeling and kneading his unconscious form with enthusiasm.

Nobody paid any attention to Woodrow. Feeling alone and friendless, he was halfway to his car before Abbie Ann caught up. He noted with wonder that it was Carver Winthrop's overcoat she wrapped about him.

She tucked him into the seat and took the wheel. "Honey," she said, "don't talk! Abbie Ann's taking care of you."

At the rooming house he was permitted scarcely enough privacy for a hot tub. Abbie Ann and his landlady were waiting at the bathroom door, and they hustled him into bed with electric heating pads. His last tremor subsided after he had partaken of ginger tea laced with a more potent restorative.

For a long time Woodrow lay back on the pillow, his hands folded, his eyes closed. At last Mrs. Dulcie Simcoe tiptoed out of the room and he said, "You're not mad at me any more?"

"No girl," said Abbie Ann, "ever stayed mad because a man was impatient to marry her."

His face clouded as memories groped back. "Anyhow, you didn't have to make such a fuss over that sales manager."

"Oh, but I did," she said earnestly. "You don't know how much he meant to me! I couldn't bear it if anything had happened to Mr. Winthrop."

He sat up in bed, glowering, but she had never looked more doll-like. Her brown eyes were limpid and guileless, and that tiny gap between her teeth supplied the final touch of innocence.

"Mr. Winthrop," she said, "is my new boss. He hired me as local Perfex representative and I've already resigned at the office. I'm to get a commission on all those sales we made, so wouldn't it have been just terrible if Mr. Winthrop had drowned?"

Woodrow blinked but her voice tinkled on like a quaint little melody from a powder box.

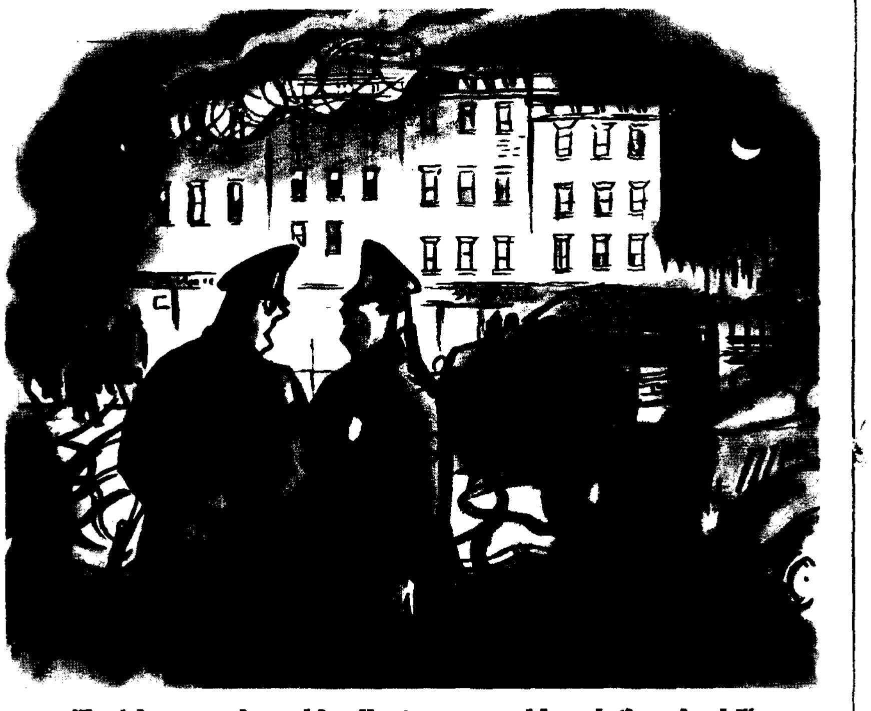
"Wasn't it efficient of Mr. Winthrop," she asked, "to insist on indelible pencil? He said those sales would give me an incentive and keep him from growing lax." Abbie Ann smiled with the fresh and dewy candor of a child. "Now, honey, we can afford that Glenwood model with the glass bricks in the dinette—"

SHE paused. For just at that moment, as if by arrangement with the Municipal Advertising Bureau, the southern sun made its first appearance in two days. It balanced on the horizon, flushed and triumphant, and its rays filled the room with the effulgence of butter. Woodrow drew a long, shaky breath.

"Then we can be married?" he said.

"Then we can be married!" she said.

She patted his hand while regarding the sunset with a thoughtful air. "And next summer," said Abbie Ann, "I think maybe I can get the agency for some good air-cooling system."


"I wish a crowd would collect so we could push them back!"

JACK MARKOW

The Historic Home Defense of Colonial Days . . .

Down through the years marches the sturdy spirit of '76 — *Home Defense!* And with it many an old Colonial Home like this one . . . protected since the birth of the Nation by the home defense of Pure White Lead.

. . . the time-tested protection of PURE WHITE LEAD . . .

Ready for the Brush!

Today, the home defense of the Minute Man is ready in a new, up-to-the-minute form. DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT—*ready to brush on*—steps into line beside the Dutch Boy's famous *paste* white lead!

★ ★ ★

This new paint is Pure White Lead—all ready to spread! New in form but proved in performance. Yes, if these old New England homes could talk they'd tell you white lead paint's time-tried secret of keeping houses young. How it hugs tight, hugs *long*...wearing down slowly, *smoothly*, instead of cracking and scaling off. Ask your painting contractor what this means to you. He'll tell you it makes white lead paint cost less by the year. And saves the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint when you finally do repaint.

"You're Money Ahead When You Paint With White Lead"

Yes, the new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead Paint is *news!* You bet it's news—for now you can get *real* Dutch Boy White Lead *all ready to brush on!* In addition to this new convenience, you'll also get gleaming whiteness and great hiding power, at a gallon price no higher than that of regular quality paint.

★ ★ ★

Want to make yourself a smart paint buyer? Then send for free booklet, "Styling with Paint the Dutch Boy Way" containing 32 illustrations in color. Address Dept. 361 care of nearest branch office listed at right.

THE FAMOUS DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD-IN-READY-TO-USE FORM
Dutch Boy
PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT
OUTSIDE WHITE

2 COAT WORK. The new Dutch Boy comes in two forms—Exterior Primer and Outside White—specially designed to do a real white lead job on new or old work in 2 coats.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY: 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 1376 River Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

KATHARINE BRUSH *returns* with

YOUR BROTHER'S IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP! Not much doubt about what you'd do if a Nazi agent told you that $500 would free him. But it doesn't stop there. Not until the foreign-born resident is forced into active Fifth-Column groups. Don't miss Keyhoe and Daly's "Hitler's Slave-Spies in America."

DEATH RIDES THE SKI-TOW—Just as though mountain skiing wasn't dangerous enough, Q. Patrick weaves his new mystery novel around it and besides for good measure adds a mink-coated blonde, some very desperate characters and a hot dog—a complete short mystery novel.

YOU, TOO, CAN WIN A CONTEST. Other people drive away free automobiles and collect the nice, cool cash. Why not you? Let Stuart Marey tell you in "The Great-American Grab Bag" how the winners do it. There's another profitable story in "Caviar on Your Tax Bill" and one that no gardener should miss in "Our Gardens go American."

HERE'S A NEW ONE ABOUT THE GIRL WHO WALKED HOME. The girl was Janet Gaynor and at the wheel of the roadster was Clark Gable. You don't believe it? Well, Clark himself tells the story.

HI-YO SILVER AWAY! The High Command of you-can-guess-what country should not have blamed Captain Schloss for failing in the espionage venture off the Florida coast. After all, who could stop a tough ten-year-old boy trying to earn a Lone Ranger Uniform—"The Captain's Confusion" by Joseph Marshall.

TOOKS TAMES THE JUNGLE. How a mild little algebra teacher blazed a new trail linking the Americas... Also: MILLION-DOLLAR SNIFFLES, how opera and radio stars treat colds... A NEW BREAK FOR YOUTH by Draft Director Clarence A. Dykstra... SCATTERGOOD MEETS A REFUGEE in Clarence Budington Kelland's latest story... More than fifty features for 25 cents (30 cents in Canada).

Half a Hundred **THRILLS—**
LAUGHS-PROFITABLE FEATURES
in the Big April American Magazine

"WHEN YOU TELL A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
"You Go Your Way"
BE SURE YOU MEAN IT!"

CONNIE WAS EVERYTHING people think a beautiful Young Woman of Manhattan should be. She lived for parties, people, clothes—oceans of clothes. And nobody knew how Bill, her husband, hated to tell her she couldn't have them. But he needn't have dreaded it so much. Connie was going to have what she wanted, anyway.

Bill had been gay enough when they married. But after trying for four years to cope with all their expenses, he made a mistake. He grew up, he grew older. Connie never aged a day.

For awhile he continued to take Connie to all the parties but it was no use. Even staying awake became a problem after twelve o'clock. And so he took to telling Connie, "You go without me." Connie did.

Then it was amazing how many beaux and boy-friends simply sprang into action. Of course, Bill couldn't be jealous of these pip-squeaks, Connie said. Everything was quite okay. But was it? As Bill looked back he realized that you could be so civilized it made a sap out of you.

You'll love Connie. And you can't help liking square-jawed, genial Bill though you may want to kick him just once where it would do the most good. Don't miss this gay and deeply moving story of mad Manhattan, "You Go Your Way."

by KATHARINE BRUSH

A FULL-LENGTH
NOVEL STARTING
IN THIS ISSUE

American
NOW
ON
SALE

THE American
MAGAZINE

All is Fair

Continued from page 15

too. She had stopped crying, and all of a sudden she stood up and said, "Look at me."

I did. It has always been easy for me to look at Marge whether I am requested to or not, because red hair and a fair skin have been a weakness of mine for years. Ever since I met Marge, as a matter of fact.

"It's above the average," I said.

"Not that," Marge said. "I know my good points, but I'm not the type any more. George is tired of femininity. I'm the womanly ideal, Jeff. The clinging vine. But he doesn't want that. He wants them big and tough and ugly, like Cass. He'll marry her, Jeff."

I sincerely hoped so. "Old George wouldn't do that," I said.

"Yes, he will," Marge said. "Unless I do something. . . ." She reached into the pocket of her housecoat and drew out a crumpled scrap of paper. "I was supposed to have dinner with George at the club last night, and he didn't show up. I waited till nine o'clock and finally the steward brought me this note. Read it."

I read it. It was easy enough to recognize George's writing, big and awkward, like George himself. The note said:

Dear Marge:

Met Tim Conover on the street this evening and he suggested that I come up to the cabin with him and his sister for some deer hunting. I'm afraid this snow won't last and I'd like to get in a few days' gunning before it melts, so I am going with them. I couldn't reach you by phone, and am sending this to the club by messenger. Be back in a week or ten days.
GEORGE

I WOULD have liked to have framed that note of George's, but I was still being very sporting. I said, "Just a hunting trip."

"Just a hunting trip," Marge said. "Why didn't he tell me in person? Why did he have to creep away like a . . . like a thief in the night?"

"Well . . ." I said.

"Because it's an excuse," Marge said. "She'll be there. He'll be ten days up in the mountains alone with—"

"Not alone," I said. "Tim'll be there, and the caretaker."

"Alone in the mountains," Marge went on, "with that woman. Hunting all day with her, and then being alone with her at night with the moonlight and things. You know how romantic and impressionable George is."

"It isn't that bad," I said.

"Yes, it is," Marge said. "I know George."

"In that case," I said, "being a man of direct action I would say there is only one thing left to do. We could go up to Conovers' and bring him back."

"And let that woman know I'm jealous of her?" Marge looked at me as though she doubted my intelligence. "No . . . not that. I have an idea. That's why I called you up because you have to help me with it, and it's the only way. You have to take me hunting, Jeff."

"Hunting?" I said.

"Hunting," Marge said. "I have to win back George's respect in the only way I can. I'll have to try and be the thing he wants now. If I could just kill something. Something big that he'd admire. . . ."

I said, "Dear, dear, dear. . . ."

Marge began to cry again. "Don't make fun, Jeff, please. I'm desperate and it's the only way I can think of. If I could just kill a bigger elk or moose or something than he does, maybe he'd respect me again. If I can only do things the way Cass does. You can see that, can't you, Jeff?"

It was a very crackpot scheme in my opinion, and I couldn't see it at all. But I said, "All right, Marge, I'll see you through on this. But we have to have a chaperon."

"I thought of that," Marge said. Apparently she had thought of everything. "We can go up to Stewart's and stay there with Pop and his wife."

I said, "Stewart's?"

I didn't like that idea, because Stewart's is only across the divide from the Conovers', say three or four miles; and anything less than a hundred miles is uncomfortable proximity to me if I am escorting another man's fiancée without his knowledge or consent.

"Why not?" Marge said.

I didn't say anything and she said, "You have to do it, Jeff. You can't refuse."

She started to cry again, and maybe it was her crying, or maybe it was the Scotch that did it. Anyway, I finally said I'd take her hunting. She cheered up immediately.

"When do you want to go?"

"This afternoon," she said. "As soon as we can."

So, considering the lack of breakfast and the Scotch, it was with something resembling surprise that I came to about thirty minutes later to find myself prowling through two inches of dust in my attic and littering up the floor with hunting gear. I had all the trunks open and was pulling out odd lots of hobnailed boots, and skinning knives, and wool pants, and rifles and ammunition. And last, but hardly least, I rustled around finding two shirts of a very violent red because some of the sportsmen in these parts are not very discerning and will shoot anything that moves unless it is identified in some way that is unmistakable at a distance.

SO, TO be brief about it, we went hunting and there I was, and I didn't like it. Or I suppose I should say there we were, because Marge was with me, of course, but I still didn't like it. I still thought Marge was crazy, and in spite of all her assurances to the contrary, I had a very definite suspicion that George and I would not be the best of friends after he found out about our little excursion. There are limitations even to friendship.

I tried to console myself with the thought that I valued Marge's opinion of me more than I did George's, and that I was helping Marge, or at least she thought I was helping her, which amounted to the same thing; but in spite of that I wasn't in the mood for the enjoyment of a perfect outing. And it would have been perfect under other circumstances. The weather was ideal. The air was keen and bracing, and six inches of snow on the ground made it fine for tracking.

We ate a big breakfast, and Mom Stewart put up some sandwiches for us, and when we started out Marge said, "Can you pray, Jeff? We just have to get something. Something big."

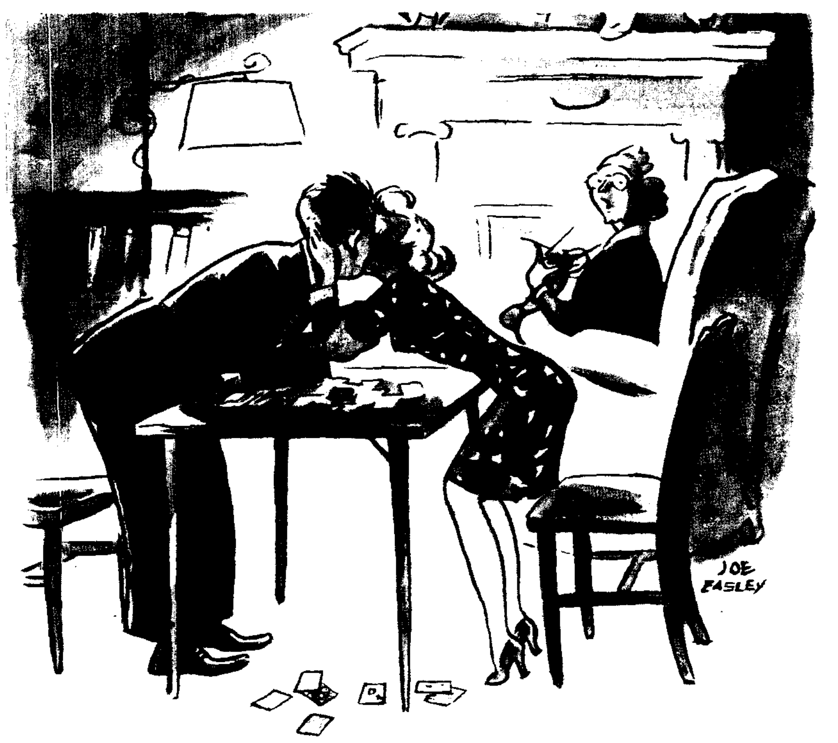
"Don't you worry," I said. "This is fine game country. We'll get something."

We did, too!

It happened up on top of the divide. We had picked up the trail of some deer about two miles above Stewart's and followed them until the tracks split going up a pass over the range. Some of the tracks went up one side and some up the other, and I suggested that we part company and follow both bunches. That was all right with Marge. She took the left side going up, and I took the right side, and just before we split I said, "We can meet up on top, and if we don't jump them by that time we can eat lunch and hunt back along the ridge."

The sun was high by that time, and the glare of it on the snow almost blinded us. Marge turned away and started off up the hill and after she was out of sight in the timber I started up my side.

I can see now that the time element was important in view of what occurred, but I had never hunted that country before, and it was pure accident that I happened to get the side where the going was toughest, and that Marge beat me to the top. Or you can call it fate,



"Helen! Stop bothering Alvin! He came over to play cards with you"

JOE EASLEY

"May we aye th' Truth an' Faith defend"

Just as it has been good form, since the clans began, to offer a toast with one foot resting on the bare oaken table, it is good form today to raise a glass of Teacher's. Good form *and* good taste; for in Teacher's a host presents one of Scotland's finer whiskies.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

"It's the flavour"
86 PROOF

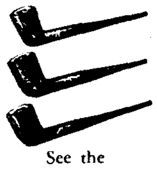
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

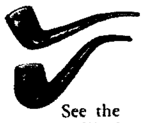
Imperial
$1.50
Real SAGE Honey

You don't have to break it in!

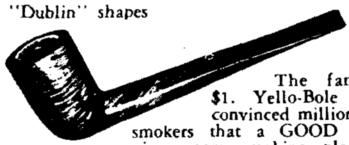
No difference between your *first* smoke and *later* smokes! This finely-made Imperial Pipe tastes better, milder, smoother, more fragrant than other pipes *because* real Sage honey is sprayed and brushed into the bowl! When your tobacco touches this honeyed interior, a *blending* and "mellowing" begins! Your first puff tells you! And right away the honey starts a soft, flavory "cake" . . . that keeps all subsequent smokes sweet as a nut. (Now pull out the stem . . . and see the little invention that condenses and purifies the smoke, keeps it clean—and guess what! A little bowl reamer, too!) Get Imperial—*the best-smoking pipe you can buy for $1.50.*



See the "Dublin" shapes



See the "Curved" shapes



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YELLO-BOLE $1

There's More Pleasure in a Good Pipe

if you prefer being poetic about it, but that is what happened.

I don't suppose it was more than two miles to the top from where we parted, but it took me better than two hours to make it. It was almost noon by then. I was getting hungry, and the minute I hit the top I began bearing off to the left to meet Marge.

I found her after the first half mile. There was a gale blowing on the ridge and when I first saw her she was almost out of sight in a clump of timber, out of the wind. I started to yell at her but she saw me at the same time, and started making motions that I translated as meaning keep quiet, and hurry. I ran as fast as I could through the snow, and when I reached the timber she said, "Jeff, dear, I saw something. Something moved in the brush."

THE tracks she had been following went over the brow of the hill and down to a line of timber and buckbrush that followed the bottom of a draw. The glare of the sun was in my eyes, and I couldn't see very well.

"I can't see it," I said.

"I can," Marge said. "It's something brown. It isn't moving now but I can see it. What do I do now?"

I said, "Shoot."

"I'm so excited," Marge said. She had the gun up and was squinting along the barrel. I still couldn't see what she was shooting at.

"It has to be a big one," Marge said. "It must be a big one!"

"Go on and shoot," I said.

She handled a gun very competently for a woman. I had had my doubts about that at first, but she took the gun down from her shoulder and set the rear elevation at two-fifty, and settled down with a double arm rest in a sitting position and went to work.

The crack of the gun whipped out across the valley. Marge fell back under the force of the recoil and I saw a commotion in the brush.

I yelled, "You got him," and started running down the hill with a great deal of disregard for my anatomy. Marge was coming behind me but I had a head start and I was at least fifty yards in front when I hit the brush. I plowed through to the spot where I'd seen the movement and then I stopped with my mouth hanging open, because what I saw wasn't exactly what I had expected to see. For a minute I was so surprised I couldn't even speak. I heard Marge coming through the brush calling to me, and her voice sounded anxious.

"Did I hit him, Jeff?"

"Yes," I said, "you hit him."

"How lovely," Marge said. "Did I kill him?"

I said, "No. No, you didn't kill him. He's still able to sit up and swear." And then things began happening all at once.

George looked up from where he was sitting holding his leg, and said, "Don't stand there like a fool idiot. Do something!" And I said, "What?" And then Marge came through the brush and took one look and fainted, and altogether it was a fine situation.

I am a man who can usually collect himself in a crisis, but in the face of two crises I was completely bewildered. As far as I could remember, the situation had never been paralleled in my experience, and there I was with a wounded man, and a swooning woman, and not knowing which one to help first when Cass Conover came through the brush. I had never been a great admirer of Cass' type of woman, but at that moment I could have kissed her, especially when I thought what a mess it would have been if she had been a weak-female type and had fainted, too.

It didn't feaze her a bit. She looked at me and said, "Hello, Jeff." Then looking at George she said, "Who did it?"

For some reason I said, "I did."

"He did not," George said. "Marge did it. I heard her say so."

"Oh, Marge . . ." Cass said. "Let me see it. It can't be very bad."

It wasn't. It turned out to be just a superficial wound in the fleshy part of the thigh, but from the way George carried on you would have thought he'd been shot through the stomach. Cass took a skinning knife out of her belt, and cut the pants away from the leg, and then started dressing it from a pocket first-aid kit that she carried. She did it very efficiently, too, in spite of the fact that George was howling at the top of his lungs, and squirming and kicking.

"George," Cass said, "you sound like a kid with the croup."

"Croup," George yelled. "Listen, I'm shot."

"If you don't shut up," Cass said, "I'm going to finish the job with a knife."

I was rubbing snow in Marge's face but it hadn't had any effect up to date. I said, "What do you do for a fainting woman?"

Cass came over and propped Marge's feet up higher than her head, and then she went over to a little creek that ran down the draw and came back and dumped a hatful of water in Marge's face. Marge came out of it sputtering, and stared at George for a minute and said, "Oh, I've killed him. Oh, George!" That went on for a while, and then she proceeded to develop one of the most A-1, triple-action cases of hysterics it has ever been my misfortune to witness. She started laughing and crying all at once, and Cass Conover slapped her so hard you could have heard it smack clear back to Pop Stewart's. Her teeth clicked together, and when she opened her mouth to whoop, Cass slapped her again.

"Hey," George said, "don't you dare slap Marge."

"You keep your nose out of this," Cass said.

After the fourth slap Marge stopped the hysterics and settled down to just a plain, everyday, garden variety of weeping, saying, "I've killed him," at intervals.

Cass said, "Don't be an idiot. He isn't hurt."

George yelled, "Hurt," in a very grieved tone. "I'm dying. Get me to a doctor."

He insisted that he couldn't get up and Cass said, "Come over here, Jeff. Grab an arm."

WE GOT him to his feet, and then he insisted he couldn't walk. Cass was getting pretty disgusted by that time, and she was all in favor of leaving him and letting him get home by himself, but Marge started crying at that, so we compromised. We got one of George's arms around me, and one around Cass, and started down the gulch, half carrying, and half dragging him. He weighs about two hundred and ten, and it was tough work. Marge was coming along behind crying, and George was groaning, and I was panting, and Cass was swearing, but we made it all right.

We made it a mile and a half down to Conovers', and got George in the car and took him in to town to a hospital. We dropped Marge off at her house on the way. They gave George a shot of antitetanus serum, and put him to bed. By that time I was pretty tired.

Cass came out of the room and lit a cigarette and said, "A good hunting trip spoiled. Take me home, Jeff. I need a drink."

I needed a drink, too. I took Cass home and had two or three drinks there, and then I went home and had another drink, and went to bed.

I woke up some time after noon the next day, and the phone was ringing.

Planned Patterns

When I answered it Marge said, "Jeff dear, you have to help me."

"What is it now?" I said.

"It's George again. And it's simply awful—he thinks I did it on purpose."

"Did what?"

"Shot him," Marge said. "He thinks I shot him deliberately because he was out with that woman."

"That's fine," I said. "Maybe he'll remember that the next time."

Marge started wailing: "Oh, Jeff, I can't bear to have him think that. I couldn't marry him knowing he thought that. You have to convince him, Jeff."

"No," I said.

"Darling Jeff," Marge said. "You're the only person I can turn to in my time of trouble. Just this one little thing. . . . I'll never forget you, Jeff."

"No," I said.

I was being as firm as I knew how to be, but even over the phone I could tell Marge was crying, and I felt myself getting weak.

"Please, Jeff."

"No," I said.

"Jeff, dear. I'll never, never forget you. . . ."

"Oh, well," I said.

I put my clothes on, and called a cab, and went down to the hospital. I paid off the driver and when I turned around I saw Cass coming down the steps.

I said, "How is he?"

She said, "What do you think?"

She sounded very disgusted. She went on down the street to her car, and I went up the steps and inside the hospital. George was sitting up in bed propped against two pillows, and trying to look as sick as possible.

The first thing I said when I got inside the door was, "I saw Cass downstairs."

"Oh, her. . . ." George said. "Give me a cigarette."

I began to get worried then, because things were not coming out as I had planned. It was plain to see that George did not admire Cass as much as he used to. He puffed on the cigarette and looked surly, and that was fine. He was very annoyed at Marge.

"Well," I said, "accidents will happen."

"Accident?" George said.

"What the hell do you expect?" I said. "Going hunting in a dun-colored coat and playing around in the brush. Of course, it was an accident."

George just looked at me. "I might have known you'd lie about it," he said. "Accident!"

Right then I saw my chance to torpedo a beautiful romance below the water line. It is all right to be sporting, but there are limits even to sportsmanship. I remembered all the dirty things George had done to me during the course of our rivalry, and I thought, "All is fair in love and war."

"George," I said, "I can see there is no use in trying to deceive you further. Marge told me she would rather see you dead than in the clutches of a designing woman. Although," I said, "I didn't think she meant it literally at the time."

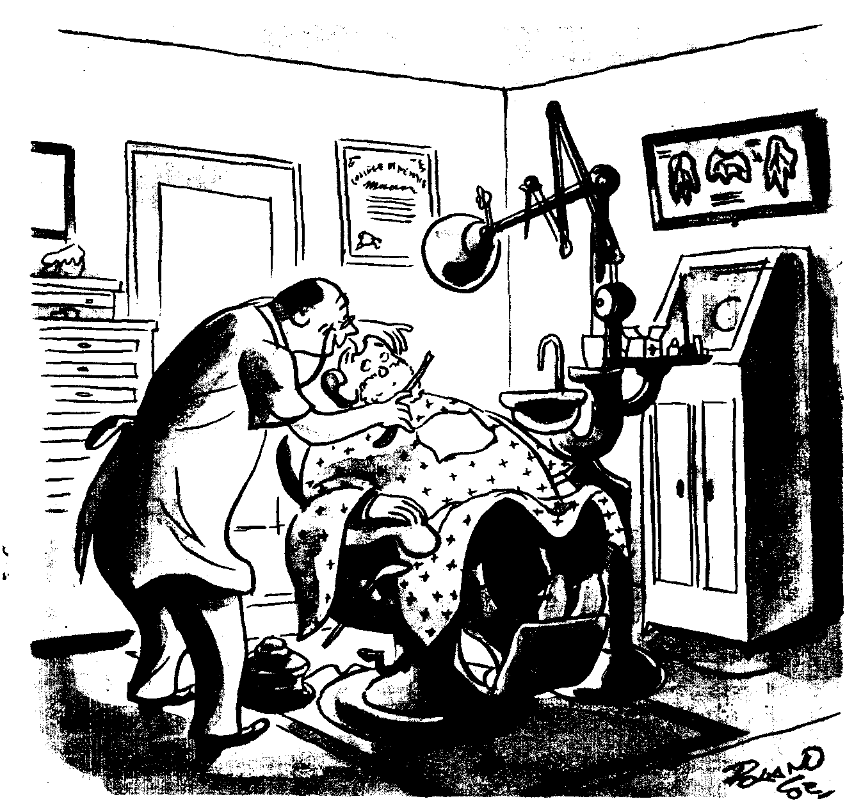
George sat straight up in bed. "I knew it," he said, but the outburst I had expected didn't take place. Instead of that he began to look dreamy and romantic. "The eternal woman," he said. "The mate. The mother. Tender and gracious, but fierce in her protectiveness. . . . That's love, Jeff."

He was lying there perfectly contented, and he didn't even notice me when I went out.

THAT all happened a year ago, and it is now water under the bridge; but I will never understand emotional reactions. George and Marge Lattimer are known as the most devoted couple in our town, and I can still get a feeling of satisfaction out of knowing that I was responsible for their reconciliation; yet it goes further than that.

It has made a new man of George. He has grown in moral stature and he now has an air of confidence and a feeling of his own worth that he never had before. It is a marvelous thing. I often think of it when I meet George at the club and we have a drink or two on the porch, and I know that his happiness and increased success are my doing.

And as I said before it is a fine thing; but the part that strikes me as being the most singular thing about the whole affair is that although George and I are the best of friends I never go to the Lattimer home for dinner, or to visit in the evenings the way you might think I would. I don't go because Marge Lattimer won't let me set foot in the house.



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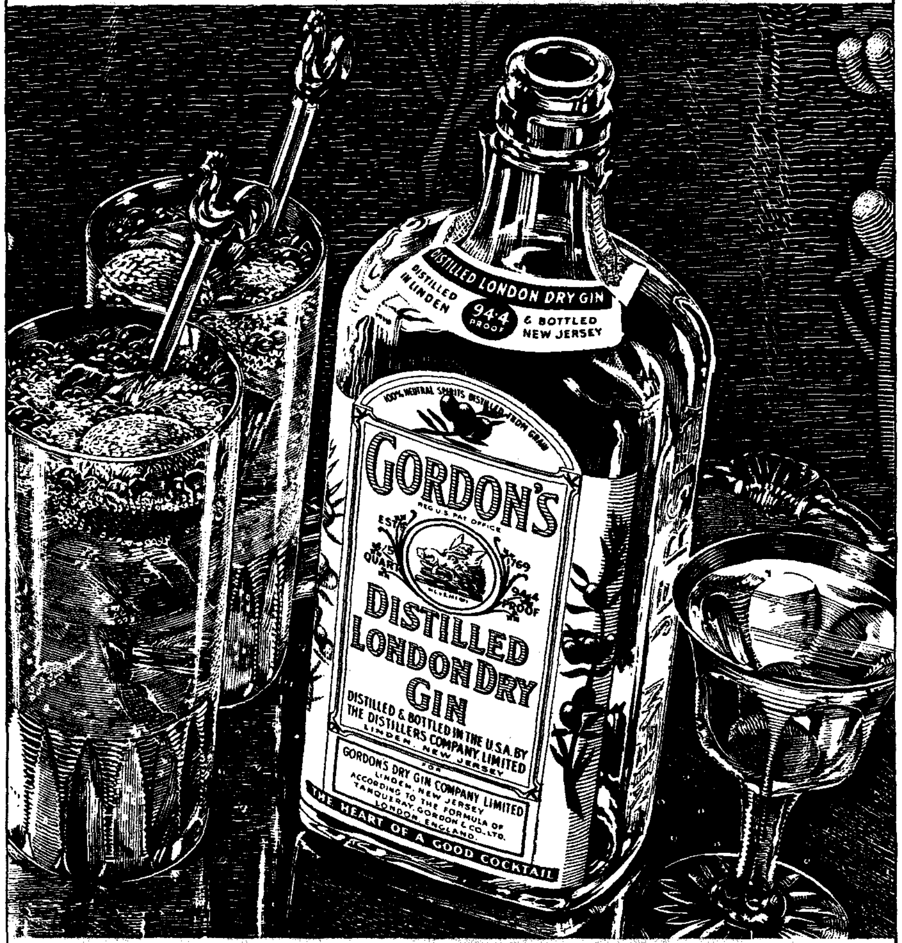
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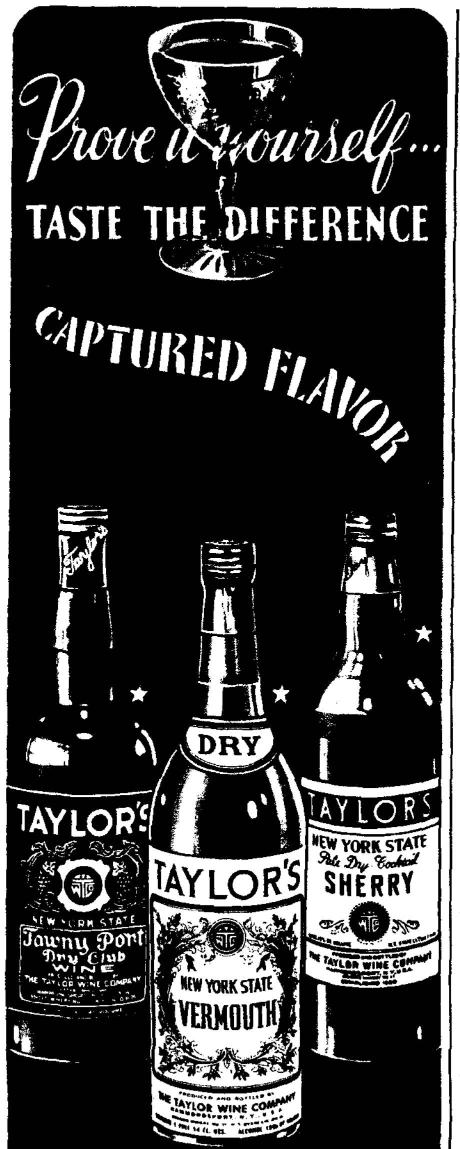

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LEAVES from the TABLE of George and Martha Washington

His Girl Blondie

Continued from page 14

Bumsteads' milkman is a stock character. So is their mailman. Both are drawn from life, and both are celebrities in Great Neck.

"Everything goes into the strip that goes into an American middle-class home," Young says. "The milkman and the mailman go into every such home every day. That's why Daisy is there. Almost everybody who lives in a house has a dog—at least, it sounds like it at night.

"The three things of universal interest are sex, food and sleep. Sex is out of my strips, but a great many of them deal with food and sleep. The first thing Dagwood does when he comes home is peek into the pot, to see what he's going to get for supper. And when he isn't thinking about eating, he's taking a nap. I know that's true to life, because I'm always eating and taking naps myself."

Young is like Dagwood in more respects than those. Like Dagwood, he has a pretty young wife—the former Athel Lindorf, of Rock Island, Illinois, a member of a harp ensemble. Like Dagwood (soon), he has a boy and a girl—Dean, two, and Jeanne, one. Like Dagwood, he has a dog—Rod, a Boston bull terrier. Like Dagwood, he lives in a suburb. But there the resemblance stops. Dagwood has one foot on the ladder. Young is already close to the top. In a few months his is expected to be the biggest-selling comic strip in the world. Right now it brings him more than $100,000 a year.

Chic Young was born in Chicago forty years ago. His mother calls him by his real name, Murat, but everybody else calls him Chic.

The Young family all drew but father. He ran a shoe store. Mother and brother Walter painted in oils. Sister Jamar became a fashion artist. You've seen the strip called Tim Tyler's Luck; it's drawn by brother Lyman. Chic studied shorthand and got a daytime job—as secretary to the general freight agent of the Illinois Central—so that he could go to art school at night. He had been there five weeks before anyone noticed him. Then an instructor stopped by his board, shook his head and walked away.

A Gag that Wasn't Funny

His tuition fee wasn't wasted, though, because one of his fellow students was "Abe" Martin, who now draws Boots and Her Buddies. Even then, in 1922, Martin was good enough to graduate into a job with the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a feature service whose headquarters were in Cleveland, and presently he wired Chic to hurry over with samples of his work.

Chic stayed home from the office for a day, hacked out three strips called The Affairs of Jane—"when I think of them now, they give me the shudders"—coaxed a railroad pass out of his boss, and headed east. N.E.A. hired him at once. Salary, $22 a week.

The boys at N.E.A. had a favorite gag. They'd phone a newcomer and tell him they represented Marlen Pew, an executive in King Features Syndicate, and that Hearst, who owned it, wanted him to sign up.

Chic was wise when his turn came. "That's wonderful!" he said. "I can't discuss it over the phone, so why don't you drop in at the apartment tonight?"—and gave a fake address.

That night his phone rang again. It seems that the caller really did represent Marlen Pew and was, at the moment, somewhere out in the wilds of West Cleveland. When Chic had finished apologizing, he managed to explain that he had a year's contract with N.E.A. and couldn't leave. By the time his year was up, The Affairs of Jane was being syndicated to a hundred papers. Chic didn't care. He bequeathed it to the company and rushed to New York, to King Features.

"Mr. Pew?" they repeated. "He's gone on to another job. Who wants to see him? Chic Young?" Nobody in the office had ever heard of Chic Young.

Another year passed before he finally landed with the outfit. His springboard was Dumb Dora, a strip which is now memorable chiefly for the fact that one of the characters, Rod Ruckett, was a caricature of the artist. He drew Dora from 1924 until 1930. It was on September 8, 1930, that Blondie first appeared.

The Bumstead Saga

For the benefit of friends who came in late, Dagwood is the son of J. Bolling Bumstead, who owns five railroads, and Blondie is the daughter of a Mrs. Boopadoop. Dagwood's family disowned him when he eloped, and they haven't been in the strip since. Neither has Blondie's mother. The date of the wedding was February 13, 1933. Baby Dumpling was born on April 15, 1934. He was christened Alexander, in honor of Flash Gordon's creator, Alex Raymond, who was Chic's assistant at the time.

A name has not yet been chosen for the new baby sister. Chic looks no farther into the future than her birth. She will age normally, of course, as Baby Dumpling has, and their parents will become stout as they grow older—Chic thinks of Dagwood as twenty-nine now, and Blondie as twenty-seven. A new reader can pick up the strip and be right in the swim.

The simple truth is, Chic has no plans at all, even when he sits down to his drawing board at nine o'clock Monday morning. He says, "After doing this work for eighteen years, I'm still starting with a blank piece of paper, and there's nothing so blank as a blank piece of paper at nine o'clock Monday morning."

He does all six of his week-day strips at a stretch. The first is the hardest. The second comes a little easier, because something in the first may suggest it. The six must be finished by Tuesday evening, if he has to work straight through Monday night.

Wednesday he answers his mail in the morning and plays golf in the afternoon.

He gets fifty to a hundred letters a week in the summer, a hundred to two hundred in the winter, and he answers every one. *Most are from fans requesting autographs or original drawings,* novice cartoonists begging for criticism or advice, and people offering ideas. Usable ideas are few. Chic doesn't think he's been given two dozen in his career. Occasionally the mail brings him a present, prompted by something in the strip—a flashlight, a cake mixer, a pipe, a can of insecticide. When Dagwood observed, "A sandwich isn't any good without cheese," the Minnesota Cheese Association appreciatively came through with a ten-pounder.

Chic's advice to novices is short but valuable: You can tell if your drawing ink is dry by rubbing it with your hand, and you can remove inkstains from a rug by soaking the spot in milk and then cutting around it with scissors.

Thursday and Friday are for the Sunday page. Saturday morning he draws

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s Sunday "top-piece," Colonel Pot- rby and the Duchess. Saturday af- rnoon is for other Blondie business -radio, movies and novelties. "And ınday is free—I hope."

The radio version of Blondie started 1939. Columbia Pictures produced the rst movie version, a "C" picture, in 938; the eighth, now in production, will e an "A" picture, with a star support- ıg cast. Both radio and movies have ıe same Blondie, Penny Singleton, nd the same Dagwood, Arthur Lake, ut the Baby Dumplings are different.

The sale of Blondie novelties is just etting into its stride. So far, they in- ude greeting cards, hair ribbons, bridge ets, games, perfumes, dresses and uzzles.

Before Chic begins the actual busi- ess of putting ink on paper, he insists ıat a fourteen-year-old bottle of white hellac, long ago dried up, be on his esk. It has become sort of a luck piece.

Then, "You have to lay out your strip o that the figures jump off the page t the reader. The four panels should xplode like firecrackers—bang! bang! ang! bang! That's why the principal gures are drawn so that they can be dentified in silhouette—Blondie by the urls on her neck, Dagwood by his cow- icks and bow tie."

That Mysterious Button

There's another reason for that bow ie: it can't swing around and interfere vith the action. Further, it's part of he star shape of Dagwood's head—the ie, the hair and the sputtering all seem o radiate from one center. But Chic vants it made clear that there is no eason—*none*—for the outsize button on Dagwood's shirt. He thinks he put it in originally to fill up a blank expanse, and now he devoutly wishes he hadn't. Every mail brings him a letter inquir- ng about it. In desperation, he tried eaving it off, but even more letters re- proved him for the omission. Grotesque or not, the button is now there for keeps.

Few comic artists recognize the exist- ence of sex, politics and religion. Their women don't smoke. Their men don't drink, and if they gamble it is for mini- mum stakes. (Incidentally, it's risky for an artist to show adults listening to the radio; he is sure to get complaints from jealous newspapers.) Chic carries these conventions to an almost finicky extreme. He never lets one of his characters say "ain't," or refer to children as "kids," or to a man as a "guy," or to a woman as a "battle-ax." He never makes fun of a representative of a group or a profession. Plumbers, for instance, don't forget their tools.

"I don't think of people as stupid or ornery," he explains. "I'd rather say something nice about them."

When his week's stint is completed (he has to keep four weeks ahead of publication with the daily strip, eight weeks with the Sunday), it goes to the syndicate office where it is scrutinized for misspellings and technical mistakes. The only time the editors had to revise a Blondie strip was when Dagwood brought home a potted zinnia which, they felt, looked more like a camellia.

The office also does the translating for foreign distribution. In France, Dagwood is known as Emile, Baby Dumpling as Papouli, Daisy as Titus. In Sweden, Dagwood is Dagobert and Baby Dumpling is Putte. In Latin America, Blondie is Pepita, Dagwood is Lorenzo, Baby Dumpling is Goyito and Daisy is Turco.

Chic pretends to know nothing, however, of the daily squawks that his strip causes. Squawks? Rather, they are downright riots. And they spring, of course, from "friendly" discussions of which is the funniest strip he ever drew.

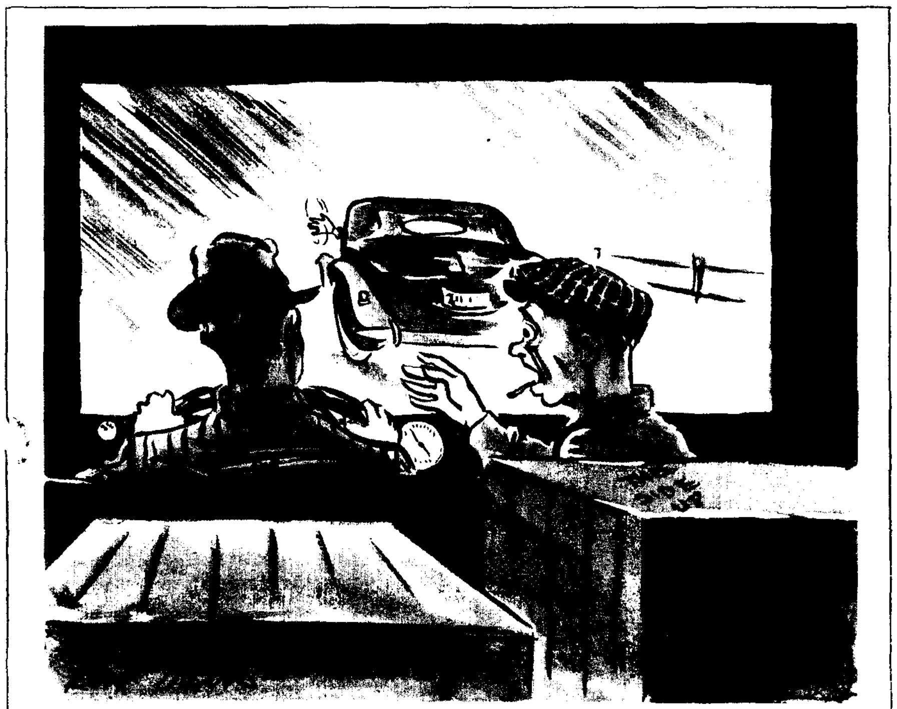
Group A favors the one in which Dagwood comes home and finds a plate of those silly little bridge-party sandwiches, left over from Blondie's game that afternoon. He looks at them contemptuously, then gets two big slices of bread (Group A's spokesman has to wipe his eyes and catch his breath at this point), claps a dozen between them, and munches a sandwich-sandwich.

Group B, which has been waiting impatiently to have its turn, now shouts, "Okay, but how about *this* one—!"

Dagwood tops his six-decker sandwich with a thick sprinkling of pepper. Just as he is about to bite in, the pepper gets up his nose and he sneezes. A slice of ham lights in Blondie's lap, pickles and ketchup and onion fly all over the room, a piece of cheese hits Daisy (here the narrator collapses and has to have his collar loosened), and a fried egg spatters on a chair. Blondie's line is, "I always knew one of your sandwiches would explode!"

Well, they're both pretty funny strips. In fact, *very* funny. But if you want to know the absolutely funniest strip Chic ever drew, it was the one about the time Dagwood was taking a bath, and Baby Dumpling—

Bam! Splat! Oof! Zowie!



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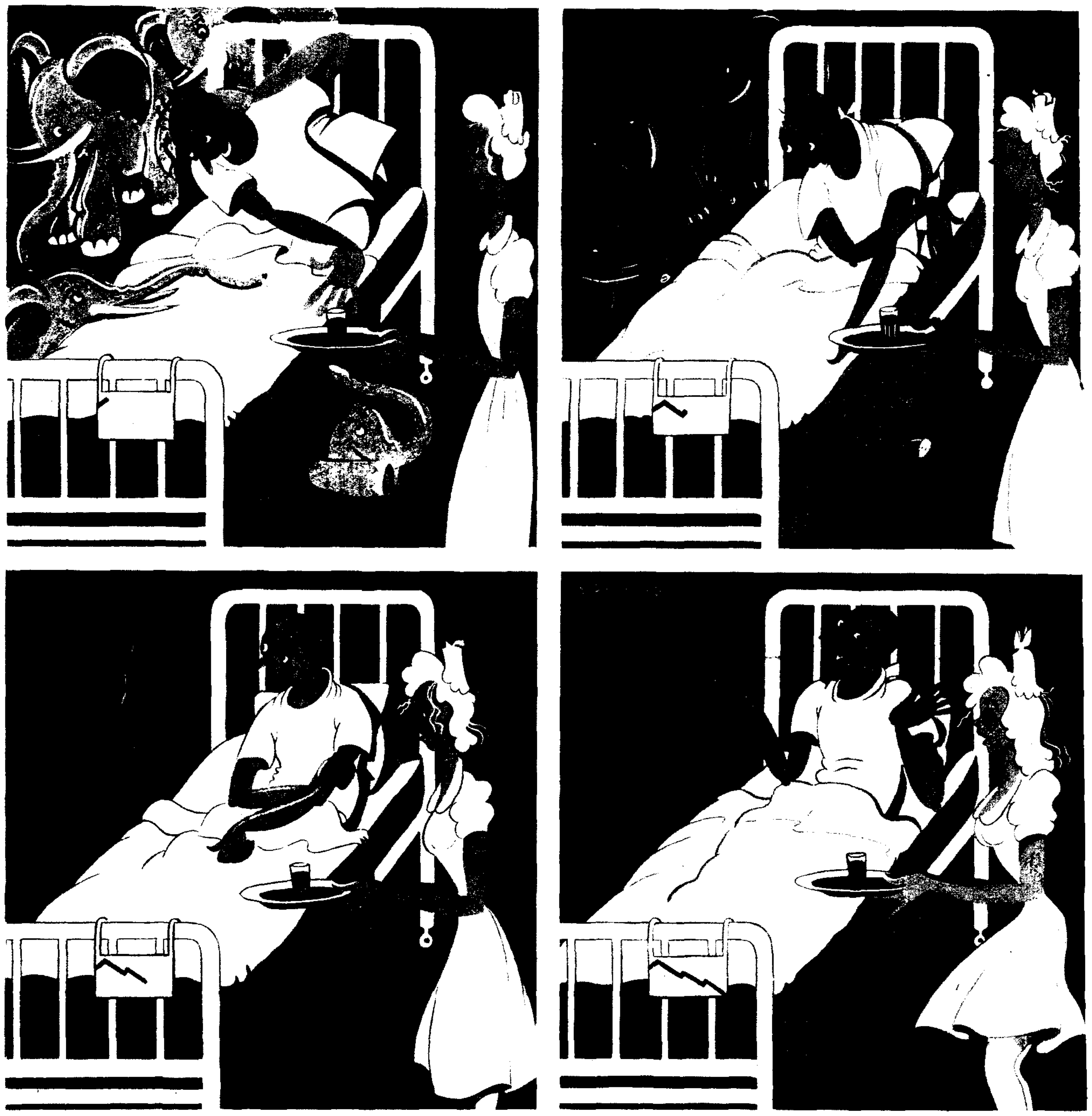

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Hungry Nerves

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Thiamin may be the answer to the doctor's—and patient's—prayer. Still in the experimental stage, it already has helped cure neuralgia, shingles, D. T.'s, heart disease and indigestion. Not a bad start

A MAN came into a well-known New England hospital recently in bad shape. Very bad shape. Trees, he said, were growing out of his bureau drawers. Lampposts were walking around the room spitting at him, and there were soldiers shooting and a little boy with his legs cut off. The doctors in charge didn't need to smell his breath to know that his trouble was delirium tremens, and they started treatment. They prescribed a quart of whisky a day; four ounces every three hours awake or asleep, whether he wanted it or not. And at the end of three days he was cured.

Now the doctors who gave this remarkable treatment weren't trying to prove the hair-of-the-dog theory, or even just to make the patient happy. It probably didn't make him happy at all, but they didn't care. What they were interested in proving was that it isn't basically liquor that causes delirium tremens; that too much whisky doesn't have nearly as much to do with the trouble as too little of something else, too little vitamin B_1.

Along with his quart a day they gave their D. T. patient large intravenous injections of vitamin B_1, and almost as soon as he began getting the shots his brain began to clear, whisky and all. They tried this quart a day plus shots of vitamin B_1 on four other patients with delirium tremens and they all got well in an average of two and a half days. To make extra sure they took five other D. T. patients—sober old New England is apparently full of them—and cut off their liquor entirely and gave them regular old-style treatment in the way of sedatives and what *not* but *no* extra vitamin B_1. They all took twice as long, on an average, to come out of the horrors.

Now this is not a testimonial for the beneficial effects of a quart a day of bonded best, but just by way of suggesting what an interesting little item vitamin B_1 seems to be. We've been hearing a lot about vitamins for a long time—too much, as a matter of fact, so much that we've all got pretty confused and more than a little bored with them. But the trouble has been that when the man who first discovered them named them vitamins he didn't know what he was getting into. Lumping vitamins A, B, C, etc., together under the name vitamin is about as descriptive as lumping butter, olive oil, egg yolks and cream together and calling them fats. Less descriptive, as a matter of fact, because butter and olive oil and cream and egg yolks are all fats, but the only vitamin that is chemically an

SURE I'M TOUGH—but I can't win over worms by myself! I had 'em bad, last month. "They're *nothing*," says the Boss. "Oh yeah?" I groans, and he finally gets wise that they're dangerous.

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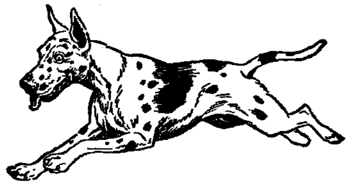

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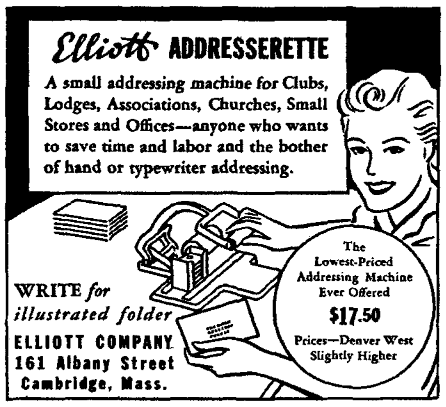

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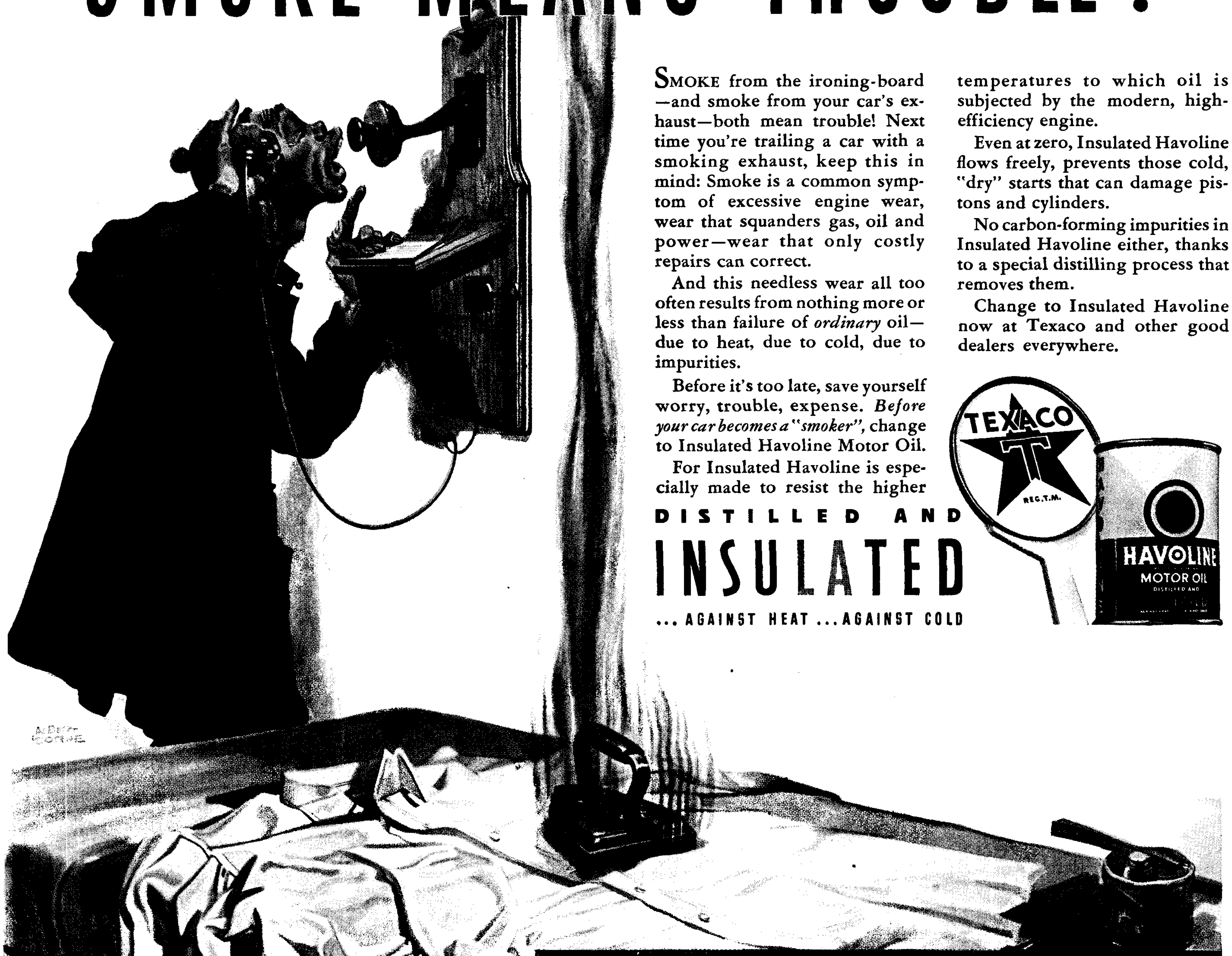

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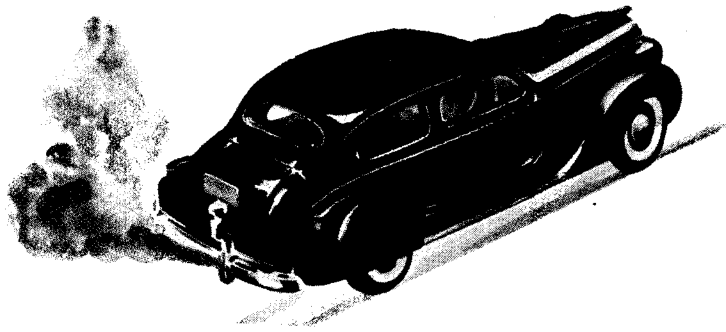

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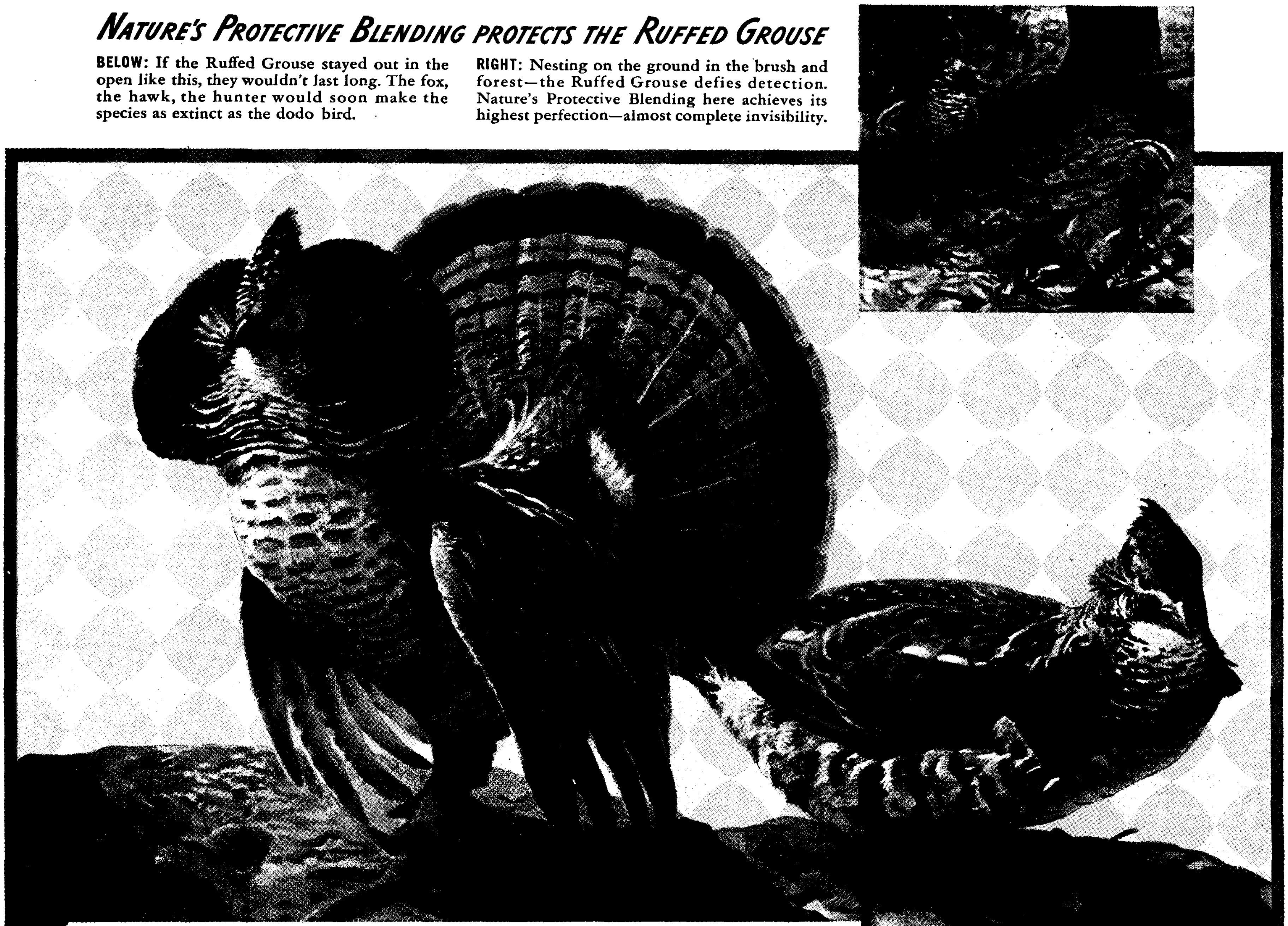

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BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City amine is vitamin B_1. Only nobody knew it at first.

It all started back in the gay nineties, that decade we used to look back to with such condescension and now look back to with such longing. An inquisitive German scientist named Eijkman, knowing a disease called beriberi was common among Chinese who lived mostly on polished rice, tried feeding polished rice and just polished rice to fine, healthy fowl. The fowl promptly developed beriberi, one form of it at least, which for all its sinister-sounding oriental name is simply what we would call polyneuritis or inflammation of the nerves in various parts of the body all at the same time. Now there wasn't anything in the polished rice that could hurt the fowl, so, decided Eijkman, it must be something that wasn't in the rice, something perhaps that was thrown away when the rice was polished that the birds didn't get. Beriberi must be a deficiency disease and maybe if people just ate those rice polishings . . .

He told the world about it but in the inevitable way of the world it was ten years before his words began even to register. Then another man, an American this time by the name of Funk, took a batch of rice polishings and began analyzing it and experimenting with it, and pretty soon he found—remember way back during the last war when vitamins first broke on a receptive world?—well, he found something in the rice polishings that he called vitamine or vitamins. Amine because he thought it belonged to the amino group in chemistry and vita because it was apparently necessary to life. And he didn't know it then, but what he'd really found was vitamin B_1.

Vitamins Aren't Simple

We'd better not go into vitamins A to Z right now. In the first place it would take a book, and in the second you're probably panting to get back to the man who had the lampposts spitting at him and so am I. All that the other vitamins really have in common with the vitamin B group is that as more and more work was done on deficiency diseases scientists kept discovering first one little item and then another that had to be present in the diet in an infinitesimal quantity if our engines were to keep running smoothly. If you didn't get your vitamin A by eating enough butter you'd get night blindness. If you didn't take enough orange juice or tomato juice, vitamin C this time, you'd get scurvy, and so on and so on. And after a while they began discovering that a good many of these single-lettered vitamins were really complicated groups, until just recently a vitamin researcher said that as things were shaping now there soon wouldn't be enough letters in the alphabet to name all the vitamins and they'd have to switch to the Chinese.

That's why we'll do well to stick to vitamin B right now, because, the world being the complex place it is, vitamin B turns out to be at least eight different vitamins. And again about the only thing these eight different vitamins have in common is that they are all found in rice polishings and in other rough grains, not to mention liver and yeast. They're all there together like one big happy family, but a pretty assorted family.

There's nicotinic acid for one important member of the family, and if you don't get nicotinic acid you get pellagra instead. There's vitamin B_2 with the amazing name of riboflavin, and if this is missing from your diet for very long you get an unpleasant kind of sore lip that they're just beginning to be able to recognize. There's vitamin B_4. It hasn't reached the human experiment stage, but chicks who are deprived of this little vitamin lie down on their sides, turn cartwheels and die, or so I'm told on good authority. There are several others they are just beginning to separate out of the complex they used just to call vitamin B. And then there is vitamin B_1, which can bring men out of delirium tremens even while they're still getting a quart of rye a day.

Vitamin B_1, by the way, if you'd rather call it by its name than by its letter and number, has been officially christened thiamin. Thia for the sulphur which it contains and amin for the amino group that it is in. Want to see what it looks like chemically? Okay. $C_{12}H_{16}N_4SO_2$. Think of needing infinitesimal quantities of all that so you won't see pink elephants!

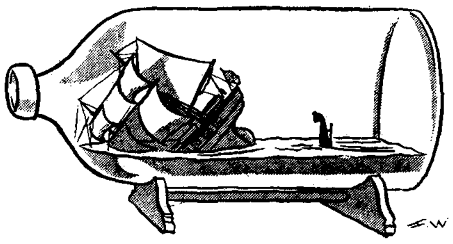
Anyway, It Worked

What made those New England psychiatrists think that maybe lack of vitamin B_1 had something to do with pink elephants was one of those trains of thought that are always leading scientists to strange places. Lack of thiamin caused polyneuritis. Everybody knew that by now. But one of the commonest other forms of neuritis was alcoholic neuritis. People had always thought it was the alcohol that caused this neuritis. But now look, there was diabetic neuritis too, and neuritis of pregnancy. And diabetics were very apt to live on limited diets low in starches. And pregnant women were apt to eat strange and unbalanced diets and burn up a lot more nourishment than normal individuals besides.

And here came the final link: People who drank too much were usually too busy drinking to eat. In fact, people who drank enough to get alcoholic neuritis—or D. T.'s—often didn't eat at all but just lived for days on alcohol, which, after all, is almost as full of calories as chocolate fudge but singularly lacking in vitamins of any kind. However, if they did eat their digestive systems were likely to be so upset by the alcohol that they didn't absorb much food, including vitamin B_1.

What it comes down to is that vitamin B_1 is turning out to be a sort of universal nerve food, the kind of thing the country-fair medicine men used to love to sell at a dollar a bottle without any vitamins in it at all. Because if all these things are due to lack of vitamin B_1 they ought to respond to treatment with vitamin B_1 and they all do. For some time, in fact, before these New England doctors tried their quart a day plus treatment, other doctors had been giving B_1 to people with alcoholic and diabetic and interesting-condition neuritis, and in each case getting rid of the aches and pains. And then other doctors began wondering, if this little vitamin was good for all those troubles due to undernourished nerve ends, why mightn't it be good for other nerve troubles that nobody'd ever been able to do much with?

Some began trying it on shingles, that unpleasant disease that starts with intense pain along a nerve path and then develops into whole rows of horrid fever blisters following the trail of the nerve along the skin. And they found that shingles, which they might have expected to last for a matter of painful weeks, when treated with vitamin B_1 became a matter of much less painful days.



Other doctors have used B_1 to treat tic douloureux. Tic douloureux is that excruciating tri-facial neuralgia that you're apt to run across in detective stories as giving the suspect a legitimate right to take dope and contort his face and act in a generally suspicious manner. And the detective stories aren't exaggerating. I know of at least one man who committed suicide because the pain of it was so unbearable. Until recently the only really useful treatment has been a difficult operation that actually severed the offending nerve. But some doctors are reporting that shots of vitamin B_1 do a good deal to relieve the excruciating pain.

Another doctor I know has been using thiamin for migraine. Not for any very logical reason; migraine has been considered chiefly allergic, though nobody really knows. Not with any very logical system, he gives far, far larger doses of the stuff than you'd ever run across in any normal diet, larger amounts than any human body could possibly be deficient in. But nobody has proved that migraine is allergic. Migraine headaches might just as well be nervous, and perhaps they are. At least several very miserable people with migraine headaches whom this doctor has injected with tremendous doses of vitamin B_1 are sure of it, for their headaches have disappeared.

Anything as new as thiamin, especially anything that has done such spectacular things, as it has in the various neuritises, is bound to be used to death. Some authorities are advocating putting a small quantity of it in all liquor just to counteract any possible alcoholic neuritises or spitting lampposts, and not a bad idea either except that it might make too much of a virtue of drinking. Another authority with an adding-machine mind has calculated that exactly three million, forty-six thousand, seven hundred and twenty symptoms can be due to deficiency of the vitamin B complex in all its many combinations.

And No Harm Done

Most sensible doctors won't go that far, but a good many of them are beginning to think that a lot of our vague aches and pains may be from not enough thiamin in our diet. And they're probably right, for where would we get it? How many of us ever eat any rice but polished rice and how much brown or whole-wheat bread compared to the nice, refined white kind. Unless we have pernicious anemia we don't eat much liver compared to other meats. And as for yeast, we certainly don't get enough of that to amount to much. Maybe this idea of putting thiamin in liquor and more practically still in white bread, as one company has been advertising recently, isn't such a bad one. Particularly since, as far as anyone can find out, too much thiamin can't do you any harm even if you don't need it.

Animals have been cut off from thiamin and their digestions have been seen under X-rays to get all sluggish and torpid and then speed right up when they were given a shot of the stuff. Doctors are beginning to think that perhaps that bankers' ailment called Wall Street colic or LaSalle Street colic may not be as much a result of the hectic lives they lead as of the deficient lunches they eat—or drink. And lots of poor appetites seem to be just a vicious circle, the less you eat the less vitamin B_1 you get; the less B_1 you get the less you eat. At least many of the unexplained variety of poor appetites vanish under shots of vitamin B_1.

As for heart disease, well, it may seem a far cry from neuritis to an enlarged heart but the Chinese don't think so. As long as there has been beriberi there have been two kinds: dry beriberi, which

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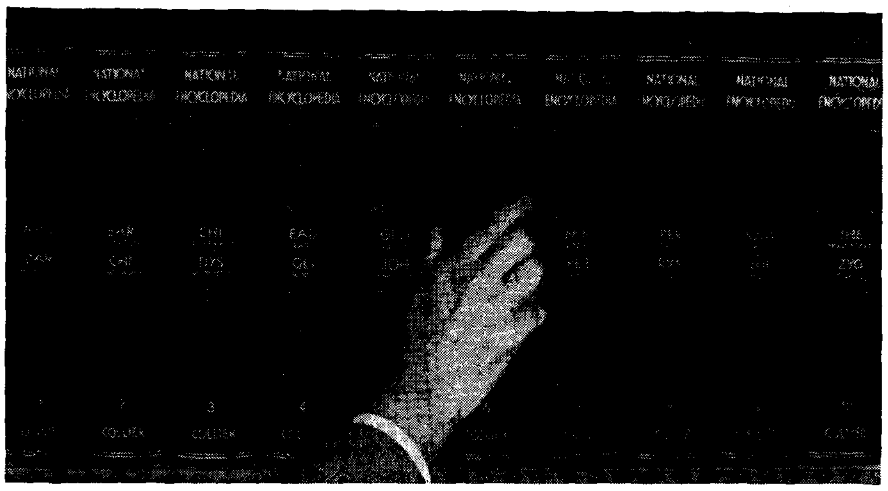

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is polyneuritis, and wet beriberi, which is an enlarged heart with shortness of breath and a rapid pulse and general puffiness. Nobody can tell me why they both have the same name, but now what they seem to have in common is a crying need for thiamin. The aches and pains of dry beriberi vanish away under thiamin, and so does the enlarged heart of wet beriberi. Melts away, as one scientific writer poetically puts it, like snow under the summer sun. I have actually seen X-rays of a patient with this sort of tremendously enlarged heart taken before and after. The one taken after three weeks of thiamin dosing was amazingly smaller, right down to normal again, and with no digitalis, which is usually the first thing given in heart disease.

I can't explain these heart and digestive symptoms from thiamin deficiency as plausibly as I could the nerve symptoms. Hundreds of research workers are doing hundreds of experiments to try to find out the whys and wherefores; experiments with plants, with human tissue, with guinea pigs and with human guinea pigs. And all they can tell us is that thiamin, when it is absorbed, turns into certain specific enzymes which act as catalysts to help cell oxidation and promote growth. Which seems pretty vague to me but will have to do till tomorrow. They're probably going to find out a lot more about thiamin in the next few years or even months. They may find out that some of the things I've just been telling you about aren't true after all, but they're almost certain also to find out that a great many more still remarkable things are true about it.

I heard a horticultural-looking damsel at a cocktail party the other day solemnly assuring her neighbor that since she had been feeding her plants with vitamin B_1 they had developed much longer stems and bigger blooms. When I cornered her on the second cocktail and taxed her with it she soberly assured me that all intelligent gardeners were using vitamin B_1 on their plants.

So step right up, ladies and gentlemen, get your Universal Nerve Medicine.

And it certainly is, but I'll still take brown rice and whole-wheat bread.

A Brother Offended

Continued from page 13

the shine of their hide got to do with the way they pull?"

"I dunno," Sandy said. "Maybe a horse likes to look nice, same as a man."

Red roared with angry mirth at that, and in the days and weeks that followed he continued to ridicule Sandy's solicitude for his team. As though to prove his point, he somewhat neglected his own; yet that was a winter when a man needed a good team. They were cutting spruce and hemlock on the high ground north of the river, and every stick of it had to be hauled down to the landing to wait till the ice went out in the spring.

The men, routed out long before dawn, struck the first ax into the tall trees as soon as it was light enough to see. Camp was on the edge of the intervale, at the foot of the hill; but twice a day old Ike Marner, the cook, hauled a robust meal of pork and beans and biscuits and pie and coffee up to them, in a two-wheeled cart with a pair of birch poles lashed to the axle and trailing behind to hold the cart on the steep grade when the team stopped to breathe.

The hill was a quarter mile long, and it was a bad one. If it had been a few degrees steeper, Jock MacIlroy would have built a slide and let the great logs go down by gravity; but as it was, they used a snub line. This was a hawser a full three inches thick and long enough to reach from the top of the hill to the bottom, with some to spare. When a teamster reached the top of the pitch with his sled loaded high with logs, he stopped and took the end of the hawser and passed it around the load, throwing two or three half hitches so that it would draw tight and hold. With the bight of the line he laid four or five coils around a three-foot hemlock stump at the head of the grade, and then started his team down the hill. The weight of the heavy hawser kept a pressure on those coils around the stump sufficient to check the load.

EXCEPT on the hill itself, the road was glare ice, sprinkled every night; and on this glassy footing a team could move a tremendous load. But on the hill, there was no ice, and whenever snow fell the men cleared the worst of it away; and dirt and sand and small boughs were thrown in the way to give friction that helped check the heavy descending loads. The road down the hill ran as straight as possible; but there was one left turn near the top, and another more gradual near the bottom, and these turns were well banked to make it easier to hold the heavy sleds in their appointed path.

The heavier the load, the quicker it came down the hill, but Sandy saw to it that his own sled loads were kept within reasonable bounds; and, as the winter wore on, Red began to deride him for this excess of caution. Also because for obscure reasons it had become necessary to his own self-respect that he prove himself a better man than Sandy in every way, he handled mountainous loads, working his team to a lather, driving them cruelly hard. . . .

ON a day in January, Red came down from the cutting, standing spread-legged atop his tremendous load, high above the ground; and at the snubbing post he checked the horses and leaped down. He threw the end of the snub line around the load and made it fast. Then he mounted the load again and laid the whip to his horses, and they settled in the traces, their feet flying, and started the load down the hill.

The first pitch was relatively easy. They passed the first turn and dipped into the steepest part of the run. They were halfway down it when Red felt the hawser jerk like a plucked violin string, felt the shock run through the load under his feet. Instantly, he whipped his horses, shouting at them warningly; but behind him the weakened hawser parted, and suddenly the sled load of logs was sliding free.

There was another ten rods of steep descent below them. The sled with its massive burden gathered speed, the horses breaking into a run to keep it off their heels, and Red jumped. He took a flying leap and landed on his hands and feet, sprawling in the snow. The sled plunged on. The desperate horses raced to outrun it, but without any guiding hand upon the reins they floundered, and the sled overtook them. Red heard them scream, and the men at the camp below heard them scream, and the men at the cutting, half a mile away up on the high land, heard them too. The sled piled into them, the chains parted and the great logs cascaded down upon the fallen horses, smashing them into a bloody pulp.

Jock MacIlroy had been tramping up the trail from camp to the cutting; and he was first to reach them. The one that was still alive, he killed with his ax, putting the beast out of its wretched agony. Then Red came racing down the hill.

"The damned snub line parted!" he roared.

"Aye," Jock agreed. "I c'n see that, Red." He asked: "Hurt, are you?"

"No, I jumped clear."

"It was a good team," Jock commented. "But you loaded them too heavy once too often!"

Red, knowing himself in the wrong, was the more angry for that knowledge. "Don't you try to tell me!" he cried furiously, and he lunged at Jock MacIlroy, his fists swinging.

To attack Jock was not considered safe, and in his calmer moments Red knew it; but rage drove him witless, and he suffered for it now. Jock was twenty years older, and twenty pounds lighter; but he reversed his ax and with the handle cut Red's scalp to the bone and laid him senseless. He kicked snow on Red's head to fetch him around, and when the other could sit up Jock told him calmly:

"And the next time, I'll use the other end of the ax, Red; so don't cut your comb at me!"

Then as the men, drawn by the screams of the dying horses, came trooping down the hill, he faced them mildly. "All right, boys," he said. "Red sluiced his team, so we've got this mess to clear away."

Now a snub line may break with any man, and when one breaks death takes a hand. So no one blamed Red for jumping; but Red blamed himself, and he read blame in their eyes where there was none. Also, he had tackled Jock MacIlroy, and Jock had handled him, and since he had come to manhood no one had bested Red in any physical encounter. When a man has been used to success, failure is a bitter pill. Red took the thing hard; and because they saw this, some of the men kept him reminded of what had happened. Sandy was his only open defender, but Red resented that too; and he bade Sandy tend his own affairs, and Sandy held his tongue and hoped Red would be better by and by.

Red was still—next to Sandy—the best teamster in the crew; so Jock put Fergus MacConnell to work as a swamper and gave his team to Red. But Fergus had an ill-mated pair of horses, forever squealing and nipping at each other; and Red, always heavy-handed, was constantly in trouble with them. The fact that Sandy continued to move more than his share of logs, in a calm, unhurried way, keeping his horses always in fine temper and condition, seemed to Red like a deliberate affront. He became surly and morose, working in a sour silence.

AFTER the accident, the work inevitably slowed. Jock MacIlroy sent downriver for another team, but till it could arrive, the horses still working could not keep up with the rest of the crew. Also, Red had always been the pace setter, but now he lagged, and the work lagged too. Then one day his ugly humor came to a head. At the cutting, loading his sled with logs, he had trouble with his horses. The temper in him communicated itself to them, and they squealed and bridled, and one of them lashed out and his hoof brushed Red's trouser leg. His whip was not heavy enough to punish them as he wished, and he caught up a stave beside the load and swung it high.

Sandy's sled, waiting to be loaded, was just behind Red's; and Sandy, loving horses too well to see them abused, reached the big man before he could strike a second blow. He dove at Red like a bull and rolled him in the snow; and then Jock MacIlroy was on top of them, spinning Sandy away while Red scrambled to his feet. Red was raging to get at Sandy, but Jock had his ax in his hand; and he said curtly:

"That's enough, Red." He called old Fergus MacConnell, whose team this had been. "Gentle those horses, Ferg," he said, "and take that load down. You'll drive from now on. Red, get your ax and go to swamping." He added flatly: "Or roll your bed and get out of camp!"

Some thought for a minute that Red would jump Jock again. He stood with lowering eyes, taut and scowling. But then Fergus tried to swing the team, and the nigh horse squealed and bit his mate and reared and straddled the traces; and half a dozen men leaped to steady them, and Red grinned maliciously.

"Go it, Ferg!" he called to the man who had displaced him on the load. "You're welcome to 'em, for all of me!"

He was laughing, but when he caught Sandy's eye he stopped laughing; for it was Sandy who had rolled him in the snow. "I'll teach you to keep yore hands off of me, farmer," he said grimly. "But that can wait a spell." He clambered on Ferg's load to ride down and fetch his ax; and the team headed away for the landing.

SANDY did not speak. He went on to get his load of logs. They were cutting a vein of big spruce, two feet and better at the butt, sawing the stuff to fourteen and sixteen feet where it fell. Sandy helped load four logs, and three atop them, and two, and one to cap the pile. He saw them snugly nested and chained. Ten logs of that size would have been too much load for some teams, but Sandy's team in Sandy's hands could handle them.

As far as the snubbing post at the head of the steep pitch he brought them briskly. The road was glare ice, banked at the edges with old snow long since packed and frozen hard. On the level they moved the sled easily; and for the occasional short upward slope Sandy gave them a flying start.

At the top of the hill he halted them. The snub line lay loosely coiled around the old hemlock stump, one end of it in sight four or five rods down the first pitch, the other end going on down the hill to where Fergus on his last descent had loosed it from his load when he reached the level intervale. Sandy hauled in the short end and bent it around his load and threw the hitches to hold it. He ordered the coils on the snubbing post, taking up what slack there was; then climbed up to stand poised on the single log which topped his load, eight or nine feet above the ground. He spoke to his horses, cheerfully yet briskly, gathering the reins.

"So Blackie! Mike! Take it away!"

They chose their vantage with mincing hoofs, tightened the traces and threw their weight into it. The sled lurched forward, slewed a little sidewise, then started down the hill. Here there was no ice under them, and little snow; and they had at first to work to keep the sled moving, till the grade increased and helped them. The long end of the snub line, sliding up the hill as they went down, was on Sandy's left. He kept the team to the right to leave it clear.

As the grade increased, the road made an easy left turn to clear a boulder that had been too big to move. A young hemlock, three or four inches through, grew there and fended the snub line away from the boulder; and Sandy noticed as he approached the spot that the winter's work had worn that hemlock through. It was broken off since his last trip, and the line was running now against the ice that sheathed the side of the boulder. The hemlock must

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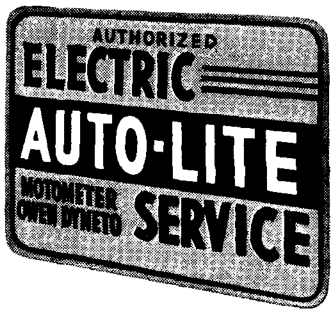

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have fallen under the strain of the last descending load. Sandy made a mental note that something must be put to replace it before the line should begin to rasp against the naked boulder itself.

He saw Red, just below the turn, tramping back up the hill to the cutting with his ax over his shoulder. He hoped Red would lift a hand in greeting, but Red did not even look up as Sandy and the team went by.

Below the turn, the steepest part of the descent began. The sled slid almost of its own weight, and the horses needed only to give it a twitch now and then to keep it moving. Sandy guided them with a light, sure hand; a quiet word.

He was five or six rods below the turn when the sled under him vibrated to a sharp flip of the line; it lurched forward more sharply, then checked again. Sandy knew what had happened. Somewhere up the hill behind him, between him and the snub post, a strand in the hawser had parted.

THERE was still a chance that the remaining strands might hold, or that the sled might check sufficiently so that he could swing the horses sidewise off the road and twitch the sled around and bring it to a halt. He gathered the reins to take that chance if it came.

But it did not come. A second strand let go, and the sled plunged ahead as the third strand straightened. Then it too broke under the heavy strain, and the sled was free. It began inexorably to gather speed.

Sandy yelled sharply to the horses. He flipped the reins, and they felt the sled upon their heels and leaped into a headlong run. Sandy, high above them, might have jumped; but he did not. He settled his calks into the great log he rode and steadied Big Mike and Blackie with firm hands upon the reins and took his chance with them.

Within three rods, the sled was in full career, the horses racing headlong, hurling themselves down the sharp descent with an avalanche of death upon their heels. They tried to swerve aside, but Sandy held them in the road. If they swerved, the sled plunging straight on would whip them off their feet, roll them under and crush them utterly. Speed was their only chance, and Sandy's steadying hand upon the reins.

So they ran, and Sandy atop the load, crouching a little to hold his balance, spoke to them in low, pleading tones that yet were clear and bold, urging them on. The steepest part of the descent was perhaps twenty rods in length. Beyond that, the grade became progressively less as the road made out into the intervale for the half-mile pull to the landing by the river side. If they could keep ahead of the sled till the grade began to ease, they might win through; but till then any slackening of their pace, or a stumble by either one, and the sled would run them under as a liner runs down a helpless fisherman in a foggy night on the banks.

Sandy did not think of his own danger, though that was real enough. If the horses fell—or even if the chains which held the logs should break—he would be caught and crushed as easily as a fly; but he forgot that, intent only on doing all a man could do to help his team win through.

It seemed to him a long time before the grade flattened out ahead of them. After that there was still ten or twelve rods to go to reach the level intervale, but now the pace of the sled was no longer accelerating, and presently it would begin to slow down. Yet the horses by this time were running so fast, in blind and desperate flight from the sure destruction on their heels, that as the sled slowed they began to bring the traces taut again, to put some traction on the load. Sandy swung them around the last turn, and saw the border of the wood ahead, and the intervale beyond; and then they burst out from the cover of the trees and hit the well-iced road across the level to the landing.

The horses were still in full career, and the sled here needed little help. Its own momentum was so great that when it hit the ice it seemed to leap ahead. Sandy began to gather the team; to check by ever so little, and with voice more than with hands, their headlong race. The great pile of logs at the landing seemed to leap toward them. In their panic they might plunge blindly into it, to be crushed by the load behind; but Sandy little by little slowed them and he swung them at last into the soft snow, not deep, beside the road. The snow checked the sled and the traces lent their pull to Sandy's on the reins. He stopped them safe and sound.

When they were still, Sandy leaped to the ground and came to their heads, speaking to them easily, so that his steadiness might steady them.

"So, Blackie," he said. "So, Mike. Good running, boys! You done well!"

Then men were crowding around him, clapping him on the back, applauding him and praising the team; and from the bunk house old Ike Marner, his white cook's apron flapping, came running across the intervale, and Fergus MacConnell and other men were on his heels.

It was Fergus who stopped on the way to look at the broken end of the snub line, and when he came on, he dragged the hawser after him, and when he was near enough he shouted: "Sandy, it's been cut. Look a-here!"

The men trooped to meet him, Sandy last of all. Sandy walked slowly, and his face was white, and he walked stiff-legged as a dog. They made room for him, and Fergus put the frayed end of the hawser in his hands.

The evidence was plain enough. The hawser, dragging down the hill in the wake of Sandy's headlong flight, had raveled out; but it was still possible to see here and there strands that had been sliced across at an angle by some sharp edge. Sandy, looking at it, was white as snow.

Then he looked yonder toward where the road came out of the woods, and they all saw Red Fowler appear there. Red was running. His ax was in his hands. Sandy went to meet him.

After a few steps, Sandy too began to run, like a thirsty man in sight of water. The others followed on. Red saw them coming, and he slowed, and when he was near, some of them saw that his eyes were shining as though with a high satisfaction; and he shouted: "Brought 'em down, did ye, Sandy? Good man!"

Sandy, still running, answered him. He did not shout, but every man heard him plain.

"You cut the snub line, Red!" he called in icy tones. "You tried to kill my team!"

And with the word, and before Red could speak, he drove home his charge. He hit Red fair, his fist landing in a looping overhand blow that smashed Red's nose and sent him reeling backward. Red's ax flew out of his hands, and the bigger man went down.

RED, after Jock took his team away from him, had been in a storming rage against Sandy and the world; but by the time he had ridden down to camp and tramped halfway up the hill, he was almost himself again. When he met Sandy's sled, descending, he hoped Sandy would call a word to him; but Sandy did not, and Red passed without lifting his eyes.

He had reached the snubbing post when, down the hill below him, he heard the hawser let go, one strand and then another. He turned to shout and to run after Sandy. He yelled to the other to jump. But he knew Sandy would not jump, and he raced down the hill, expecting to hear the crash of the sled, speeding to drag Sandy from the wreckage, to help him if there was help any man could give. His heart in him was big with something like prayer that Sandy might go unhurt, and as he ran he cursed Sandy for a fool to risk his neck by sticking to the sled.

When he passed the turn by the hemlock, he caught a glimpse of the careering sled as it rounded the curve far below him; and since the horses thus far had held their own, he began to hope Sandy might bring them through. He galloped down the hill, slipping and sliding and stumbling, and emerged into the intervale and saw the horses and the sled safe and sound. He raced toward them; but then the men clustered yonder began to run to meet him, Sandy in the lead.

When they were near, he called a gleeful word to Sandy, and then Sandy accused him of cutting the hawser; and Red stopped still in a blank astonishment, and Sandy hit him like a projectile and knocked him down.

THAT blow cleared Red's head. Fighting was a thing he understood. Sandy turned to jump at him on the ground, to drive home his calks, but Red rolled clear and came to his feet, and they met face to face again.

Red was now the aggressor, and after a moment his weight and strength began to tell. Sandy gave ground, a little and a little more. No one interfered. Jock MacIlroy might have stopped them, but he was at the cutting, a mile away. Of the others, none chose to part these two.

And Red beat Sandy down. Oh, Sandy made a fight of it! For a while it seemed that the cold rage in the smaller man might even carry him through to victory; but it did not. Red beat him back, and Sandy began to sag, and at last, not from one blow but from many, his knees let go.

He did not fall. He clung limply against Red, and those who watched expected to see Red fling him down and put the boots to him; and they surged nearer, all of them Sandy's partisans, ready to pull Red away from the beaten man.

But when Sandy could no longer strike a blow, Red caught him, and then as gently as a woman he eased Sandy down till he himself was on his knees, holding his brother in his arms. Sandy still fought weakly to be free; but Red held him and he said in a fierce tenderness:

"Hush now, little man! Hush! Be easy! Have some sense, Sandy! You know well I'd never want to hurt you nor your team!"

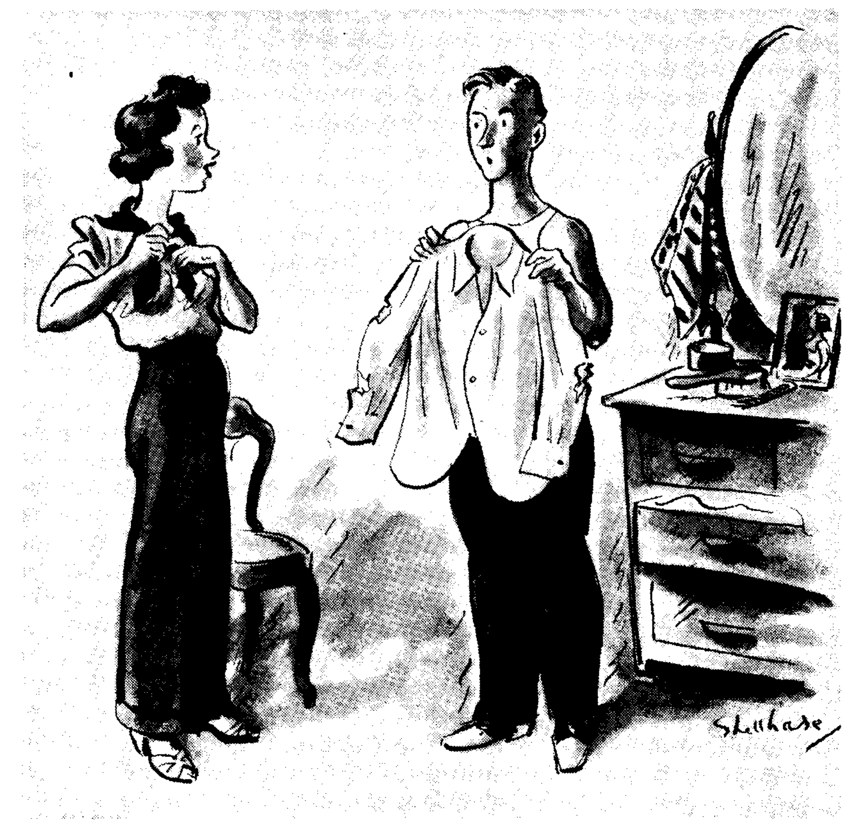
THEY found the answer when they went up the trail to see. Where that small hemlock had been chafed through, letting the hawser rasp against the boulder, someone had tossed aside, in the fall when the camp was young, a bottle that had held rum. The bottle broke against the boulder, and the bottom half of it had been buried these weeks since in packed ice and snow till the sliding hawser wore the ice away and laid the keen edge bare. The broken glass had cut into the hemp in fifty places; and when the cut places slid around the snub post and took the weight of the load, these severed strands began the break that the weight of Sandy's load finished.

Sandy was contrite when he knew. "I'm sorry, Red. I was an awful fool to think you'd do a thing like that! Now I've busted your nose and all." He grinned at himself. "And I was a bigger fool to think I could handle you!"

Red chuckled. He was feeling fine! Lusty violence had purged the ugly humors out of him, and it was good to be in the right again, and—he had always loved this little man. "You nigh had me," he proudly confessed. "You were plumb numerous for a while. I didn't know if there was one of you or ten, and the church bells were ringing in my head!"

"You filled my dish!" said Sandy. "But I needed worse than I got, for blaming you at all. I'll find a way to make it up to you."

Red grinned and clapped the other's shoulder. "Why, that's easy done," he said. "Just let me stand up with you and Molly when the drive is down!"



"You can't wear that to a picnic, dear. Keep it for a formal party where you don't take off your coat"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND

There are approximately umpteen thousand people in this photograph of Coney Island beach. (You have our permission to count them, if you doubt our figure.)

There are approximately 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 grains of sand in Coney Island beach. (If you doubt it, we refer you to that delightful and intriguing book, *Mathematics and the Imagination.)*

But it really isn't very important, to us or to you, exactly how many people there are in the photograph, or how many grains of sand comprise Coney Island beach. In cases such as this, figures of the roughly-speaking or it-is-estimated variety do very well.

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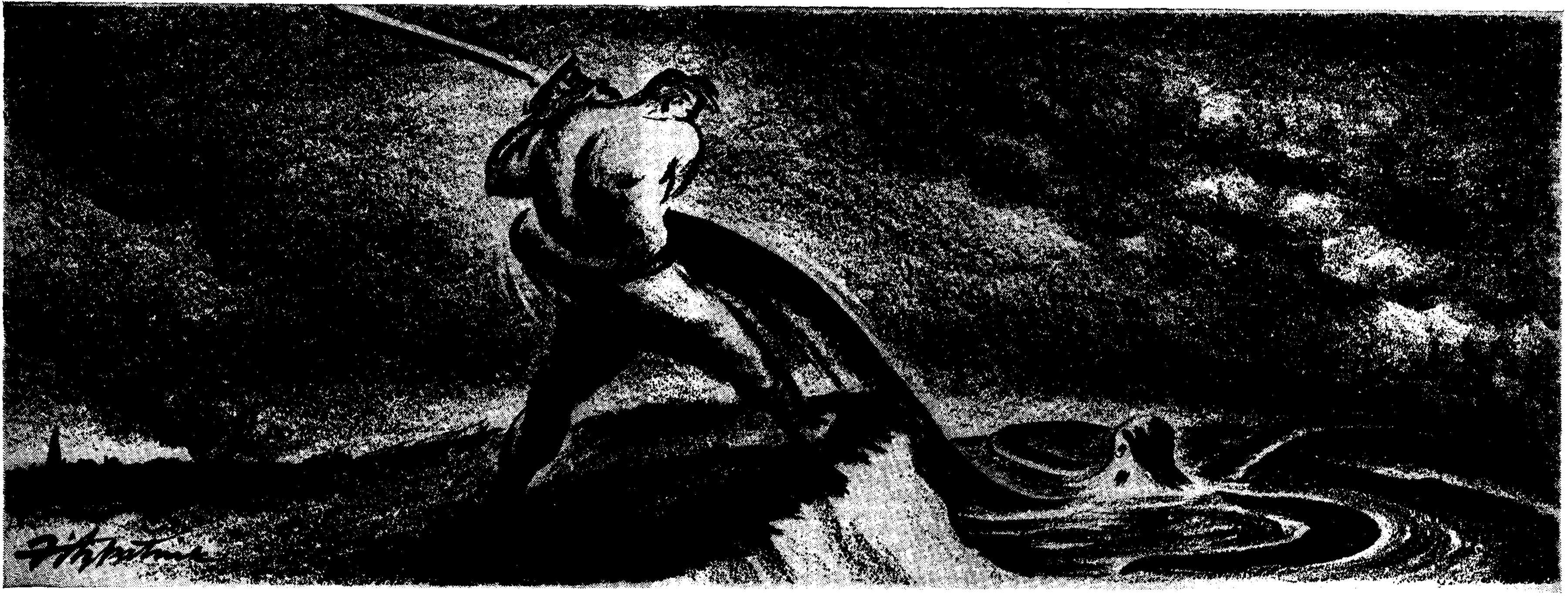

"Their Finest Hour"

ANY dawning now, Hitler's invasion forces may sneak across the Channel or the North Sea or both and hammer at the walls of Britain's island fortress.

Hitler is said by some military authorities, although there are no trustworthy figures available for publication, to have as many as 36,000 to 70,000 planes, 225 divisions of soldiers (ten to twenty of them armored, with 450 tanks apiece); fleets of ingenious barges and deadly little torpedo boats; heavy complements of parachute troops and air-borne infantry; perhaps some tank-carrier planes; bombs of unheard-of explosive power, a silent airplane engine, aircraft-detection gadgets of all but human intelligence.

Against this array, the British from general report can pit an army of about 2,000,000 soldiers, 2,000,000 home guards, a Royal Air Force inferior in quantity but superior in quality to the Luftwaffe, a huge and intricate system of beach and coast defenses and most of the superb fighting ships of the British navy. Perhaps the British also have a "blue wonder" up their sleeves—a mechanical "blue wonder."

There is one "blue wonder" (Hitler's phrase) which the world knows the British have—their eternal courage and stubbornness; their downright mental inability to be frightened by bluff or propaganda or to know when they're licked. And it may be that that quality will win for them in the end.

As to that, we don't attempt to predict. Predictions are worse than foolish.

We do want to pass along, though, this quotation that we ran across the other day, from John Bunyan's (1628-88) "Holy War":

> For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

As nears what Churchill said would be their finest hour, we feel that we voice the sentiments of at least 90% of the American people when we wish the British people all the luck in the world in meeting this mightiest challenge in all their history.

How to Teach Democracy

LAWRENCEVILLE, famous prep school, announces a new course for all its fourth-formers—a course in the fundamentals of democracy.

That sounds bad at first; calls up memories of high-school textbooks in civics, than which earth knows no drier, to the best of our recollection. But the Alma Mater of Owen Johnson's Tennessee Shad, Doc MacNooder and Dink Stover doesn't plan this course to work out that way.

Lawrenceville intends henceforth to show its fourth-formers how democracy's essential wheels go around. There will be open forums, field work, outside reading, lectures by informed and interesting experts rather than by professional patriots, some social-service work—all designed to show the students how our democracy really works today, instead of pumping them full of hoary theories on how it ought to work.

It sounds good to us. This is obviously the way to propagandize for democracy inside a democracy. Make it interesting. Let the facts speak for themselves, and show the boys just how and why their lives are more livable in a democracy than they would be under some other kind of government. And above all, hire persons of imagination, vision and enthusiasm to do the teaching.

In which connection we remember the confession of a young reformed Red which was printed some months ago by our esteemed colleague, The American Magazine. The boy said the main reason why he had joined the Communist party was that at no time had he ever been taught, either in school or out of it, the very things that Lawrenceville plans to teach its students.

We expect to follow this experiment with interest, we wish it every success, and we hope it turns in the answer to the problem of how to make democracy come alive in the minds and hearts of the young people of at least one democratic nation.

Freedom for Saboteurs

IT APPEARS that our key labor law, the Wagner Act, can be so interpreted as to forbid employers to hire detectives to track down saboteurs in their own plants. That seems passing thick to us.

One of the original objects of the Wagner Act, of course, was to wipe out the labor-spy racket. That was and is an excellent object. The practice of hiring spies, finks, stool pigeons, etc., to bulldoze workers out of joining unions is a vicious practice. In its prime it worked perhaps a thousand injustices and tyrannies for each genuine labor faker or racketeer that it thwarted.

But when the Wagner Act is used to keep employers who are actually menaced by sabotage artists from hiring detectives to ferret out wreckers and jerk them into criminal court, that is going too far. That can't have been the intention of Congress when it adopted the Wagner Act. Now, with defense the urgent-rush-special No. 1 Item on the national agenda, a Wagner Act loophole for saboteurs to crawl through is intolerable.

Amendment of the act in this respect by Congress is strongly indicated—or some clear rulings on the point by the National Labor Relations Board. We can't see any excuse for fooling around about it, either. The times are too critical for dilatory tactics.

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